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FOR CONSULTATION ONLY



Portrait of

1848

BEN  
J O N S O N

*Edited by* C. H. HERFORD  
PERCY *and* EVELYN SIMPSON

VOLUME VI

*Bartholomew Fair*  
*The Devil is an Ass*  
*The Staple of News*  
*The New Inn*  
*The Magnetic Lady*

O X F O R D  
At the Clarendon Press



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1  
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## P R E F A C E

THE present volume concludes the most important section of Jonson's work, the Plays, with the exception of the fragmentary *Sad Shepherd*. This will be printed in the seventh volume at the head of the *Masques*.

Mrs. Simpson, who has given valuable help in the past, has in this volume become a collaborator. The fact is recorded on the title-page.

The Editors gratefully acknowledge the help they have received in getting access to copies of the text and permission to photograph title-pages. His Grace the Duke of Portland deposited in Bodley his copy of the second volume of the 1640 Folio with the 1669 title-page of *The Devil is an Ass*; no other copy with this title-page is recorded. For our knowledge of it we are indebted to the librarian at Welbeck, Mr. F. W. Needham, who obtained permission for us to reproduce it. Mr. H. L. Ford supplied us with another rare, if not unique, title-page of *Bartholomew Fair*. Sir Charles Oman and the Library Committee of All Souls College allowed photographs to be taken of title-pages in their copies of the Folio. One of the last services rendered to us by the late T. J. Wise was to deposit in Bodley his copy of *The New Inn* with the untrimmed leaves and to allow us to photograph it for purposes of collation. Many years ago, before

this copy passed into Mr. Wise's collection, the late Bertram Dobell allowed us to collate it and lent a second copy which he had then in his keeping. For access to special copies in order to solve a textual problem, we are indebted to the assistant librarian of Christ Church, Mr. W. G. Hiscock, to the late librarian of Jesus College, the Rev. L. B. Cross, and to the librarian of Manchester College, the Rev. R. V. Holt.

We are deeply indebted to Dr. W. W. Greg for some very valuable criticism.

We have once again to thank the staff of the Clarendon Press for their skill and vigilance.

The present volume was prepared for the press concurrently with the fifth volume. The explanation of this more rapid execution of our long and difficult task was given in the preface to that volume. In 1935 a Leverhulme Research Fellowship was awarded to the Editor for two years. A further result of the award is that we have prepared the earlier portion of the seventh volume. Some of the worst difficulties in the text of the *Masques* have been solved, and there is reasonable ground for hoping that the volume will be ready for the printer by the end of 1938. Lovers of Ben Jonson will share our gratitude to the Leverhulme Trustees.

P. S.

Oriel College, Oxford,  
December, 1937.

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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES

### WILLIAM ELDER'S PORTRAIT OF JONSON . *Frontispiece*

This portrait was engraved by Elder for a frontispiece to the Folio of 1692. He copied it from Robert Vaughan's engraving in the Folio of 1640, which we have reproduced as the frontispiece to our third volume. The Vaughan engraving is reversed by Elder; the details are copied with slight modifications. The poet's laurel wreath has a cluster of full-sized overlapping leaves; Vaughan had two sprays of laurel meeting above the head. The face is fuller than in Vaughan's portrait, and the lines are less deep. The hair over the brow and above the right ear is sharper drawn with ampler curls, but the thin beard is reproduced. The lappet is on the right shoulder, and the collar is tied by the double loop. The braid on either side of the buttons which fasten the doublet is marked simply by lighter shading without any trace of the pattern found in Vaughan. The cloak is here thrown over the right arm, and the gloves are held in the right hand. The portrait, framed in oval with the inscription '*Vera effigies doctissimi poetarum Anglorum, Ben: Iohnsonii*', rests on an altar, on the pedestal of which are Abraham Holland's lines—

Johnsoni typus ; ecce! qui furoris,  
Antistes sacer, Enthei, Camenis,  
Vindex Ingenij recens Sepulti,  
Antiquæ reparator unus artis,  
Defunctæ Pater Eruditionis,  
Et Scenæ veteris Novator audax,  
Nec felix minus, aut minus politus,  
Cui solus similis, Figura vivet.

*O could there be an art found out that might  
Produce his Shape so lively as to Write.*

Only one detail of the Vaughan portrait is omitted—the wart close by the right nostril. As a matter of fact the fine painting in

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## x     *List of Illustrations and Facsimiles*

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the National Portrait Gallery shows that the wart was by the left nostril. This is a feature which Vaughan need not have reversed.

Elder's engraving was also sold separately. It has the advertisement, 'Sold at the George near St. Dunstons Church in Fleet Street'. Elder worked from 1680 to 1700. He was popular with booksellers, who employed him for these frontispieces. His engraved portraits, says Mr. Lionel Cust in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 'show more mechanical than artistic skill and are mostly copied from older engravings'. This particular portrait of Jonson, George Vertue thought 'the best of Elder's plates', and it certainly shows some degree of technical accomplishment.

### BARTHOLOMEW FAIR:

- The trial title-page in Mr. H. L. Ford's copy     .     *To face p. 8*  
. The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale's device     .     *page 9*

### THE DEVIL IS AN ASS:

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### THE MAGNETIC LADY:

- The title-page of the Folio, 1640     .     .     .     „     505

## THE TEXT: INTRODUCTORY NOTE

**I** AM sorry to observe', Gifford wrote in his prefatory note to *Bartholomew Fair*, 'that the excellent folio of 1616 deserts us here.' We share his regret, for the Folio of 1631-1640 is carelessly printed and the text has to be constantly corrected in such points as the punctuation. Four of the plays in the present volume were included in it: *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Staple of News*, dated 1631, *The Magnetic Lady*, dated 1640. *The New Inn* was not included; it was published in octavo in 1631 and in the one-volume folio of 1692.

Twelve copies of the 1640 Folio have been collated for the text of the present edition: three copies in the British Museum, two copies in the Bodleian, two copies in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, the Oriel College copy, and four copies belonging to the Editor. Selden's copy of the 1631 edition of *The Devil is an Ass* (H 1. 9 Art. Seld. in Bodley) and the Editor's copy, bound in contemporary vellum, have also been collated. Sometimes an uncorrected state of a portion of the text has been found only in a single copy. In the hope of finding some corrections of the blundering in quires L and M of *Bartholomew Fair* thirty-four copies were examined, without result. That is an instructive example of the difficulties that confront an editor who tries to cope with the text of the 1640 Folio.

The seven copies of the 1631 Octavo of *The New Inn* which have been collated are recorded in the introduction to the text of that play; it is the best printed play in this volume.

The following symbols and abbreviations have been used in the critical apparatus:

*F* = the Folio of 1631-1640.

*F3* = the Folio of 1692.



*W* = Whalley's edition of 1736.

*G* = Gifford's edition of 1816.

In *Bartholomew Fair*:

*Re* = the reset L 2 recto and L 3 verso of the 1631 Folio.

In *The New Inn*:

*O* = the Octavo of 1631.

Corrections, whether printer's or author's, are indicated by the formula, '*corr. F.*', the misprint by '*F originally*'. Similarly, in *The New Inn*, '*corr. O*', '*O originally*'. The few emendations for which the Editor is responsible are marked '*Editor*': for example, when the imbecile jeerers run away from the usurer Peni-boy's home on hearing that Peni-boy Canter is upon them, in Act V, scene v, lines 56-7 of *The Staple of News*, the Folio reads:

See! the whole *Couy* is scatter'd,  
'Ware, 'ware the *Hawkes*. I loue to see him flye.

Whalley thought to correct the grammar by altering 'him' to 'em', Gifford by printing 'them'. We have made the obvious change of '*Hawke*' for '*Hawkes*'. Conical brackets enclose words inserted in the text to supply an omission of the original: for instance, '(*Enter Lovel.*)' in Act III, scene ii, after line 24 of *The New Inn*. Square brackets enclose a word wrongly inserted in the original: for instance, '[*Iron-side*]' in the heading of Act V, scene ix of *The Magnetic Lady*; he is not present in that scene.

Gifford's scene-locations, scene-numberings, and stage directions, where these last are not anticipated in the original, are added in the critical apparatus. He wrongly marks a new scene in *The Devil is an Ass* at Act II, scene vii, line 23. We ourselves have been forced—we hope with more justification—to mark a new scene in the third Act of *The Magnetic Lady*, scene iii; Jonson's text appears to have been confused at that point, and the printer failed to grapple with it.

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## BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

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## THE TEXT

With the play of *Bartholomew Fair* the text of Jonson enters on a new phase. *Catiline* was the last play printed in the 1616 Folio under Jonson's supervision; *Bartholomew Fair*, though acted in 1614, was not included. The three plays of *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Staple of News* were printed in 1631 by John Beale for Robert Allot; they were afterwards included in the 1640 Folio. Jonson had evidently planned to bring out a second folio, but in 1628 he had an attack of paralysis. His own infirmity and the incompetence of Beale put an end to the project, which went no further than these three plays. In a letter to the Earl of Newcastle<sup>1</sup> he complained of 'the Lewd Printer', with whose 'delays and vexation' he had almost become blind and suggested that their relations would make a tragi-comedy of 'The Absolute Knave' with Beale in the title part.

Of the three plays printed in 1631 only *The Staple of News* was entered on the Stationers' Register; John Waterson entered it on 14 April 1626, and transferred it to Allot on 7 September 1631.<sup>2</sup> But *Bartholomew Fair*, though not entered, was transferred by Allot's widow, Mary, after her husband's death, to the younger John Legatt and Allot's old servant Andrew Crooke, along with *The Staple of News* and fifty-nine other books, on 1 July 1637.<sup>3</sup>

The collation of *Bartholomew Fair* in the folio text of 1631 is as follows: A 1 blank; A 2 recto, the title-page; A 2 verso, blank; A 3 recto, the prologue to the King for the Court performance; A 3 verso, the persons of the play; A 4-6, the induction; B to M in fours, the text of the play, concluding with the Epilogue to the King. A 1 is blank in a copy belonging to Dr. Greg; in all other copies examined it is missing or a title is printed on the recto, dated 1640, and describing the book as 'The second Volume' of the 'Workes'. It gives the three plays in wrong chronological

<sup>1</sup> Printed in vol. i, p. 211.

<sup>2</sup> Arber's *Transcript*, iv. 156 and 260.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. 387.

order, viz. *Bartholomew Fair, The Staple of News, The Devil is an Ass*, and bears the device of Bernard Alsop<sup>1</sup> and the imprint of Richard Meighen.

The title-page of *Bartholomew Fair* on A 2 is found in two states, both of which are reproduced in this edition. (1) The commoner form in which, after the reference to the dedication of the play to King James, the author's name is printed between two rules in a single line, 'By the Author, BENIAMIN IOHNSON'; (2) a trial title-page in a copy belonging to Mr. H. L. Ford, in which the rules are taken out and the name is printed in the usual abbreviated form

BY

The Author, BEN: IOHNSON.

Except for the 'BY' this is the form in which the name appears in the two other plays of 1631. The misprint '*assello*' occurs in both states of the title-page. Beale's device (No. 374 in McKerrow) is on the title-page, a griffin's head erased in the centre with the arms of the Stationers' Company and Beale's arms in the upper corners. The ill-printed crest in the latter should be, Dr. McKerrow notes, a unicorn's head *semée d'estoiles*.

How does Beale's printing of the text stand the test of critical scrutiny? Were Jonson's strictures justified? Beale made almost every mistake which a bad and careless printer was capable of making. Letters are frequently omitted: a representative example is the stage-direction in iv. v. 61 '*Alice eners, beating he Iustice's wife*'. Words are dropped, as in the unintelligible 'A very lesse then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice' in i. i. 10. Words are printed twice over: for example 'then then' (III. v. 32), 'and and' (III. vi. 36). Misspellings, such as '*Soueragine*' (Ind. 69), abound; a number due to foul case may be more fully illustrated, for example, *c* and *e* in '*Licencc*' (I. ii. 23), '*shce*' (ib. 48), '*fatnessc*' (II. ii. 118), '*sneerc*' (II. v. 123), '*baitcd*' (III. iv. 131), '*hce*' (III. v. 8); similarly with *r* and *t* we have '*wirh*'

<sup>1</sup> No. 339 in McKerrow.

(III. v. 11), 'Heatt' (ib. 304), 'rhe' (iv. vi. 43), and 'fot' (v. vi. 12). Misspacing of words and mispunctuation of sentences occur so frequently that one accepts them as the printer's normal practice : it is sufficient to quote 'persway or, aswage' in II. vi. 39. Another point is the sparing use of the Jonsonian bracket when a speech interrupts the run of the dialogue ; Beale apparently ignored it. Thus in iv. iv. 21, in the fatuous game of vapours—

K N O. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

E D G. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

W H I. He shall not pardon dee, Capitaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd.—

At the second line Edgworth enters behind with Quarlous, to whom he explains what is passing. Jonson would certainly have bracketed his speech. Similarly Overdoo's numerous asides would have been helped by the use of this favourite device of Jonson's.

Finally, it may be noted that the printing—never good—deteriorates badly towards the end of the play. Everything suggests hurried composition and no subsequent examination by a press-corrector in Beale's office.

How did Jonson, now in failing health and with bad eyesight, face the problem thus presented to him ? Gifford in his introductory note to the present play observed that the plays printed after *Catiline* 'do not exhibit, to my eye, the same marks of Jonson's care as those already given : nor do I think that he concerned himself with the revision of the folio now before us'—he means all the plays published in 1640, not merely the three plays printed in 1631—'or, indeed ever saw it, though many of the pieces contained in it are dated several years antecedent to his death.' The letter to the Earl of Newcastle proves that Jonson 'concerned himself' with these early plays : he sent the Earl advance copies of *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*, but could not extract from Beale a copy of *The Staple of News* after it had been printed off. Further,

Jonson seems to have made some attempt to correct these plays.

To take the evidence afforded by the text of *Bartholomew Fair*. One alteration on C 2 recto, 'your head' for 'you head' (I. v. 93), might have been made by a compositor; but those on D 1 verso and D 4 recto are probably Jonson's—on D 1 verso two misspellings, 'Who'ld' for 'Wou'ld' (II. ii. 40) and 'Edgeworth' for 'Egdeworth' (I. 56); and two corrections of the punctuation 'Heere,' for 'Heere.' (I. 46), and 'morning,' for 'morning.' (I. 59); on D 4 recto, a stage-direction is inserted '*This they whisper, that Ouerdoo heares it not.*' (II. iv. 37), 'on on 'hem' is corrected to 'one on 'hem' (ib. I. 58), and commas are inserted after 'sing' (I. 40) and 'here' (I. 65). Beale would not have troubled to supply defective stops in such passages as these, considering the number he left out elsewhere, and he certainly would not have invented a stage-direction.

But the blundering in Beale's office was quite beyond Jonson's control. During the printing—presumably as the result of an accident with the forme—L 2 recto and L 3 verso, containing Act v, scene iii, lines 92–137 and scene iv, lines 90–138, were reset. This was done line for line, but differences in spacing, changes in the type (e.g. the catch-word on signature L 2 was reduced in size), mispunctuation, and one bad misprint ('Sestos height' for 'Sestos hight' in the Marlowe quotation, v. iii. 113) show clearly what happened. There are such pointless variants as 'here' for 'heere' (I. 104), 'doe' for 'do' (I. 114), 'he' for 'hee' (I. 127), 'Iudgement' for 'iudgement' (I. 130), and '*Drum*' for 'drum' (I. 136). The textual errors are rather worse on L 3 verso: 'fault himselfe' for 'fault in himselfe' (iv. 100), 'I pray' for 'I pray you' (I. 108), 'expresse' for 'to expresse' (I. 113), '*call our* Abidus' for '*call it our* Abidus' (I. 120), '*That's*' for '*That is*' (I. 129), '*you manners*' for '*your manners*' (I. 134). Of mistakes in punctuation it is sufficient to instance, 'Well, then' for 'Well then,' (I. 109) and 'now, I thinke on't' for 'now I thinke on't' (I. 111).

A finishing touch is given to the blundering by omitting the catchword 'PVP.' after line 138.

The 'tragi-comedy', as Jonson called it, does not end here. Some atrocious misprints disfigure the text of L 4 recto and verso, M 1 recto and verso, M 2 and M 3 verso; it is sufficient to mention '*thhe landed*' for '*that he landed*' (v. iv. 148), '*Hld*' for '*Hold*' (l. 268), '*Gramerc ypure*' (l. 272), '*mmy breakfast*' for '*me my breakfast*' (l. 276), '*ænd*' for '*and*' (l. 313), '*B A s.*' for '*B v s*' (v. v. 16), '*Donisius*' for '*Dionisius*' (ib. 36), and '*Litwit*' for '*Littlewit*' in the stage-direction at Act v, scene vi, line 5. What happened here? In order to solve this problem, thirty-four copies of the Folio have been examined for the misprints in L 4 and M 1: no corrections have been found in any of them. It may be safely assumed that the lewd printer put a stop to correcting as the play went on; he may even have ceased sending Jonson proofs. What Beale's standard of correctness was and how much he cared for the difficulties that his blundering might cause a thoughtful reader is shown in the explanation he offered about the errors in William Gouge's *The Whole-Armor of God*, which he printed in 1616. He told the reader in a prefatory note on A 9 verso that he had done his best to print the book correctly, 'yet I cannot denie but that some faults haue escaped *in some copies*'; the author had been careful to correct the book and 'so oft as his leasure permitted him, he came himselfe to the Presse, and as he found a fault amended it, so that there are very few faults but are amended *in most of the Bookes*'. The words we have italicised indicate the practice common in the seventeenth century of not destroying the uncorrected sheets but binding them up promiscuously with those which the author corrected, usually by attending at the printing-house in person.<sup>1</sup> The only remedy was, of course, a list of errata. What did Beale do for Gouge? He did not print an errata-

<sup>1</sup> See the editor's *Proof-Reading in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, pp. 16-18, 150-2.



list, but he advised the reader to collate some other copies! 'If therefore thou meete with any slipe that may make the sence obscure, compare thy Booke with some others, and thou maiest'—not 'thou wilt', but 'thou maiest'—'finde it amended'. We have tried this lottery-system for the conclusion of *Bartholomew Fair* and drawn a blank.

Faced with the problem of a text so much below Jonson's usual standard, we have corrected it, more especially in the matter of punctuation. All deviations from the Folio are recorded in the critical apparatus.

The Folio has been reprinted in modern times by Dr. C. S. Alden, who edited it in 1904 for the *Yale Studies in English*, no. xxv. His text is taken from the copy in the Library of Yale University.

**BARTHOLMEW  
FAYRE:**

**A COMEDIE,  
ACTED IN THE  
YEARE, 1634.**

By the Lady **ELIZABETH**  
**SERVANTS.**

And then dedicated to King **JAMES**, of  
*most Blessed Memory.*

The Author, **BEN: IONSON.**

*Si feres in turba, videtur Dignitatem: non  
Spillares popularibus circumdantibus,  
Vt flos procerum, non procerum flos.  
Scriptores autem narrare solent  
Fabellem perdo.* **Hor. lib. 3. Epist. 1.**



**LONDON,**

Printed by **J. B. for ROBERT ALLOT**, and are  
to be sold at the Signe of the Rose, in **Park  
Church-yard. 1632.**



# BARTHOLMEW FAYRE:

A COMEDIE,  
ACTED IN THE  
YEARE, 1614.

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS*  
SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King *IAMES*, of  
*most Blessed Memorie*;

---

By the Author, BENIAMIN IOHNSON.

---

*Si foret in terris, videret Democritus: nam  
Spectaret populum ludus attentius ipse,  
Vt sibi præbentem, immo spectacula plura.  
Scriptores autem narrare posaret assello  
Fabellam fardo.* Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.



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LONDON,  
Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the *Beare*, in *Pauls*  
Church-yard. 1631.

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The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale's device.



THE  
PROLOGVE  
TO  
THE KINGS  
MAIESTY.

YOur Maiesty is welcome to a Fayre;  
 Such place, such men, such language & such ware,  
 You must expect: with these, the zealous noyse  
 Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,  
 As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-playes, 5  
 And such like rage, whereof the petulant wayes  
 Your selfe haue knowne, and haue bin vext with long.  
 These for your sport, without perticular wrong,  
 Or iust complaint of any priuate man,  
 (Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can) 10  
 The Maker doth present: and hopes, to night  
 To giue you for a Fayring, true delight.

# THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

	JOHN LITTLE-WIT.	<i>A Proctor.</i>
	⟨SALOMON.	<i>His man.⟩</i>
	WIN LITTLE-WIT.	<i>His wife.</i>
	DAME PVRECRAFT.	<i>Her mother and a widdow.</i>
5	ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND	
	BVSY.	<i>Her Suitor, a Banbury man.</i>
	WIN-WIFE.	<i>His Riwall, a Gentleman.</i>
	QVARLOVS.	<i>His companion, a Gamester.</i>
	BARTHOLMEW COKES.	<i>An Esquire of Harrow.</i>
	HVMPHREY WASPE.	<i>His man..</i>
10	ADAM OVER-DOO.	<i>A Iustice of Peace.</i>
	DAME OVERDOO.	<i>His wife.</i>
	GRACE WELBORNE.	<i>His Ward.</i>
	LANT. LEATHERHEAD.	<i>A Hobbi-horse seller.</i>
	IOANE TRASH.	<i>A Ginger-bread woman.</i>
15	EZECHIEL EDGORTH.	<i>A Cutpurse.</i>
	NIGHTINGALE.	<i>A Ballad-singer.</i>
	VRSLA.	<i>A Pigge-woman.</i>
	MOON-CALFE.	<i>Her Tapster.</i>
	IORDAN KNOCK-HVM.	<i>A Horse-courser, and ranger o' Turnbull.</i>
20	VAL. CVTTING.	<i>A Roarer.</i>
	CAPTAIN E WHIT.	<i>A Bawd.</i>
	PVNQVE ALICE.	<i>Mistresse o'the Game.</i>
	TROVBLE-ALL.	<i>A Madman.</i>
	WATCHMEN, three.	
25	COSTARD-monger.	
	⟨CORNE-CUTTER.⟩	
	MOVSETRAP-man.	
	CLOTHIER.	
	WRESTLER.	
30	PORTERS.	
	DOORE-KEEPERS.	
	PVPPETS.	

The Persons of the Play.] 1 LITTLE-WIT] LITTLEWIT F 2 SALOMON  
... man] Solomon, *Littlewit's man* G 3 WIN] Win-the-fight G  
7 QVARLOVS] Tom Quarulous G 13 LANT.] Lanthorn G 17 VRSLA]  
Ursula G 19 IORDAN KNOCK-HVM] Dan Jordan Knockem G  
24 WATCHMEN, three] WHTCHMEN, three F: Bristle, Haggise, *watchmen*.  
Poche, *a beadle* G 28 CLOTHIER] Northern, *a clothier (a Northern  
man)* G 29 WRESTLER] Puppy, *a wrestler (a Western man)* G  
31 DOORE-KEEPERS] Filcher, Sharkwell, *door-keepers to the puppet-show* G  
G adds Passengers, Mob, Boys, &c.

## THE INDVCTION. ON THE *STAGE*.

S T A G E - K E E P E R .

**G**entlemen, haue a little patience, they are e'en vpon  
 comming, instantly. He that should beginne the Play,  
 Master *Littlewit*, the *Proctor*, has a stitch new falne in his  
 black silk stocking ; 'twill be drawn vp ere you can tell  
 twenty. He playes one o' the *Arches*, that dwels about the 5  
*Hospitall*, and hee has a very pretty part. But for the whole  
*Play*, will you ha' the truth on't ? (I am looking, lest the  
*Poet* heare me, or his man, Master *Broome*, behind the Arras)  
 it is like to be a very conceited scuruy one, in plaine English.  
 When 't comes to the *Fayre*, once : you were e'en as good 10  
 goe to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smith-field*. Hee  
 has not hit the humors, he do's not know 'hem ; hee has  
 not conuers'd with the *Bartholmew*-birds, as they say ; hee  
 has ne're a Sword, and Buckler man in his *Fayre*, nor a little  
*Dauy*, to take toll o' the Bawds there, as in my time, nor a 15  
*Kind-heart*, if any bodies teeth should chance to ake in his  
*Play*. Nor a Iugler with a wel-educated Ape to come ouer  
 the chaine, for the *King of England*, and backe againe for  
 the *Prince*, and sit still on his arse for the *Pope*, and the  
*King of Spaine* ! None o' these fine sights ! Nor has he the 20  
*Canuas-cut* i' the night, for a Hobby-horseman to creepe in to  
 his she-neighbour, and take his leap, there ! Nothing ! No,  
 and some writer (that I know) had had but the penning o'  
 this matter, hee would ha' made you such a *Iig-ajogge* i' the  
 booths, you should ha' thought an earthquake had beene 25  
 i' the *Fayre* ! But these Master-*Poets*, they will ha' their  
 owne absurd courses ; they will be inform'd of nothing !  
 Hee has (*sirreuerence*) kick'd me three, or foure times about

Induction] 10 once : ] once, F3 19 *Pope*, F3 : *Pope* ; (?) F  
 21 i' the] 'ithe F : in to] into F 22 leap,] *The comma faint or*  
*missing in some copies of F*



the Tying-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in,  
 30 with my experience. I'll be iudg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now,  
 but for one conceit of mine ! would not a fine Pumpe vpon  
 the Stage ha' done well, for a property now ? and a *Punque*  
 set vnder vpon her head, with her Sterne vpward, and ha'  
 beene sous'd by my wity young masters o' the *Innes o'*  
 35 *Court* ? what thinke you o' this for a shew, now ? hee will  
 not heare o' this ! I am an Asse ! I ! and yet I kept the  
*Stage* in Master *Tarletons* time, I thanke my starres. Ho !  
 and that man had liu'd to haue play'd in *Bartholmew Fayre*,  
 you should ha' seene him ha' come in, and ha' beene  
 40 coozened i' the Cloath-quarter, so finely ! And *Adams*, the  
 Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd vpon him, and ha' dealt his  
 vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And  
 then a substantiall watch to ha' stolne in vpon 'hem, and  
 taken 'hem away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is, in  
 45 the *Stage*-practice,

*Booke-holder : Scriuener. To him.*

*Booke.* How now ? what rare discourse are you falne  
 vpon ? ha ? ha' you found any familiars here, that you are  
 so free ? what's the businesse ?

*Sta.* Nothing, but the vnderstanding Gentlemen o' the  
 50 ground here, ask'd my iudgement.

*Booke.* Your iudgement, Rascall ? for what ? sweeping  
 the *Stage* ? or gathering vp the broken Apples for the beares  
 within ? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these  
*spectacles* when such a youth as you pretend to a iudgement.  
 55 And yet hee may, i' the most o' this matter i' faith : For the  
*Author* hath writ it iust to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the  
 grounded Iudgements here, his Play-fellowes in wit. Gentle-  
 men ; not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one,  
 I am sent out to you here, with a *Scriuener*, and certaine  
 60 Articles drawne out in hast betweene our *Author*, and you ;  
 which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reason-

Ind. 41 ha' leap'd] ha leap'd F 54 After 'iudgement.' [Exit  
*Stage-Keeper*] G 58 After 'Gentlemen' [comes forward.] G

able, to approue of ; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi' me the Counterpaine.

*Scr.* ARTICLES of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the Bankeside, in the 65 County of *Surrey* on the one party ; And the *Author* of *Bartholmew Fayre* in the said place, and County on the other party : the one and thirtieth day of *Octob.* 1614. and in the twelfth yeere of the Raigne of our Soueraigne Lord, *JAMES* by the grace of God *King of England, France, & Ireland ;* 70 Defender of the faith. And of *Scotland* the seauen and fortieth.

INPRIMIS, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betweene the parties abouesaid, and the said *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, aswell the curious and enuious, as the fauouring and iudici- 75 ous, as also the grounded Iudgements and vnderstandings, doe for themselues seuerally Couenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends haue put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and an halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiseth to present 80 them by vs, with a new sufficient Play called *BARTHOLMEW FAYRE*, merry, and as full of noise, as sport : made to delight all, and to offend none. Prouided they haue either, the wit, or the honesty to thinke well of themselues.

It is further agreed that euery person here, haue his or 85 their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the *Author* hauing now departed with his right : It shall bee lawfull for any man to iudge his six pen'orth, his twelue pen'orth, so to his eighteene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place : Prouided alwaies his 90 place get not aboue his wit. And if he pay for halfe a dozen, hee may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall bee silent. Hee shall put in for *Censures* here, as they doe for *lots* at the *lottery* : mary, if he drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is 95 thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

Ind. 69 Soueraigne] Soueragine F 84 wit,] wit F 88 pen'orth,]  
pen'orth F 89 hiseighteene] hiseighteene F 94 mary,] mary F: marry, F3

It is also agreed, that euery man heere, exercise his owne Iudgement, and not censure by *Contagion*, or vpon *trust*, from anothers voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so  
 100 first, in the *Commission of Wil*: As also, that hee bee fixt and settled in his censure, that what hee approues, or not approues to day, hee will doe the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be :) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench*  
 105 with him, though they indite, and arraigne *Playes* daily. Hee that will sweare, *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fūe and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an *Ignor-*  
 110 *ance*, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errorr does well; such a one, the *Author* knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soeuer the expectation bee, no person here, is to expect  
 115 more then hee knowes, or better ware then a *Fayre* will afford: neyther to looke backe to the sword and buckler-age of *Smithfield*, but content himselfe with the present. In stead of a little *Dauy*, to take toll o' the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a *leere-Drunk-*  
 120 ard, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kinde-heart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oyly *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a consort of *Roarers* for musique. A wise *Iustice of Peace meditant*, in stead of a *Iugler*, with an *Ape*. A ciuill  
 125 *Cutpurse searchant*. A sweete *Singer* of new Ballads *allurant*: and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as euer was broach'd, *rampant*. If there bee neuer a *Seruant-monster* i'the *Fayre*; who can helpe it? he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques*? Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that  
 130 beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mixe his head with other mens heeles, let the concupisence of *Iigges* and *Dances*, raigne as strong as it will amongst you: yet if

the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In *consideration of which*, it is finally agreed, by the fore-<sup>135</sup> said hearers, and *spectators*, that they neyther in themselves conceale, nor suffer by them to be concealed any *State-decipherer*, or politique *Picklocke* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the *Gingerbread-woman*, who by the *Hobby-horse-man*, who by the<sup>140</sup> *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirme (on his owne *inspired ignorance*) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Iustice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pigge-woman*, what *conceal'd States-man*, by the *Seller of Mouse-trappes*, and so of the rest. But that such<sup>145</sup> person, or persons so found, be left discover'd to the mercy of the *Author*, as a forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your laughter, aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the foole by his place aforesaid, to challenge the *Author* of scurrilitie, because the language some where<sup>150</sup> sauours of *Smithfield*, the *Booth*, and the *Pig-broath*, or of prophanenesse, because a *Mad-man* cryes, *God quit you*, or *blesse you*. In *witnesse* whereof, as you haue preposterously put to your Scales already (which is your money) you will now adde the other part of suffrage, your hands. The *Play*<sup>155</sup> shall presently begin. And though the *Fayre* be not kept in the same Region, that some here, perhaps, would haue it, yet thinke, that therein the *Author* hath obseru'd a speciall *Decorum*, the place being as durty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking euery whit.<sup>160</sup>

*Howsoeuer*, hee prayses you to belecue, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that hee that is so loth to looke on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse*, heere, would bee glad to take vp a *Commodity* of them, at any laughter, or losse, in another place.

Ind. 155 Hands. The F3: hands, The F

165 Exeunt. add G



# BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

LITTLE-WIT. {To him} WIN.

A Pretty conceit, and worth the finding ! I ha' such luck  
to spinne out these fine things still, and like a Silke-  
worme, out of my selfe. Her(e)'s Master *Bartholomew Cokes*,  
of *Harrow* o'th' hill, i'th' County of *Middlesex*, Esquire,  
takes forth his Licence, to marry Mistresse *Grace Wei-borne* 5  
of the said place and County : and when do's hee take it  
foorth ? to day ! the foure and twentieth of August ! *Bar-*  
*tholmew* day ! *Bartholmew* vpon *Bartholmew* ! there's the  
deuice ! who would haue mark'd such a leap-frogge chance  
now ? A very . . . lesse then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice well, 10  
goe thy wayes, *Iohn Little-wit*, Proctor *Iohn Little-wit* : One  
o' the pretty wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little wit* of London (so thou  
art call'd) and some thing beside. When a quirk, or a *quiblin*  
do's scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it,  
and bring it afore the Constable of conceit : (there now, I 15  
speake *quib* too) let 'hem carry thee out o' the Archdeacons  
Court, into his Kitchen, and make a *Iack* of thee, in stead of  
a *Iohn*. (There I am againe la!) *Win*, Good morrow, *Win*.  
I, marry, *Win* ! Now you looke finely indeed, *Win* ! this  
Cap do's conuince ! you'd not ha' worne it, *Win*, nor ha' 20

I. i.] ACT I. SCENE I.] ACT. I. SCENE. I. F (so throughout the play).  
ACT . . . WIN.] ACT I. SCENE I. | A Room in Littlewit's House. | Enter  
*Littlewit* with a licence in his hand. G 4 o'th' . . . i'th'] o'th' . . . i'th F  
10 A very lesse F : A very little less G conj. : probably a clause  
has disappeared, e.g. A very singular chance now, no lesse 11  
wayes,] wayes F 13 of *italic* in F 18 After 'la !' Enter Mrs.  
*Littlewit*. G 19 I, marry,] I marry F 20 you'd] you'd F

had it veluet, but a rough countrey Beauer, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of *Budge-row*? Sweete *Win*, let me kisse it! And, her fine high shooes, like the *Spanish Lady*! Good *Win*, goe a little, I would faine see  
 25 thee pace, pretty *Win*! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leaue kissing on't.

WIN. Come, indeede la, you are such a foole, still!

LITT. No, but halfe a one, *Win*, you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, *Win*. (Good!) Is  
 30 there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Diocesse*, that euer had the fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits comming vpon mee, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o' these pretenders to wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Miter*, and *Mermaid* men! Not  
 35 a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next *Wit* fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their *Canary*, then other men. But gi' mee the man, can start vp a *Iustice* of *Wit* out of six-shillings beare, and giue the law to all the  
 40 *Poets*, and *Poet-suckers* i' Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other men haue wiues as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

## ACT I. SCENE IJ.

WIN - WIFE. LITTLEWIT. WIN.

WHy, how now Master *Little-wit*! measuring of lips?  
 or molding of kisses? which is it?

LITT. Troth I am a little taken with my *Wins* dressing here! Dos't not fine, Master *Win-wife*? How doe you  
 5 apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worne this habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico* path, or the *Exchange*, in a sommer euening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare *Win*, let Master *Win-wife*

1. i. 23 And.] And. F      24 little,] litle F      33 pretenders] pre-  
 tenders, F      35 nor] not F3      39 beare] Beer F3      42 Kisses  
 her. add G      1. ii. Enter Winwife. G, continuing the scene      4 Dos't]  
 Do'st F      fine.] fine F

kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother, *Win*, and may be our father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harme in him, 10 *Win*.

WIN - w. None i' the earth, Master *Little-wit*.

LIT T. I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.

WIN - w. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still ! A wife heere with a *Strawbery*-breath, *Chery*-lips, *Apricot*- 15 cheekes, and a soft veluet head, like a *Melicotton*.

LIT T. Good y'faith ! now dulnesse vpon mee, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he ! Veluet head !

WIN - w. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to 20 fruiet of a later kinde : the sober Matron, your wiues mother.

LIT T. I ! wee know you are a Suitor, Sir. *Win*, and I both, wish you well : by this Licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. *Win* would faine haue a fine young father i' law, 25 with a fether : that her mother might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris *Ouer-doo*. But, you doe not take the right course, Master *Win-wife*.

WIN - w. No ? Master *Little-wit*, why ?

LIT T. You are not madde enough. 30

WIN - w. How ? Is madnesse a right course ?

LIT T. I say nothing, but I winke vpon *Win*. You haue a friend, one (Master *Quarlous*) comes here some times ?

WIN - w. Why ? he makes no loue to her, do's he ?

LIT T. Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, 35 But—

WIN - w. What ?

LIT T. He is the more Mad-cap o' the two. You doe not apprehend mee.

WIN. You haue a hot coale i' your mouth, now, you 40 cannot hold.

LIT T. Let mee out with it, deare *Win*.

WIN. I'll tell him my selfe.



L I T. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much good do  
45 thy pretty heart, *Win*.

W I N. Sir, my mother has had her natiuity-water cast  
lately by the Cunning men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her  
her fortune, and doe ensure her, shee shall neuer haue happy  
houre ; vnlesse shee marry within this sen'night, and when  
50 it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

L I T. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-man.

W I N. Yes, so the tother man of *More-fields* sayes.

W I N - w. But do's shee beleeeue 'hem ?

L I T. Yes, and ha's beene at *Bedlem* twice since, euery  
55 day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there,  
mad !

W I N - w. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of  
practice vpon her, by these *Impostors* ?

L I T. I tell her so ; or else say I, that they meane some  
60 young-Madcap-Gentleman (for the diuell can equiuocate, as  
well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I aduise you, to  
be a little madder, then Master *Quarlous*, hereafter.

W I N. Where is shee ? stirring yet ?

L I T. Stirring ! Yes, and studying an old Elder, come  
65 from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-tyde, to  
praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet singers  
may be restor'd ; Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts  
him ! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets  
quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to  
70 fetch it againe with *Malmesey*, or *Aqua cœlestis*.

W I N. Yes indeed, we haue such a tedious life with him  
for his dyet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and  
cracks seames at euery saying he sobs out.

I o H. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

75 W I N. No, he told my mother, a *Proctor* was a claw of  
the *Beast*, and that she had little lesse then committed  
*abomination* in marrying me so as she ha's done.

I o H. Euery line (he sayes) that a *Proctor* writes, when it

comes to be read in the Bishops Court, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out of the taylor of *Anti-Christ*. 80

WIN - w. When came this *Proselyte*?

IOH. Some three dayes since.

## ACT I. SCENE IIJ.

QVARLOVS, IOHN, WIN, WIN - WIFE

O Sir, ha' you tane soyle, here? it's well, a man may reach you, after 3. houres running, yet! what an vnmercifull companion art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such vngentlemanly houres? None but a scatterd couey of Fidlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone man at most, would haue beene vp, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe? hast thou Thornes i' thy eye-lids, or Thistles i' thy bed?

WIN - w. I cannot tell: It seemes you had neither i' your feet; that tooke this paine to find me. 10

QVAR. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o' the City should haue drawne after you, by the sent rather. M<sup>r</sup> *Iohn Little-wit*! God saue you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of vs, last night, *Iohn*: shal we pluck a hayre o' the same Wolfe, to day, Proctor *Iohn*? 15

IOH. Doe you remember, Master *Quarlous*, what wee discourst on, last night?

QVAR. Not I, *Iohn*: nothing that I eyther discourse or doe, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulnesse. 20

IOH. No? not concerning *Win*? looke you: there shee is, and drest as I told you she should be: harke you Sir, had you forgot?

QVAR. By this head, I'll beware how I keepe you company, *Iohn*, when I (am) drunke, and you haue this dangerous memory! that's certaine. 25

1. iii. *Enter Quarlous*. G, continuing the scene 4 vngentlemanly]  
vngentle manly F 9 bed?] bed. F 13 sent] Scent F3  
rather. F3: rather, F 17 remember.] remember F 21 Win?]  
Win, F 22 After 'Sir' [whispers him.] G 25 am drunke F3:  
I drunke F: I drink F. *Cunningham*

I O H. Why Sir ?

Q V A R. Why ? we were all a little stain'd last night,  
sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor  
30 *Iohn* heere, to come and doe somewhat with *Win* (I know  
not what 'twas) to day ; and he puts mee in minde on't,  
now ; hee sayes hee was comming to fetch me : before  
*Truth*, if you haue that fearefull quality, *Iohn*, to remember,  
when you are sober, *Iohn*, what you promise drunke, *Iohn* ;  
35 I shall take heed of you, *Iohn*. For this once, I am content  
to winke at you, where's your wife ? come hither, *Win*. (*He  
kisseth her*.)

W I N. Why, *Iohn* ! doe you see this, *Iohn* ? looke you !  
helpe me, *Iohn*.

40 I O H. O *Win*, fie, what do you meane, *Win* ! Be  
womanly, *Win* ; make an outcry to your mother, *Win* ?  
Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worship-  
full good friend, *Win* : and he is Master *Winwifes* friend,  
too : And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your mother,  
45 *Win* ; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps, be our  
Father, *Win* : they'll do you no harme, *Win*, they are both  
our worshipfull good friends. Master *Quarlous* ! you must  
know M<sup>r</sup>. *Quarlous*, *Win* ; you must not quarrell with  
Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

50 Q V A R. No, we'll kisse againe and fall in.

I O H. Yes, doe, good *Win*.

W I N. Y'faith you are a foole, *Iohn*.

I O H. A *Foole-Iohn* she calls me, doe you marke that,  
Gentlemen ? pretty littlewit of veluet ! a foole-*Iohn* !

55 Q V A R. She may call you an Apple-*Iohn*, if you vse this.

W I N - w. Pray thee forbear, for my respect somewhat.

Q V A R. Hoy-day ! how respectiue you are become o' the  
sudden ! I feare this family will turne you reformed too,  
pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility  
60 to be your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing here-

1. iii. 36 hither,] hither F      43 friend, too F3: friends, too F  
44 mother,] mother F      46 *Win*: F3: *Win*, F      50 *Kisses her*  
again. add G      51 doe,] doe F      55 [*Aside*.] *Kisses her again*. add G

after, when she courts it to *Totnam* to eat creame. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leaue thy exercise of widdow-hunting once ! this drawing after an old reuerend Smocke by the splay-foote : There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i' the Towne, but thou art straight 65 nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'st got one ; scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannyer-alley* to stinke in ; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou hast bound thy selfe to aliuie. I'll be sworne, some of them, (that thou 70 art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chast or marryed pleasure can euer become 'hem : the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem, thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a *Tombe*, with a Torch, or three hand-fulls of Lincke, flaming hot, and 75 so thou maist hap to make 'hem feele thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers ; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast beene but a moneth marryed to one of 'hem, looke 80 like the *quartane ague*, and the black *Iaundise* met in a face, and walke as if thou had'st borrow'd legges of a *Spinner*, and voyce of a *Cricket*. I would endure to heare fiftene Sermons aweeke for her, and such course, and lowd ones, as some of 'hem must be ; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in 85 a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou euer thinke to bring thine cares or stomack, to the patience of a drier *grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth ? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father ;) till all the meat o' thy board has 90 forgot, it was that day i' the Kitchin ? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of *Predestination*, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spouse ; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of *Knox* 95 between ? or the perpetuall spitting, before, and after a

1. iii. 70 be sworne] besworne F      79 thee,] thee F      84 ones] one's F

sober drawne *exhortation* of six houres, whose better part was the *hum-ha-hum*? Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron-chests, as if they were *charmes* to breake 'hem?  
 100 And all this for the hope of two *Apostle*-spoones, to suffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' conuey'd her state, safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widdow.

WIN.(-w) Alasse, I am quite off that sent now.

105 Q V A R. How so?

WIN - w. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one, that, they say, is come heere, and gouernes all, already.

Q V A R. What doe you call him? I knew diuers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

110 WIN - w. Master *Little-wit* can tell vs.

IOH. Sir! good *Win*, goc in, and if Master *Bartholmew Cokes*-his man come for the Licence: (the little old fellow) let him speake with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

WIN - w. What call you the Reuerend *Elder*, you told  
 115 me of? your *Banbury*-man?

IOH. *Rabbi Busy*, Sir, he is more then an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

Q V A R. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

IOH. Hee was a Baker, Sir, but hee do's dreame now,  
 120 and see visions, hee has giuen ouer his Trade.

Q V A R. I remember that too: out of a scruple hee tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those Cakes hee made, were seru'd to *Bridales*, *May-poles*, *Morrisses*, and such prophane feasts and meetings; his Christen-name is *Zeale-of-the-land*.

125 IOH. Yes, Sir, *Zeale-of-the-land Busy*.

WIN - w. How, what a name's there!

IOH. O, they haue all such names, Sir; he was Witnessse, for *Win*, here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her *Winne-the-fight*, you thought her name had beene  
 130 *Winnifred*, did you not?

WIN - w. I did indeed.

I. iii. 113 After 'me' [Exit Mrs. Littlewit] G  
 115-man?] -man. F

114 Elder,] Elder? F

I o H. Hee would ha' thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

Q V A R. I, for there was a Blew-starch-woman o' the name, at the same time. A notable hypocritically vermine it <sup>135</sup> is ; I know him. One that stands vpon his face, more then his faith, at all times ; Euer in seditious motion, and reproving for vaine-glory : of a most *lunatique* conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of *Singularity* in all he do's : (He has vndone a Grocer here, in Newgate-market, that <sup>140</sup> broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way :) by his profession, hee will euer be i' the state of Innocence, though ; and child-hood ; derides all *Antiquity* ; defies any other *Learning*, then *Inspiration* ; and what discretion soeuer, yeeres should afford him, it is all <sup>145</sup> preuented in his *Originall ignorance* ; ha' not to doe with him : for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and inuincible dulnesse, I assure you ; who is this ?

## ACT I. SCENE IIIJ.

WASPE. IOHN. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

B Y your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you : and god you good morrow ; M<sup>r</sup> *Little-wit*, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready ?

I o H. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master *Humphrey*. 5

W A S. That's well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no Clarke, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i'faith I'll hang first ; fold it vp o' your word and gi' it mee ; what must you ha' for't ?

I o H. We'll talke of that anon, Master *Humphrey*. 10

W A S. Now, or not at all, good M<sup>r</sup> *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

I o H. Sweet *Win*, bid *Salomon* send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

1. iii. 142 way :) ] way : F  
Waspe. G, continuing the scene  
13 *Salomon*] *Solomon* F3 (so 27, 29)

1. iv. Re-enter Mrs. Littlewit with  
2 god you] God give you F3

15 W A S. I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you : for I haue both egges o' the Spit, and yron i' the fire, say, what you must haue, good M<sup>r</sup> *Little-wit*.

I O H. Why, you know the price, M<sup>r</sup> *Numps*.

W A S. I know ? I know nothing, I, what tell you mee  
20 of knowing ? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another ; you must haue a *Marke* for your thing here, and *eight pence* for the boxe ; I could ha' sau'd *two pence* i' that, an' I had  
25 brought it my selfe, but heere's *fourteene shillings* for you. Good Lord ! how long your little wife staies ! pray God, *Salomon*, your Clerke, be not looking i' the wrong boxe, M<sup>r</sup> *Proctor*.

I O H. Good i'faith ! no, I warrant you, *Salomon* is wiser  
30 then so, Sir.

W A S. Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Master *Little-wit*, this is scuruy, idle, foolish and abominable ; with all my heart, I doe not like it.

W I N - w. Doe you heare ? *Iacke Little-wit*, what busi-  
35 nesse do's thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may haue, that he keepees such a coyle with ?

Q V A R. More then buying of ginger-bread i' the *Cloyster*, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i' the *Fayre* ?

I O H. Master *Quarlous*, doe not mistake him : he is his  
40 Masters both-hands, I assure you.

Q V A R. What ? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, do's hee ?

I O H. Sir, if you haue a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and looke t'other way : for if hee apprehend you  
45 flout him, once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is *Waspe* too.

Q V A R. Pretty *Insect* ! make much on him.

W A S. A plague o'this boxe, and the poxe too, and on

1. iv. 16 After ' fire ' [*Exit Mrs. Littlewit.*] G 19 nothing, I,]  
nothing. I F 32 abominable; . . . heart,] abominable, . . . heart; F  
33 *Walks aside.* add G 44 t'other] to'ther F

him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! doe you see, 50  
Sir?

I o H. Nay, good M<sup>r</sup> *Wasp*.

W A S. Good Master *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a *Pothecary*, and sold glisters, more then hee gaue, I wusse: 55  
and turd i' your little wiues teeth too (heere she comes) 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her veluet-custerd on her head, Sir.

I o H. O! be ciuill, Master *Numpes*.

W A S. Why, say I haue a humour not to be ciuill; how 60  
then? who shall compell me? you?

I o H. Here is the boxe, now.

W A S. Why a pox o' your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would haue you to vnderstand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—— 65

W I N - w. With all our hearts. Sir.

W A S. That I haue a charge. Gentlemen.

I o H. They doe apprehend, Sir.

W A S. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yet. (you are an *Asse*) I haue a young Master, hee 70  
is now vpon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholemasters haue done nothing, but runne vp and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing 75  
*catches*, and repeat *rattle bladder rattle*, and *O, Madge*. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which hee will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman i' the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whistle him, and all his 80  
tunes ouer, at night in his sleepe! he has a head full of Bees! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leaue him

1. iv. 56 comes] *The s faint or missing in some copies.* After 'comes'  
Re-enter Mrs. Littlewit with the box. G 57 spit,] spit F 59  
ciuill,] ciuill F 76 O] O F



in charge with a Gentlewoman ; 'Tis true, shee is a *Iustice of Peace* his wife, and a Gentlewoman o' the hood, and his  
 85 naturall sister : But what may happen, vnder a womans  
 gouernment, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not  
 know him : hee is another manner of peece then you think  
 for ! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either  
 of you, by the head, God blesse him.

90 Q V A R. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow !

W I N - w. He has made his Master a finer by this de-  
 scription, I should thinke.

Q V A R. 'Faith, much about one, it's *crosse* and *pile*,  
 whether for a new farthing.

95 W A S. I'll tell you, Gentlemen——

I O H. Will't please you drinke, Master *Waspe* ?

W A S. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be drie, Sir, you  
 see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth : doe you ?  
 you'ld ha' me gone, would you ?

100 I O H. No, but you were in hast e'en now, M<sup>r</sup> *Numpes*.

W A S. What an' I were ? so I am still, and yet I will  
 stay too ; meddle you with your match, your *Win*, there,  
 she has as little wit, as her husband, it seemes : I haue others  
 to talke to.

105 I O H. She's my match indeed, and as little wit as I, good !

W A S. We ha'bin but a day and a halfe in towne, Gen-  
 tlemen, 'tis true ; and yester day i' the afternoone, we  
 walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman, he  
 shall marry, Mistresse *Grace* ; but, afore I will endure such  
 110 another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a good Gib-  
 cat, through the great pond at home, as his vnkle *Hodge*  
 was ! why, we could not meet that *heathen* thing, all day,  
 but stayd him : he would name you all the *Signes* ouer, as  
 hee went, aloud : and where hee spi'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*,  
 115 there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl(e) long-coats about  
 him, male and female ; no getting him away ! I thought he

1. iv. 83 is a] is A F  
 103 husband,] husband F  
 littl-long-coats F

88 yeare] yeers F3  
 105 good] Good F

95 you,] you F  
 115 little long-coats]

would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scuruy, roguy *tobacco*, there.

I O H. You say true, Master *Numpes* : there's such a one indeed.

120

W A S. It's no matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you ?

Q V A R. He will not allow of *Iohn's* reading at any hand.

## ACT I. SCENE V.

CO KES. Mistris O V E R - D O O. W A S P E. G R A C E.  
Q V A R L O V S. W I N - W I F E. I O H N. W I N.

O *Numpes* ! are you here, *Numpes* ? looke where I am, *Numpes* ! and Mistris *Grace*, too ! nay, doe not looke angerly, *Numpes* : my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

W A S. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her ? or 5  
shee with you ?

C O K. We came all to seeke you, *Numpes*.

W A S. To seeke mee ? why, did you all thinke I was lost ? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here ? or that I had chang'd it i' the *Fayre*, for hobby- 10  
horses ? S'pretious—to seeke me !

O V E R. Nay, good M<sup>r</sup> *Numpes*, doe you shew discretion, though he bee exorbitant, (as M<sup>r</sup> *Ouer-doo* saies,) and't be but for conseruation of the *peace*.

W A S. Mary gip, goody she-*Iustice*, Mistris *French-hood* ! 15  
turd i' your teeth ; and turd i' your *French-hoods* teeth, too, to doe you seruice, doe you see ? must you quote your *Adam* to me ! you thinke, you are Madam *Regent* still, Mistris *Ouer-doo* ; when I am in place ? no such matter, I assure you, your *raigne* is out, when I am in, *Dame*. 20

O V E R. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be gouern'd by you ; so should hee too, if he did well ; but 'twill be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

1. iv. 123 hand.] hand, F  
Grace. G, continuing the scene

1. v.] Enter Cokes, Mistress Overdo, and  
I here.] here F

W A S. Will't so forsooth ? good Lord ! how sharpe you  
25 are ! with being at *Bet'lem* yesterday ? *Whelston* has set an  
edge vpon you, has hee ?

O V E R. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your  
dignity : I doe, yet, to mine.

W A S. Very well, then.

30 C O K. Is this the Licence, *Numpes* ? for Loues sake, let  
me see't. I neuer saw a Licence.

W A S. Did you not so ? why, you shall not see't, then.

C O K. An' you loue mee, good *Numpes*.

W A S. Sir, I loue you, and yet I do not loue you, i' these  
35 fooleries, set your heart at rest ; there's nothing in't, but  
hard words : and what would you see't for ?

C O K. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's  
all ; and I will see't now, so I will.

W A S. You sha' not see it, heere.

40 C O K. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look vpo' the case  
heere.

W A S. Why, doe so, a man must giue way to him a little  
in trifles : Gentlemen, these are errors, diseases of youth :  
which he will mend, when he comes to iudgement, and  
45 knowledge of matters. I pray you conceiue so, and I thanke  
you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you  
again.

Q V A R. Well, this *dry-nurse*, I say still, is a delicate man.

W I N - W. And I, am for the Cosset, his charge ! Did  
50 you euer see a fellowes face more accuse him for an Asse ?

Q V A R. Accuse him ? it confesses him one without accus-  
ing. What pittty 'tis yonder wench should marry such a  
*Cokes* ?

W I N - W. 'Tis true.

55 Q V A R. Shee seemes to be discreete, and as sober as shee  
is handsome.

W I N - W. I, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd  
scorne she casts vpon all his behaiour, and speeches ?

C O K. Well, *Numpes*, I am now for another piece of businesse more, the *Fayre*, *Numpes*, and then—— 60

W A S. Blesse me! deliuer me, helpe, hold mee! the *Fayre*!

C O K. Nay, neuer fidge vp and downe, *Numpes*, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute *Bartholmew*, in this; I'll make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my iourney, indeed, to shew Mistris *Grace* my *Fayre*: I call't my *Fayre*, because 65 of *Bartholmew*: you know my name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fayre*.

I O H. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning, I had that i'faith, vpon his Licence, beleeeue me, there he comes, after me. 70

Q V A R. Come, *Iohn*, this ambitious *wit* of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i' the end.

I O H. No? why Sir?

Q V A R. You grow so insolent with it, and ouerdoing, *Iohn*: that if you looke not to it, and tie it vp, it will bring 75 you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leaue you.

W I N - W. Doe not trust it too much, *Iohn*, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a *wit* is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not ouer-buy it.

I O H. Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, 80 hereafter.

W I N. Yes, doe *Iohn*.

C O K. A pret(t)y little soule, this same Mistris *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

G R A. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you. 85

C O K. *Numpes*, I will see it, *Numpes*, 'tis decreed: neuer be melancholy for the matter.

W A S. Why, see it, Sir, see it, doe see it! who hinders you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

C O K. The *Fayre*, *Numpes*, the *Fayre*. 90

W A S. Would the *Fayre* and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i' your belly for mee: they are already i' your braine: he that had the meanes to trauell your head, now,

i. v. 63 I'll I'll e F 68 morning,] morning. F 79 ouer-buy] ouer buy F  
85 you.] you, F Aside. add G 93 your corr F: you F originally  
445.6 D

should meet finer sights then any are i' the *Fayre* ; and  
 95 make a finer voyage on't ; to see it all hung with cockle-  
 shels, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a  
 chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

Q V A R. Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinkes an' you  
 marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his  
 100 Sir *Cranion*-legs.

W I N - w. And his *Numpes*, to flap 'hem away.

W A S. God be w'you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a box, and  
 much good doo't you.

C o K. Why, your friend, and *Bartholmew* ; an' you be  
 105 so contumacious.

Q V A R. What meane you, *Numpes* ?

W A S. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

O V E R. You will not let him goe, *Brother*, and loose him ?

C o K. Who can hold that will away ? I had rather loose  
 110 him then the *Fayre*, I wusse.

W A S. You doe not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen,  
 you perswade to : nor what trouble I haue with him in these  
 humours. If he goe to the *Fayre*, he will buy of euery thing,  
 to a Baby there ; and houshold-stuffe for that too. If a  
 115 legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i'  
 the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stone !  
 And then he is such a Rauener after fruite ! you will not  
 beleuee what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a  
 businesse betweene a *Katerne*-peare-woman, and him, about  
 120 snatching ! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

W I N - w. O ! but you must not leaue him, now, to these  
 hazards, *Numpes*.

W A S. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leaue him,  
 and that makes him presume : well, Sir, will you goe now ?  
 125 if you haue such an itch i' your feete, to foote it to the *Fayre*,  
 why doe you stop, am I your Tarriars ? goe, will you goe ?  
 Sir, why doe you not goe ?

1. v. 102 God] God, F      103 doo't] doo't, F      Gives Cokes the box.  
 add G      After 106 Takes Waspe aside, as he is going out. G      108,  
 109 loose] lose F3      126 your Tarriars] o' your tarriers G conj.

C o k. O *Numps*! haue I brought you about? come Mistresse *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Batt*, i'faith, still.

G R A. Truly, I haue no such fancy to the *Fayre*; nor <sup>130</sup> ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

C o k. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistris *Grace*, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion: and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'l finde qualities. <sup>135</sup>

Q V A R. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to vnderstand her language no better.

W I N - W. I, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the *Fayre*. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender vs <sup>140</sup> excellent creeping sport.

Q V A R. A man that has but a spoone-full of braine, would think so. Farewell, *Iohn*.

I o H. *Win*, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the *Fayre*, *Win*: we must to the *Fayre* too, you, and I, *Win*. I haue <sup>145</sup> an affaire i' the *Fayre*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ for the *motion* man, which you must see, *Win*.

W I N. I would I might, *Iohn*, but my mother will neuer consent to such a *prophane motion*: she will call it. <sup>150</sup>

I o H. Tut, we'll haue a deuice, a dainty one; (Now, *Wit*, helpe at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come, good *Wit*, and't be thy will.) I haue it, *Win*, I haue it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet *Win*, i' the *Fayre*; doe you see? i'the heart o'the *Fayre*; not at *Pye-Corner*. Your <sup>155</sup> mother will doe any thing, *Win*, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o' the sudden, good *Win*. I'll goe in and tell her, cut thy lace i' the meane time and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

W I N. No, I'll not make me vnready for it. I can be <sup>160</sup> *Hypocrite* enough, though I were neuer so straight lac'd.

I. v. 138 marry to her] marry her 1716 142 spoone-full] spoone full F After 143 Exeunt Quarlous and Winwife. G 149 might,] might F 153 i'faith] 'ifaith F

I O H. You say true, you haue bin bred i' the family, and brought vp to 't. Our mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-  
165 folkes.

W I N. I, let her alone, *Iohn*, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

## ACT I. SCENE VI.

P V R E C R A F T. W I N. I O H N. B U S Y. S A L O M O N.

N O W, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this euill from our house! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child: how do you? Sweet child, speake to me.

W I N. Yes, forsooth.

5 P V R. Looke vp, sweet *Win-the fight*, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the vnclean beast, Pigge, to you, Child?

W I N. (Vh, vh.)

10 I O H. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother: she long'd aboue three houres, ere she would let me know it; who was it, *Win*?

W I N. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, *Iohn*.

P V R. O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the  
15 wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall prouocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

20 I O H. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eate some

I. v. 166 let] Let F      169 After 'fetch her' [Exit Littlewit.] G  
After 'ah' Seems to swoon. G      i. vi.] Re-enter Littlewit with Dame  
Purecraft. G, continuing the scene. Busy] BUSY F      ii it.] it F  
20 you,] you; F

Pigge, and her belly full, too ; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter : how doe you, *Win* ? Are you not sicke ?

W I N. Yes, a great deale, *Iohn*, (vh, vh.)

P V R. What shall we doe ? call our zealous brother <sup>25</sup> *Busy* hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary ; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

W I N. I, but i' the *Fayre*, mother.

P V R. I meane i' the *Fayre*, if it can be any way made, or <sup>30</sup> found lawfull ; where is our brother *Busy* ? Will hee not come ? looke vp, child.

I O H. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pye, i' the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left <sup>35</sup> hand, and a glasse of *Malmesey* on his right.

P V R. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

I O H. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

P V R. O brother *Busy* ! your helpe heere to edifie, and raise vs vp in a scruple ; my daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited <sup>40</sup> with a naturall disease of women ; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

I O H. I Sir, a *Bartholmew-pigge* : and in the *Fayre*.

P V R. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a <sup>45</sup> widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

B V S. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women : and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall : Now <sup>50</sup> Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten ; it may be eaten ; very exceeding well eaten : but in the *Fayre*, and as a *Bartholmew-pig*, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholmew-pigge*, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and <sup>55</sup>



you make the *Fayre*, no better then one of the high *Places*. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

I o H. I, but in state of necessity : *Place* should giue place, M<sup>r</sup> *Busy*, (I haue a conceit left, yet.)

60 P v R. Good Brother *Zeale-of-the land*, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

I o H. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can : for it must be, Sir ; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

P v R. Truly, I doe loue my child dearely, and I would  
65 not haue her miscarry, or hazard her first fruites, if it might be otherwise.

B v s. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to construction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great face, a foule face, but that face may haue a  
70 vaile put ouer it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fayre*, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked : the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with *sobriety*, and humblenesse ; not  
75 gorg'd in with gluttony, or greedinesse ; there's the feare : for, should she goe there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vnclene dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

80 I o H. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough ; we'll seeke out the homeliest Booth i' the *Fayre*, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o' the ground.

P v R. I, and I'll goe with you my selfe, *Win-the-fight*,  
85 and my brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, shall goe with vs too, for our better consolation.

W I N. Vh, vh.

I o H. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leaue *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my  
90 cloake.

I. vi. 60 Brother] Brother, F 62 be.] be F 89 After 'Booth'  
[Aside to Mrs. Lit.] G After 90 Enter Solomon with the cloak. add G

SAL. Here, Sir.

B v s. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good vse made of it, too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to professe our hate, and <sup>95</sup> loathing of *Iudaisme*, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

I o h. Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no *Iew*, I could neuer away with that stiffenecked generation: and truely, I hope my little one will be like me, <sup>100</sup> that cries for Pigge so, i' the mothers belly.

B v s. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### I V S T I C E O V E R D O O.

WELL, in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the common-wealth! defie all the world, *Adam Ouerdoo*, for a disguise, and all *story*; for thou hast fitted thy selfe, I sweare; faine would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagles eye, that peircing *Epidaurian* serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* <sup>5</sup> cal's him) that could discouer a Iustice of Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) vnder this couering. They may haue seene many a foole in the habite of a Iustice; but neuer till now, a Iustice in the habit of a foole. Thus must we doe, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wise <sup>10</sup> Magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Neuer shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, sometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdom, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; <sup>15</sup> now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of *August*; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe

I. vi. 102 *Exeunt.* add G II. i.] ACT II. SCENE I. | *The Fair.* | A number of Booths, Stalls, &c. set out, Lanthorn Leatherhead, Joan Trash, and others, sitting by their wares. | Enter Justice Overdo, at a distance, in disguise. G 5 *Quint.*] Quintus G

in all these shapes ? mary, goe you into euery Alehouse, and  
 down into euery Celler ; measure the length of puddings,  
 20 take the gage of blacke pots, and cannes, I, and custards  
 with a sticke ; and their circumference, with a thrid ; weigh  
 the loaues of bread on his middle-finger ; then would he send  
 for 'hem, home ; giue the puddings to the poore, the bread  
 to the hungry, the custards to his children ; breake the pots,  
 25 and burne the cannes, himselfe ; hee would not trust his  
 corrupt officers ; he would do't himselfe. Would all men in  
 authority would follow this worthy president ! For (alas)  
 as we are publike persons, what doe we know ? nay, what  
 can wee know ? wee heare with other mens eares ; wee see  
 30 with other mens eyes ; a foolish Constable, or a sleepy  
 Watchman, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman,  
 by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice  
 of ours, must beleeeue him. As a while agoe, they made mee,  
 yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursiuant, for a *Semi-*  
 35 *nary* : and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd.  
 This wee are subiect to, that liue in high place, all our intel-  
 ligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues : and  
 by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant  
 fooles, for beleeuing 'hem. I *Adam Ouerdoo*, am resolu'd  
 40 therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine  
 owne discoueries. Many are the yeerely enormities of this  
*Fayre*, in whose courts of *Pye-pouldres* I haue had the  
 honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Iudge.  
 But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid  
 45 enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose ; this  
 the cloud that hides me : vnder this couert I shall see, and  
 not be seene. On, *Iunius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll  
 end : in Iustice name, and the Kings ; and for the Common-  
 wealth.

11. i. 18 mary,] mary F      25 would] Would F      26 Would]  
 would F      30 eyes ;] eyes ? F : eyes. F3      41 of] of of F  
 47 On,] On F      After 49 *Advances to the booths, and stands aside.* G

## ACT II. SCENE II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. IUSTICE. VRS'LA.

MOONE-CALFE. NIGHTINGALE.

*Costermonger. Passengers.*

THE Fayre's pestlence dead, mee thinkes ; people come not abroad, to day, what euer the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister *Trash*, Lady o' the Basket ? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the *Fayre*, what 5 stuffe they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stuffe are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead* ? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know. 10

IVS. I! haue I met with enormity, so soone ?

LEA. I shall marre your market, old *Ione*.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler ? do thy worst ; I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st 15 mee, for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Inginer. I'll finde a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all ouer. Are you puft vp with the pride of your wares ? your *Arsedine* ?

LEA. Goe to, old *Ione*, I'll talke with you anone ; and 20 take you downe too, afore Iustice *Ouerdoo*, he is the man must charme you, Ile ha' you i' the *Piepouldres*.

TRA. Charme me ? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar'st : and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as vp-right in my dealing, as any 25 woman in *Smithfield*, I, charme me ?

IVS. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Iustice.

LEA. What doe you lacke ? what is't you buy ? what do

II. II. G continues the scene 11 *Aside.* add G 15, 16 dost, and . . . Inginer.] dost: an . . . inginer, G 16 mee,] mee F 28 *Aside.* | A number of people pass over the stage.

30 you lacke ? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o'  
the best ? Fiddles o'th' finest ? [Enter Cost.

C o s. Buy any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares !

T R A. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread !

N I G. *Hey, now the Fayre's a filling !*

35           *O, for a Tune to startle*  
             *The Birds o' the Booths here billing*  
             *Yeerely with old Saint Barthle !*  
             *The Drunkards they are wading,*  
             *The Punques, and Chapmen trading ;*  
40           *Who'd see the Fayre without his lading ?*

Buy any ballads ; new ballads ?

V R S. Fye vpon't : who would weare out their youth,  
and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler  
vocation ? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine  
45 vault, o' my conscience ! what, *Moone-calfe* ?

M o o. Heere, Mistresse.

N I G. How now *Vrs*la ? in a heate, in a heat ?

V R S. My chayre, you false faucet you ; and my morn-  
ings draught, quickly, a botle of Ale, to quench mee, Rascall.  
50 I am all fire, and fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to  
the first woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the  
ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may  
follow me by the S.S.\* I make.

N I G. Alas, good *Vrs*' ; was *Zekiel* heere this morning ?

55 V R S. *Zekiel* ? what *Zekiel* ?

N I G. *Zekiel Edgeworth*, the ciuill cut-purse, you know  
him well enough ; hee that talkes bawdy to you still : I  
call him my Secretary.

V R S. He promis'd to be heere this morning, I remember.

60 N I G. When he comes, bid him stay : I'll be backe  
againe presently.

ii. ii. 31 o' th' ] o'th F           After 31 Enter Costard-monger, followed  
by *Nightingale*. G           32 peares ] peares. F           34 Hey] Hey F  
36 billing] F has a misprinted colon           40 Who'd corr. F : Wou'd F  
originally.           After 41 Enter Ursula from her booth. G           45 what,]  
what F           -calfe ? ] -calfe. F           46 Moo.] Moon. [within.] G           Heere,  
corr. F : Heere. F originally           54 Vrs'] Vr's F           56 Edgeworth, corr.  
F : Edgeworth F originally           59 morning, corr. F : morning. F originally

V R S. Best take your mornings dew in your belly, *Nightingale*. Come, Sir, set it heere, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o' the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll neuer thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grasse-hoppers thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i' the corner o' the Booth, fleaing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o' the *Fayre*. Fill, *Stote*: fill. *Moon-calf brings in the Chaire.*

I v s. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beene before mee, *Punke*, *Pinnace* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty yeeres, vpon record i' the *Pie-poudres*. 70

V R S. Fill againe, you vn lucky vermine. 75

M o o. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

V R S. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the *Fayre* be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as so fast as I can: two stone a sewet aday is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*.

N i g. Nay, *Vrsula*, thou'lt gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now. 85

V R S. How can I hope, that euer hee'll discharge his place of trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning vnder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all 90 my whole halfe pound of tabacco, and a quarter of a pound of *Coltsfoot*, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that haue dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance o' my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o' my bottle-ale, I ha' 95

11. ii. 62 mornings] morning F3  
ingale, come F 74 *Aside*. add G  
G 92 itch] eech F3

63 *Nightingale*. Come] *Night-*  
89 After 'him' [*Exit Night.*]

told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i' the filling, at length, Rogue, and iogge your bottles o' the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke ;  
 100 you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd on't. But your true tricke, Rascall, must be, to be euer busie, and mis-take away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and neuer heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and  
 105 be able to forswear 'hem. Giue me a drinke of Ale.

I v s. This is the very *wombe*, and *bedde* of enormitie ! grosse, as her selfe ! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit on't.

One  
knocks.

V R s. Looke, who's there, Sirrah ? fūe shillings a Pigge  
 110 is my price, at least ; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more : if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

I v s. *O Tempora ! O mores !* I would not ha' lost my discouery of this one grieuance, for my place, and worship o'  
 115 the *Bench*, how is the poore subiect abus'd, here ! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moone-calf*e, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leaue, goodly woman, and the fatnesse of the *Fayre* : oyle as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne ! hath thy Ale  
 120 vertue, or thy Beere strength ? that the tongue of man may be tickled ? and his palat pleas'd in the morning ? let thy pretty Nephew here, goe search and see.

V R s. What new Roarer is this ?

M o o. O Lord ! doe you not know him, Mistris, 'tis mad  
 125 *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Braue Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how doe you ? welcome to the *Fayre*, when shall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters ? with your backe againe a Booth, ha ? I ha' bin one o' your little disciples, i' my dayes !

11. ii. 97 length.] length F  
 bellied] great bellied F  
 118 fatnesse] fatnessc F

108 *Aside*. add G  
 117 After 'enormity' [*Comes forward*.] G

I v s. Let me drinke, boy, with my loue, thy Aunt, here ; 130  
that I may be eloquent : but of thy best, lest it be bitter in  
my mouth, and my words fall foule on the *Fayre*.

V R s. Why dost thou not fetch him drinke ? and offer  
him to sit ?

M o o. Is't Ale, or Beere ? Master *Arthur* ? 135

I v s. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best ; the same thy  
Doue drinketh, and thou drawest on holy daies.

V R s. Bring him a sixe penny bottle of Ale ; they say,  
a fooles handsell is lucky.

I v s. Bring both, child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beere for 140  
*Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the  
very wish, and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this,  
discouer enough, and more : and yet get off with the reputa-  
tion of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene  
a foole and a madman.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

K N O C K H V M. {to them.

W Hat ! my little leane *Vrs*la ! my shee-Beare ! art thou  
aliue yet ? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out  
another *Bartholmew Fayre* ? ha !

V R s. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the *Fayre* is done,  
to heare you groane out of a cart, vp the heauy hill. 5

K N O. Of Holbourne, *Vrs*la, meanst thou so ? for what ?  
for what, pretty *Vrs* ?

V R s. For cutting halfe-penny purses : or stealing little  
penny dogges, out o' the *Fayre*.

K N O. O ! good words, good words *Vrs*. 10

I v s. Another speciall enormitie. A cutpurse of the  
sword ! the boote, and the feather ! those are his marks.

V R s. You are one of those horsleaches, that gaue out I

II. ii. 140 After 'child' [*Sits down in the booth.*] G 141 After  
'boy' [*Exit Moon.*] G 145 *Aside.* add G II. iii.] *Enter Knockem.*  
G, continuing the scene 4 is done] is done F 12 *Aside.* | *Re-*  
*enter Mooncalf, with the ale, &c.* G



was dead, in Turne-bull streete, of a surfet of botle ale, and  
15 tripes ?

K N O. No, 'twas better meat, *Vrs* : cowes vdders, cowes  
vdders !

V R S. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth  
one day.

20 K N O. What ? thou'lt poyson mee with a neuft in a  
bottle of Ale, will't thou ? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe,  
*Vrs* ? Come, there's no malice in these fat folkes, I neuer  
feare thee, and I can scape thy leane *Moonecalfe* heere. Let's  
drinke it out, good *Vrs*, and no vapours !

25 I v s. Dost thou heare, boy ? (there's for thy Ale, and  
the remnant for thee) speake in thy faith of a faucet, now ;  
is this goodly person before vs here, this vapours, a knight  
of the knife ?

M o o. What meane you by that, Master *Arthur* ?

30 I v s. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of  
booty, boy ; a cutpurse.

M o o. O Lord, Sir ! far from it. This is Master *Dan*.  
*Knockhum* : *Iordane*, the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a  
horse-courser, Sir.

35 I v s. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

M o o. Like enough, Sir, she'll doe forty such things in  
an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy  
take her i' the greasie kerchiefe : it makes her fat, you see.  
Shee battens with it.

40 I v s. Here might I ha' beene deceiu'd, now : and ha' put  
a fooles blot vpon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game  
o' discretion.

*Vrs*la comes in againe dropping. K N O. Alas poore *Vrs*, this's an ill season for thee.

V R S. Hang your selfe, Hacney-man.

K N O. How ? how ? *Vrs*, vapours ! motion breede  
vapours ?

V R S. Vapours ? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble,  
good *Iordane*, I know what you'll take to a very drop.

11. iii. 16 meat,] meat F      24 *Exit Ursula*. add G  
*Iordane* F      38 fat,] fat F      42 *Aside*. add G

33 *Iordane*,]

Though you be Captaine o'the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon- 50 chap, Sir, nor your tuskes ; you angry ? you are hungry : come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

K N O. Thou art such another mad merry *Vrs* still ! Troth I doe make conscience of vexing thee, now i' the dogdaies, 55 this hot weather, for feare of foundring thee i' the bodie ; and melting down a *Piller* of the *Fayre*. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe state ; and let's haue a fresh bottle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco ; and no vapours. I'le ha' this belly o' thine taken vp, and thy grasse scour'd, wench ; 60 looke ! heere's *Ezechiel Edgworth* ; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i' the *Fayre* ! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart ; and good vapours.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

To them EDG WORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

*Corne-cutter. Tinder-box-man. Passengers.*

T H A T I will, indeede, willingly, Master *Knockhum*, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

L E A. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? Maid : see a fine hobby horse for your young Master : cost you but a token a weeke his prouander. 5

C O R. Ha' you any cornes i' your feete, and toes ?

T I N. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

T R A. Buy some Ginger-bread.

N I G. Ballads, Ballads ! fine new ballads : 10

*Heare for your loue, and buy for your money.*

*A delicate ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.*

*A preseruatiue again' the Punques euill.*

*Another of Goose-greene-starch, and the Deuill.*

II. iii. 51 tuskes ;] tuskes, F 60 After 'wench' Enter *Edgworth*. G  
II. iv. G continues the scene After 2 Exit *Moon*.—People cross the  
stage. G After 5 Re-enter *Nightingale*, with *Corncutter* and *Mousetrap-*  
man. G 6 i' your] 'i your F

- 15 *A dozen of diuine points, and the Godly garters.*  
*The Fairing of good counsell, of an ell and three quarters.*

What is't you buy?

*The Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart!*

*Or Saint George, that O! did breake the Dragons heart!*

- 20 E D G. Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leaue your mart  
 a little.

N I G. O my Secretary! what sayes my Secretarie?

I v s. Childe o' the bottles, what's he? what's he?

- M o o. A ciuill young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that  
 25 keepest company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still.  
 He has euer money in his purse; He payes for them; and  
 they roare for him: one do's good offices for another. They  
 call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend  
 of the Ballad-mans, they are neuer asunder.

- 30 I v s. What pitty 'tis, so ciuill a young man should haunt  
 this debauched company? here's the bane of the youth of our  
 time apparant. A proper penman, I see't in his counte-  
 nance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant  
 him a quicke hand.

- 35 M o o. A very quicke hand, Sir.

*This  
 they  
 whisper,  
 that  
 Ouerdoo  
 heares it  
 not.*

E D G. All the purses, and purchase, I giue you to day  
 by conueyance, bring hither to *Vrsula's* presently. Heere  
 we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you  
 choose good places, for your standing i' the *Fayre*, when you  
 sing, *Nightingale*.

V R s. I, neere the fullest passages; and shift 'hem often.

- E D G. And i' your singing, you must vse your hawks eye  
 nimble, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where 'tis worne,  
 and o' which side; that you may gi' me the signe with your  
 45 beake, or hang your head that way i' the tune.

V R s. Enough, talke no more on't: your friendship  
 (Masters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of

11. iv. 18 *The*] *The F* 19 *Or*] *Or F* After 19 *Re-enter Moonecalf, with*  
*ale and tobacco. G* 22 *They walk into the booth. add G* 23 *what's F3*  
*Points to Edgworth. add G* 29 *-mans,] -mans F* 35 *Exit. add G*  
 36 *EDG.] Edg. [whispering with Nightingale and Ursula. G* 37 *Stage-*  
*direction not in F originally* 40 *sing, corr. F: sing F originally*

Indenture, your sup of Couenant, and away, the *Fayre* fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

K N O. Well said ! fill the cups, and light the tabacco : let's giue fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

E D G. And shall we ha' smockes *Vrsla*, and good whimsies, ha ?

V R S. Come, you are i' your bawdy vaine ! the best the *Fayre* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keepe his word ; how doe the Pigges, *Moone-calf* ?

M O O. Very passionate, Mistresse, one on 'hem has wept out an eye. Master *Arthur* o' *Bradley* is melancholy, heere, no body talkes to him. Will you any tabacco, Master *Arthur* ?

I v s. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

M O O. He's studying for an Oration, now.

I v s. If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man, and the strange woman, I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend *Ouid*, *Iamq; opus exegi, quod nec Louis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

K N O. Here *Zekiel* ; here's a health to *Vrsla*, and a kind vapour, thou hast money i' thy purse still ; and store ! how dost thou come by it ? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

E D G. Halfe I haue, Master *Dan*. *Knockhum*, is alwaies at your seruice.

I v s. Ha, sweete nature ! what Goshawke would prey vpon such a Lambe ?

K N O. Let's see, what 'tis, *Zekiel* ! count it, come, fill him to pledge mee.

II. iv. 56 After 'word' *Re-enter Moonecalf*. G 58 one corr. F: on  
F originally 60 tabacco,] tabacco F 65 here, corr. F: here F  
originally 66 woman,] woman. F 68 *Aside*. add G 74  
seruice.] seruice, F Pulls out his purse. add G 76 *Aside*. add G

## ACT II. SCENE V.

WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS. {to them.

WE are heere before 'hem, me thinkes.

QVAR. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you  
5 lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog,  
or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird? or an Instru-  
ment? what is't you lacke?QVAR. S'lid! heere's *Orpheus* among the beasts, with  
his Fiddle, and all!

10 TRA. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

QVAR. And *Ceres* selling her daughters picture, in  
Ginger-worke!WIN. That these people should be so ignorant to thinke  
vs chapmen for 'hem! doe wee looke as if wee would buy  
15 Ginger-bread? or Hobby-horses?QVAR. Why, they know no better ware then they haue,  
nor better customers then come. And our very being here  
makes vs fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes*  
would come! there were a true customer for 'hem.20 KNO. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder!  
*Ned Winwife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I thinke! yes, (gi' me it  
all) (gi' me it all) Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will  
you take a pipe of tabacco with vs? do not discredit me  
now, *Zekiel*.25 WIN. Doe not see him! he is the roaring horse-courser,  
pray thee let's auoyd him: turne downe this way.QVAR. S'lud, I'll see him, and roare with him, too, and  
hee roar'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee goe with me.WIN. You may draw me to as likely an inconuenience,  
30 when you please, as this.

II. v.] Enter *Winwife* and *Quarlous*. G, continuing the scene 20  
Kno.] *Knock*. [to *Edgworth*.] G 24 *Edgworth* gives him his purse.  
add G

Q V A R. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see sights, now.

K N O. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Winwife* ! will you take any froth, and smoake with vs ?

Q V A R. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon vs, if we knew not of 35 so much familiarity betweene vs afore.

K N O. As what, Sir ?

Q V A R. To be so lightly inuited to smoake, and froth.

K N O. A good vapour ! will you sit downe, Sir ? this is old *Vrsla's* mansion, how like you her bower ? heere you 40 may ha' your Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.

Q V A R. I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.

I v s. There's for me, Punque ! and Pigge !

V R s. What *Moonecalf* ? you Rogue.

M o o. By and by, the bottle is almost off, Mistresse, *She calls within.*

V R s. I'le part you, and your play-fellow there, i' the garded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

K N O. Master *Win-wife*, you are proud (me thinkes) you 50 doe not talke, nor drinke, are you proud ?

W I N. Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I assure you.

K N O. You doe not except at the company ! doe you ? are you in vapours, Sir ? 55

M o o. Nay, good Master *Dan*: *Knockhum*, respect my Mistris Bower, as you call it ; for the honour of our Booth, none o' your vapours, heere.

V R s. Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they haue a minde to be i' their vapours, must you hinder 'hem ? what such a trifle ? must you be drawing the ayre of pacification *She comes out with a fire-brand.* did you know, Vermine, if they would ha' lost a cloake, or heere ? while I am tormented, within, i' the fire, you Weasell ?

II. v. 32 *They advance to the booth.* add G 44 *Aside.* add G  
 46 off, [ off F 59 *Stage-direction at l. 61 in F* 61 know,]  
 know F 62 trifle] trifle F 64 *Aside to Moonecalf.* G

65 M O O. Good Mistresse, 'twas in the behalfe of your Booth's credit, that I spoke.

V R S.. Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had fal'ne out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that  
70 they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you, till your eyes drop out, like 'hem. (Leaue the bottle behinde you, and be curst a while.)

Q V A R. Body o' the *Fayre*! what's this? mother o' the Bawds?

75 K N O. No, she's mother o' the Pigs, Sir, mother o' the Pigs!

W I N. Mother o' the *Furies*, I thinke, by her firebrand.

Q V A R. Nay, shee is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure, some walking Sow of tallow!

80 W I N. An inspir'd vessell of Kitchin-stuffe!

*She  
drinks  
this  
while.* Q V A R. She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anoynt wheelles and axell trees with.

V R S. I, I, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plumpe soft wench o' the Suburbs, doe, because she's iuicy and wholesome:  
85 you must ha' your thinne pinch'd ware, pent vp i' the compasse of a dogge-collar, (or 'twill not do) that lookes like a long lac'd *Conger*, set vpriight, and a greene feather, like fennell, i' the Ioll on't.

K N O. Well said *Vrs*, my good *Vrs*; to 'hem *Vrs*.

90 Q V A R. Is shee your quagmire, *Dan*: *Knockhum*? is this your Bogge?

N I G. We shall haue a quarrel presently.

K N O. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'h!

95 Q V A R. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend hee had, could find where he were.

W I N. And then he would be a fort'night weighing vp againe.

Q V A R. 'Twere like falling into a whole *Shire* of butter : 100  
they had need be a teeme of *Dutchmen*, should draw him out.

K N O. Answer 'hem, *Vrs*, where's thy *Bartholmew-wit*,  
now? *Vrs*, thy *Bartholmew-wit*?

V R S. Hang 'hem, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see  
'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) 105  
with leane playhouse poultry, that has the boany rumpe,  
sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Parti-  
zan, that euey rib of 'hem is like the tooth of a Saw : and  
will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as (take 'hem  
altogether) they were as good lye with a hurdle. 110

Q V A R. Out vpon her, how she drips ! she's able to giue  
a man the sweating Sicknesse, with looking on her.

V R S. Mary looke off, with a patch o' your face ; and a  
dosen i' your breech, though they be o' scarlet, Sir. I ha'  
seene as fine outsides, as either o' yours, bring lowsie linings 115  
to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke.

Q V A R. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cuck-  
ingstoole i' the *Fayre*, to be purchas'd ? one large inough,  
I meane. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

V R S. For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, 120  
you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pannier-mans bastard, you.

Q V A R. Ha, ha, ha.

V R S. Doe you sneere, you dogs-head, you *Trendle tayle* !  
you looke as you were begotten a'top of a Cart in haruest-  
time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after 125  
your brothers bitch, M<sup>rs</sup> *Commodity*, that's the Liuory you  
weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you  
went to't, for the t'other remnant.

K N O. Peace, *Vrs*, peace, *Vrs*, they'll kill the poore  
Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in. 130

V R S. I'le see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double  
pil'd.

W I N. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her  
Pigs.



135 V R S. Dos't so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you  
sniueling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barne,  
when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warme.

W I N. Pray thee, let's goe.

Q V A R. No, faith: I'll stay the end of her, now: I  
140 know shee cannot last long; I finde by her *similes*, shee  
wanes a pace.

V R S. Do's shee so? I'll set you gone. Gi' mee my Pig-  
pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, and you will not goe.

K N O. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and  
145 very idle vapours! I assure you.

Q V A R. You are a very serious asse, wee assure you.

K N O. Humh! Asse? and serious? nay, then pardon  
mee my vapour. I haue a foolish vapour, Gentlemen: any  
man that doe's vapour me, the Asse, Master *Quarlous*—

150 Q V A R. What then, Master *Iordan*?

K N O. I doe vapour him the lye.

Q V A R. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the  
lie, I doe vapour that.

K N O. Nay, then, vapours vpon vapours.

E D G. N I G. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, shee  
comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

V R S. Oh.

T R A. What's the matter?

I V S. Goodly woman!

M O O. Mistresse!

V R S. Curse of hell, that euer I saw these Feinds, oh!  
I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a  
limb in the seruice! run for some creame and sallad oyle,  
quickly. Are you vnder-peering, you Baboun? rip off my  
165 hose, an' you be men, men, men.

M O O. Runne you for some creame, good mother *Ione*.  
I'll looke to your basket.

L E A. Best sit vp i' your chaire, *Vrsla*. Helpe, Gentle-  
men.

*Vrsla  
comes in,  
with the  
scalding-  
pan.  
They  
fighi.  
Shee falls  
with it.*

K N O. Be of good cheere, *Vrs*, thou hast hindred me the 170  
currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good  
race-*Bawd* o' Smithfield ; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

N I G. I faith, when the panne came, they had made you  
runne else. (this had beene a fine time for purchase, if you  
had ventur'd.) 175

E D G. Not a whit, these fellowes were too fine to carry  
money.

K N O. *Nightingale*, get some helpe to carry her legge out  
o' the ayre ; take off her shooes ; body o' me, she has the  
Mallanders, the scratches, the crowne scabbe, and the 180  
quitter bone, i' the tother legge.

V R S. Oh ! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o'  
my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot ? would you ha'  
me i' the Hospitall, afore my time ?

K N O. Patience, *Vrs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister, 185  
as big as a Windgall ; I'll take it away with the white of an  
egge, a little honey, and hogs grease, ha' thy pasternes well  
rol'd, and thou shalt pase againe by to morrow. I'll tend  
thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while : thou shalt  
sit i' thy chaire, and giue directions, and shine *Vrsa maior*. 190

## ACT II. SCENE VI.

IVSTICE. EDGEWORTH. NIGHTIN-  
GALE. COKES. WASPE. Mistris  
OVERDOO. GRACE.

THEse are the fruites of bottle-ale, and tabacco ! the  
fome of the one, and the fumes of the other ! Stay,  
young man, and despise not the wisdomes of these few  
hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

E D G. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeede I'll heare some 5  
o' this !

II. v. 188 shall] shall't F After 190 *Exeunt Knockem and Moon-*  
*calf, with Ursula in her chair.* II. vi., *Enter Cokes, with his box, Waspe,*  
*Mistress Overdo, and Grace.* G continuing the scene 2 Stay], Stay F

C o k. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? welcome into the *Fayre*, Mistris *Grace*.

E d g. S'light, hee will call company, you shall see, and  
10 put vs into doings presently.

I v s. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, Ale : for, who knowes, when hee openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? hath not a Snaile, a Spider, yea, a Neuft bin found there? thirst not after it, youth : thirst not after it.

15 C o k. This is a braue fellow, *Numps*, let's heare him.

W a s. S'blood, how braue is he? in a garded coate? you were best trucke with him, e'en strip, and trucke presently, it will become you, why will you heare him? because he is an Asse, and may be a kinnne to the *Cokeses*?

20 C o k. O, good *Numps*!

I v s. Neither doe thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.

C o k. Braue words!

I v s. Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it!

25 C o k. Are they not braue words, Sister?

I v s. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making vp thereof, the *Alligarta* hath not piss'd thereon?

W a s. 'Heart, let 'hem be braue words, as braue as they will! and they were all the braue words in a Countrey,  
30 how then? will you away yet? ha' you inough on him? Mistris *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you doe lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables : say, *Numps* is a witch, with all my heart, doe, say so.

35 C o k. Avoyd i' your sattin doublet, *Numps*.

I v s. The creeping venome of which subtill serpent, as some late writers affirme; neither the cutting of the perillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way perssway, or asswage.

40 C o k. Good, i'faith! is't not Sister?

I v s. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconist are

II. vi. 18 him? him, F 28 'Heart,] 'Heart F 33 *Numps*] *Numps*, F 39 perssway, or] perssway or, F

rotted, the Liuer spotted, the braine smoak'd like the back-side of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body within, blacke, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

C o k. A fine similitude, that, Sir! did you see the 45  
panne?

E d g. Yes, Sir.

I v s. Nay, the hole in the nose heere, of some tabacco-takers, or the third nostrill, (if I may so call it) which makes, that they can vent the tabacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or rather the Flower-de-lice, is caused from the tabacco, the 50  
meere tabacco! when the poore innocent pox, hauing nothing to doe there, is miserably, and most vnconscionably slander'd.

C o k. Who would ha' mist this, Sister?

55

O v e r. Not any body, but *Numps*.

C o k. He do's not vnderstand.

E d g. Nor you feele.

C o k. What would you haue, Sister, of a fellow that knowes nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the 60  
best musique i' the *Fayre*, will not moue a logge.

*Hee  
picketh  
his purse.*

E d g. In, to *Vrsla, Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to vs by fortune, for our first fairing.

I v s. But what speake I of the diseases of the body, 65  
children of the *Fayre*?

C o k. That's to vs, Sister. Braue i'faith!

I v s. Harke, O, you sonnes and daughters of Smithfield! and heare what mallady it doth the minde: It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling, and 70  
snarling, and now and then a hurt.

O v e. He hath something of Master *Ouerdoo*, mee thinks, brother.

C o k. So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother *Ouerdoo*: And 'tis, when he speakes.

75

I v s. Looke into any Angle o' the towne, (the Streights,

or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale, and tabacco? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the  
 80 other; But the seconds are still bottle-ale, and tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Nouices pay. Thirty pound a weeke in bottle-ale! forty in tabacco! and ten more in Ale againe. Then for a sute to drinke in, so much, and (that being slauer'd) so much for another sute, and then  
 85 a third sute, and a fourth sute! and still the bottle-ale slauereth, and the tabacco stinketh!

W A S. Heart of a mad-man! are you rooted heere? will you neuer away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handfull  
 90 higher, sin' he heard him. Will you fix heere? and set vp a Booth? Sir?

I v s. I will conclude briefly—

W A S. Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I'll runne my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a Booth,  
 95 and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I neuer knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I'll carry you away o' my backe, and you will not come.

*He gets  
 him vp  
 on pick-  
 packe.*

C o k. Stay *Numpes*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numps*, O my purse! one o' my fine purses is gone.

O v E R. Is't indeede, brother?

C o k. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all roguy, damn'd cut-purses for  
 105 me.

W A S. Blesse 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my witsse!) doe you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-  
 110 horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not iustly seru'd i' your conscience now? speake i' your conscience. Much good doe

you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too ! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time. 115

COK. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best ! death ! why should it be your worst ? why should it be any, indeed, at all ? answer me to that, gi' mee a reason from you, why it should be any ?

COK. Nor my gold, *Numps* ; I ha' that yet, looke heere 120 else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has !

OVER. I pray you, haue a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you ; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you 125 heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so ! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest ? I will put it iust where th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, 130 you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibbling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trye ere you be out o' the *Fayre*.

COK. Come, Mistresse *Grace*, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance ; sorrow wi'not keepe it, Sweet-heart. 135

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

CO[o]K. 'Twas but a little scuruy white money, hang it : it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes : nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, 140 vnlesse 'twere *Numps*.

WAS. How ? I ? I looke like a cutpurse ? death ! your Sister's a cutpurse ! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were cutpurses ! And here is a Rogue is the baud o' the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with. 145

II. vi. 115 bold, *corr.* F: bold F originally time, *corr.* F: time, F originally  
 133 *Aside.* add G 121 *Shews the other purse.* add G

*They  
speake all  
together :  
and  
Waspe  
beats the  
Iustice.*

C O K. *Numps, Numps.*

O V E R. Good M<sup>r</sup> *Humphrey.*

W A S. You are the *Patrico* !

are you ? the Patriarch of the  
cutpurses ? you share, Sir, they  
say, let them share this with

I v s. Hold thy hand, childe  
of wrath, and heyre of anger,  
make it not Childermasse day  
in thy fury, or the feast of the  
French *Bartholmew*, Parent of  
the Massacre.

you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching againe ? I'le  
coole you.

I v s. Murther, murther, murther.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

W H I T. H A G G I S E. B R I S T L E. L E A T H E R -  
H E A D. T R A S H.

N Ay, tish all gone, now ! dish tish, phen tou vilt not be  
phitin call, Mas(h)ter Offisher, phat ish a man te better  
to lishen out noyshes for tee, & tou art in an oder 'orld,  
being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o'  
5 their brabblesh woud haue fed vsh all dish fortnight, but  
tou art so bushy about beggersh stil, tou hast no leshure to  
intend shentlemen, and't be.

H A G. Why, I told you, *Dauy Bristle.*

B R I. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, *Toby Hag-*  
10 *gise* ; A matter of nothing ; I am sure it came to nothing !  
you said, let's goe to *Vrsla's*, indeede ; but then you met the  
man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him.  
An old foole, not leaue seeing yet ?

H A G. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha'  
15 quarrell'd so earely ? or that the ale o' the *Fayre* would ha'  
beene vp so soone ?

W H I. Phy ? phat a clocke toest tou tinke it ish, man ?

H A G. I cannot tell.

W H I. Tou art a vishe vatchman, i' te meane teeme.

20 H A G. Why ? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the  
clock by the watch, I pray ?

II. vi. 150 Parent of the *corr. F* : Parent of the of the *F* originally  
153 *Beats him again.* add G 154 *Exeunt.* add G III. i.] ACT III.  
SCENE I. | *The Fayr.* | *Lanthorn Leatherhead, Joan Trash, and others,*  
*sitting by their wares, as before. Enter Val. Whit, Haggise, and*  
*Bristle.* G 2 Mas(h)ter] Cf. I. 39 16 soone ?] soone. F

B R I. One should goe by another, if they did well.

W H I. Tou art right now ! phen didst tou euer know, or heare of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat bushinesse soeuer he had ? 25

B R I. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

W H I. Shleeping, or vaking ! ash well as te clocke himshelfe, or te lack dat shtrikes him !

B R I. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Ione Trash* 30 heere. Master *Leatherhead*, doe you heare, Master *Leatherhead* ?

W H I. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not peirsh him.

L E A. I haue a little businesse now, good friends doe not 35 trouble me.

W H I. Phat ? because o' ty wrought neet cap, and ty pheluet sherkin, Man ? phy ? I haue sheene tee in ty Ledder sherkin, ere now, Mashter o' de hobby-Horses, as bushy and as stately as tou sheem'st to be. 40

T R A. Why, what an' you haue, Captaine *Whit* ? hee has his choyce of Ierkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pleases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

L E A. God a mercy *Ione*, answer for me.

W H I. Away, be not sheen i' my company, here be shen- 45 tlemen, and men of vorship.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

Q V A R L O V S. W H I T. W I N - W I F E. B V S Y. I O H N.

P V R E - C R A F T. W I N. K N O K - H V M. M O O N -  
C A L F E. V R S L A.

W Ee had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o' the purse, but the best is, we shall haue fiae *Acts* of him ere night : hee'le be spectacle enough ! I'le answer for't.

W H I. O Creesh ! Duke *Quarlous*, how dosht tou ? tou dosht not know me, I feare ? I am te vishesht man, but 5

III. i. 46 *Exeunt Haggise and Bristle.* add G  
and *Winwife*. G, continuing the scene

III. ii.] *Enter Quarlous*



Iustish *Ouerdoo*, in all *Bartholmew Fayre*, now. Gi' me tweluepence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Q V A R. Away, Rogue, Pimpe, away.

- o W H I. And shee shall shew tee as fine cut 'orke for't in her shmock too, as tou cansht vishe i'faith; vilt tou haue her, vorshipfull *Vin-vife*? I vill helpe tee to her, heere, be an't be, in te pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelpence from tee.

W I N - w. Why, there's twelpence, pray thee wilt thou  
15 be gone?

W H I. Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.

Q V A R. Get you gone, Rascall.

W H I. I doe meane it, man. Prinsh *Quarlous*, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt finde me heere, at *Vrsla's*, I vill see  
20 phat ale, and punque ish i' te pigshty, for tee, blesse ty good vorship.

Q V A R. Looke! who comes heere! *Iohn Little-wit*!

W I N - w. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother: the whole family.

25 Q V A R. 'Slight, you must gi' hem all fairings, now!

W I N - w. Not I, I'll not see 'hem.

Q V A R. They are going a feasting. What Schole-master's that is with 'hem?

W I N - w. That's my Riual, I beleeeue, the Baker!

30 B v s. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne neyther to the right hand, not to the left: let not your eyes be drawne aside with vanity, nor your eare with noyses.

Q V A R. O, I know him by that start!

L E A. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty  
35 Mistris! a fine Hobby-Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter? a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reueller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters? or Babies, male, or female?

III. ii. 9 Rogue] Rouge F3 Pimpe,] Pimpe F 10 'orke] o'rke F  
for't] fort't F 13 tee.] tee, F 15 gone?] gone. F 16 WHI.] WHI, F  
18 *Quarlous*,] *Quarlous* F 21 *Exit*. add G 26 'hem.] 'hem, F  
After 29 *Enter Rabbi Busy, Dame Purecraft, John Littlewit, and*  
*Mrs. Littlewit.* G 38 Daughters?] Daughters! F

B v s. Look not toward them, harken not : the place is *Smithfield*, or the field of Smiths, the Groue of Hobbi-horses 40 and trinkets, the wares are the wares of diuels. And the whole *Fayre* is the shop of *Satan* ! They are hooks, and baites, very baites, that are hung out on euery side, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills ; and by the nostrills, as the Fisher doth : therefore, you must not looke, 45 nor turne toward them—The Heathen man could stop his cares with wax, against the harlot o' the sea : Doe you the like, with your fingers, against the bells of the Beast.

W I N - w. What flashes comes from him !

Q V A R. O, he has those of his ouen ! a notable hot 50 Baker 'twas, when hee ply'd the peeple : hee is leading his flocke into the *Fayre*, now.

W I N - w. Rather driuing 'hem to the Pens : for he will let 'hem looke vpon nothing.

K N O. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot ! whither walke you ? Haue a care o' your fine veluet caps, the *Fayre* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i' the way, and coole your selues i' the shade : you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale i' the *Fayre*, Sir. Old *Vrsula* is Cooke, there you may read : the pigges head speaks it. Poore soule, shee has had a *S(t)ringhalt*, the *Mary-hinchco* : but shee's prettily amended.

Little-wit  
is gazing  
at the  
signe ;  
which is  
the Pigs-  
head with  
a large  
writing  
vnder it.

W H I. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leafe i' de fire, la ! Tou shalt ha' de cleane side o' de table-clot and di glass vash'd 65 with phatersh of Dame *Annessh Cleare*.

I o n. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs : and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as euer shee did ; the Pigs head sayes.

K N O. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' *Iuniper* 70 and *Rosemary* branches ! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

III. ii. 48 fingers,] fingers F of the] o' the F3 49 comes]  
come 1716. After 54 Enter Knockem and Whit. from Ursula's  
booth. G 57 i' the] ithe F 61 Stringhalt F3

P v R. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? haue you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone?

75 I o H. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off o' the spit, into our mouths, thinke you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, *we, we*?

Busy  
sents after  
it like a  
Hound.  
- B v s. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiue it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. And it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the sent. Enter  
85 the Tents of the vncleane, for once, and satisfie your wiues frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

I o H. Come, *Win*, as good winny here, as goe farther, and see nothing.

90 B v s. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our earely entring.

P v R. It is an ædifying consideration.

W i N. This is scuruy, that wee must come into the *Fayre*, and not looke on't.

95 I o H. *Win*, haue patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

K n o. *Moone-calf*, entertaine within there, the best pig i' the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o' the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. *Whit*, wait *Whit*, looke to your charge.

100 B v s. A pigge prepare, presently, let a pigge be prepared to vs.

M o o. S'light, who be these?

V r s. Is this the good seruice, *Iordan*, you'ld doe me?

K n o. Why, *Vrs*? why, *Vrs*? thou'lt ha' vapours i' thy  
105 legge againe presently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.

III. ii. 77 mouths,] mouths F 81 And] and F 95 *Exeunt*  
into the booth, Littlewit, Mrs. Littlewit, Busy, and Purecraft. add G 99  
*Exit Whit.* add G 100 Bvs.] *Busy* [within.] G After 101 *Enter*  
*Moonecalf and Ursula.* G

V R S. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stinke like you, are these the guests o' the game, you promis'd to fill my pit withall, to day ?

K N O. I, what aile they *Vrs* ?

110

V R S. Aile they ? they are all sippers, sippers o' the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'hem.

M O O. A body may read that i' their small printed ruffes.

K N O. Away, thou art a foole, *Vrs*, and thy *Moone-calf* 115 too, i' your ignorant vapours, now ? hence ! good guests, I say right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem, and call *Whit*, I doe not loue to heare Innocents abus'd : Fine ambling hypocrites ! and a stone-puritane, 120 with a sorrell head, and beard, good-mouth'd gluttons : two to a pigge, away.

V R S. Are you sure they are such ?

K N O. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'hem by the teeth, *Vrs*, where's this *Whit* ?

125

W H I. Behold, man, and see, what a worthy man am ee !

*With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard,*

*I will make ten thousand men afeard.*

K N O. Well said, braue *Whit*, in, and feare the ale out o' the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters, 130 drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

Q V A R. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt neuer be Master of a better season, or place ; shee that will venture her selfe into the *Fayre*, and a pig- 135 boxe, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

W I N. I loue not enterprises of that suddennesse, though.

Q V A R. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o' the widowes Hundred : if I had but as much Title to her, as to haue breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I 140

III. ii. 116 hence ] hence, F 119 After ' *Whit* ' [Exit *Mooncalf*.] G  
121 good-mouth'd] good mouth'd F After 125 Re-enter *Whit*. G  
126 man.] man F 130 and the sisters,] and the sisters F : and see  
that the sisters G conj. 131 *Exeunt Knockhem, Whit, and Ursula*. add G

would now assure my selfe to carry her, yet, ere she went out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confesse. But you are a modest vndertaker, by circumstances, and degrees ; come, 'tis Disease in thee, 145 not Iudgement, I should offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was stung by the waspe, ere while.

### ACT III. SCENE III.

I V S T I C E. W I N - W I F E. Q V A R L O V S.

I Will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragicall conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterall Iustice, *Adam Ouerdoo* deseru'd this beating ; for I the said *Adam*, was one cause (a by-cause) why the 5 purse was lost : and my wiues brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, M<sup>r</sup> *Humphrey Wasp's* choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the vpper end o' my Table, as I vse, 10 & drinking to my brother *Cokes*, and M<sup>rs</sup>. *Alice Ouerdoo*, as I wil, my wife, for their good affection to old *Bradley*, I deliuer to 'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew 'hem the marks. To see what bad euent may peepe out o' the taile of good purposes ! the care I had of that ciuil yong 15 man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and haue not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeede, which drew the cut-purse ; which drew the money ; which drew my brother *Cokes* his losse ; which drew on *Wasp's* anger ; which drew on my beating : a pretty grada- 20 tion ! And they shall ha' it i' their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit : I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one speciall blow he ga' me, to haue reuealed my selfe ; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembered that a wise

III. ii. 145 After ' together.' Enter Ouerdo. G III. iii. G continues the  
scene 3 Ouerdoo] Ouerdoo, F 17 indeede] indeede F 22 selfe ;  
F3: selfe? F 23 thee,] thee F

man (and who is euer so great a part o' the Common-wealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a <sup>25</sup> publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one vnthankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i' the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custerd more, <sup>30</sup> at a meale, to giue vp his cloake; The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o' the Parish (*Vt paruis componere magna solebam*) to put vp his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I <sup>35</sup> am resolu'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discouer who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said euer, in Iustice name, and the King's, and for the Common- <sup>40</sup> wealth.

W I N. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously? poore foole!

Q V A R. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

45

### ACT III. SCENE IIIJ.

C O K E S. L E A T H E R H E A D. W A S P E. M i s t r e s s e

O V E R D O O. W I N - W I F E. Q V A R L O V S.

T R A S H. G R A C E.

C O m e, M i s t r e s s e *Grace*, come Sister, heere's more fine sights, yet, i' faith. Gods'lid, where's *Numps*?

L E A. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles? Drummes? Babies? little Dogges? and Birds for Ladies? What doe you lacke?

5

III. iii. 24 part] part. F 41 Exit. add F. Cunningham.  
 III. iv. Enter Cokes, Mistress Overdo, and Grace Wellborn, followed by  
*Waspe, loaded with toys.* G, continuing the scene 1 Grace] Grace F  
 2 yet,] yet F Gods'lid,] Gods'lid F 4 Rattles?] Rattles! F

C o k. Good honest *Numpes*, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat : my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

W a s. You were best buy a whip i' your hand to driue  
10 me.

C o k. Nay, doe not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mistake : I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

W a s. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe :  
15 your best way, were e'en get vp, and ride for more surety. Buy a tokens worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

L e a. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? fine purses, pouches, pincases, pipes ? What is't you lacke ? a paire o'  
20 smithes to wake you i' the morning ? or a fine whistling bird ?

C o k. *Numps*, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by oddes ! and more delicate horses, a great deale ! good *Numpes*, stay, and come hither.

25 W a s. Will you scourse with him ? you are in *Smithfield*, you may fit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your saddle again' *Michaelmasse-terme*, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for you, to make a Carroch on, i' the countrey, with foure pyed hobbyhorses ? why the meazills,  
30 should you stand heere, with your traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies ? you ha' no children to bestow 'hem on ? ha' you ?

C o k. No, but again' I ha' children, *Numps*, that's all one.

35 W a s. Do, do, do, do ; how many shall you haue, think you ? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind o' ciuill Sauages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes, and kniues. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with 'hem.

40 C o k. Good *Numps*, hold that little tongue o' thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute *Bat*, thou know'st.

W a s. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very

sufficient Coxcombe ; with all my heart ; nay, you haue it, Sir, and you be angry, turd i'your teeth, twice : (if I said it not once afore) and much good doe you. 45

W I N. Was there euer such a selfe-affliction ? and so impertinent ?

Q V A R. Alas ! his care will goe neere to cracke him, let's in, and comfort him.

W A S. Would I had beene set i' the ground, all but the 50 head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge !

Q V A R. How now, *Numps* ! almost tir'd i' your Protectorship ? ouerparted ? ouerparted ?

W A S. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't 55 grieue you ?

Q V A R. No, I sweare dos't not, *Numps* : to satisfie you.

W A S. *Numps* ? S'blood, you are fine and familiar ! how long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you ?

Q V A R. I thinke it may be remembred, *Numps*, that ? 60 'twas since morning sure.

W A S. Why, I hope I know 't well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

Q V A R. No ? why then ?

W A S. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, 65 what I said to you to day ? you'll beleeeue me another time ?

Q V A R. Are you remouing the *Fayre*, *Numps* ?

W A S. A pretty question ! and a very ciuill one ! yes faith, I ha' my lading, you see ; or shall haue anon, you may know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier- 70 mans lacke were euer better knowne by his loynes of mutton, I'le be flead, and feede dogs for him, when his time comes.

W I N. How melancholi' Mistresse *Grace* is yonder ! pray thee let's goe enter our selues in *Grace*, with her. 75

C O K. Those sixe horses, friend, I'le haue——

III. iv. 43 nay,] nay F 49 They come forward. add G 50  
ground,] ground F 69 lading,] lading F 76 Cok,] Cok, F  
friend,] friend F



W A S. How !

C O K. And the three Iewes trumps ; and halfe a dozen  
o' Birds, and that Drum, (I haue one Drumme already) and  
80 your Smiths ; I like that deuice o' your smiths, very pretty  
well, and foure Halberts—and (le'me see) that fine painted  
great Lady, and her three women for state, I'le haue.

W A S. No, the shop ; buy the whole shop, it will be best,  
the shop, the shop !

85 L E A. If his worship please.

W A S. Yes, and keepe it during the *Fayre*, Bobchin.

C O K. Peace, *Numps*. Friend, doe not meddle with him,  
an' you be wise, and would shew your head aboue board :  
hee will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleeeue me.  
90 A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young  
noise I haue i' the countrey, that are euery one a size lesse  
then another, iust like your fiddles. I would faine haue a  
fine young Masque at my marriage, now I thinke on't : but  
I doe want such a number o' things. And *Numps* will not  
95 helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

T R A. Will your worship buy any ginger-bread, very  
good bread, comfortable bread ?

C O K. Ginger-bread ! yes, let's see.

W A S. There's the tother sprindge ?

100 L E A. Is this well, goody *Ione* ? to interrupt my market?  
in the midst ? and call away my customers ? can you answer  
this, at the *Piepouldres* ?

T R A. Why ? if his Master-ship haue a minde to buy, I  
hope my ware lies as open as another's ; I may shew my  
105 ware, as well as you yours.

C O K. Hold your peace ; I'le content you both : I'le buy  
vp his shop, and thy basket.

W A S. Will you i'faith ?

L E A. Why should you put him from it, friend ?

110 W A S. Cry you mercy ! you'd be sold too, would you ?  
what's the price on you ? Ierkin, and all as you stand ? ha'  
you any qualities ?

III. iv. 87 *Numps*. Friend F3 : *Numps*, friend F

T R A. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall finde he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

W A S. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him ! what are 115 they ? will they be bought for loue, or money ?

T R A. No indeed, Sir.

W A S. For what then ? victualls ?

T R A. He scornes victualls, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God ! and yet he will do more for 120 a good meale, if the toy take him i' the belly, mary then they must not set him at lower end ; if they do, he'll goe away, though he fast. But put him a top o' the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you forty fine things. Hee has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your 125 great citty-suppers, to put downe *Coriat*, and *Cokeley*, and bin laught at for his labour ; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the towne ouer, and the Players, euery company, and his owne company too ; he spares no body !

C O K. I'faith ?

130

T R A. Hee was the first, Sir, that euer baited the fellow i' the beare's skin, an't like your worship : no dog euer came neer him, since. And for fine motions !

C O K. Is hee good at those too ? can hee set out a Masque, trow ?

135

T R A. O Lord, Master ! sought to farre, and neere, for his inuentions : and hee engrosses all, hee makes all the Puppets i' the *Fayre*.

C O K. Do'st thou (in troth) old veluet Ierkin ? giue mee thy hand.

140

T R A. Nay Sir, you shall see him in his veluet Ierkin, and a scarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Master *Little-wit's* Motion.

C O K. Speake no more, but shut vp shop presently, friend. I'le buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with 145 me, and her hamper, beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the Masque, and hers the Banquet : I cannot goe lesse, to set

out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o' thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands ?

150 L E A. Sir, it stands me in sixe and twenty shillings seuen pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

C O K. Well, thirty shillings will doe all, then ! And what comes yours too ?

T R A. Foure shillings, and eleauen pence, Sir, ground, 155 and all, an't like your worship.

C O K. Yes, it do's like my worship very well, poore woman, that's fiue shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings ? (twenty pound scotsh) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread ? there's a stately thing ! *Numps* ? 160 Sister ? and my wedding gloues too ? (that I neuer thought on afore.) All my wedding gloues, Ginger-bread ? O me ! what a deuice will there be ? to make 'hem eate their fingers ends ! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men ! and all ! and then I'll ha' this poesie put to 'hem : *For the best grace*, 165 meaning *Mistresse Grace*, my wedding poesie.

G R A. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholmew-wit*.

W A S. You doe not meane this, doe you ? is this your first purchase ?

170 C O K. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Numpes*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act, that euer I did in my wardship.

W A S. Like inough ! I shall say any thing. I !

## ACT III. SCENE V.

I V S T I C E. E D G W O R T H. N I G H T I N G A L E.

I Cannot beget a *Proiect*, with all my politicall braine, yet ; my *Proiect* is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his debauched company : I haue followed him all the *Fayre* ouer, and still I finde him with this songster : And I

III. iv. 148 What's] what's F  
and People, followed, at a distance, by Overdo. G, continuing the scene

III. v. Enter Edgworth, Nightingale,

begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity ; and the young 5  
man of a terrible taint, *Poetry* ! with which idle disease, if  
he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course.  
*Actum est*, of him for a common-wealths-man : if hee goe  
to't in *Rime*, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread : set in 10  
quickly, before he part with too much on his money.

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people, draw  
neere, &c.*

COK. Ballads ! harke, harke ! pray thee, fellow, stay a 15  
little, good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast *He runn's  
to the  
Ballad  
man.*  
thou ? let me see, let me see my selfe.

WAS. Why so ! hee's flowne to another lime-bush,  
there he will flutter as long more ; till hee ha' ne'r a feather  
left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen ? will  
you beleue mee now, hereafter shall I haue credit with 20  
you ?

QVAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art  
worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I neuer saw a young  
Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sister comes after 'hem, well, 25  
too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Iustice her husband, my  
Guardian, you were fitted for the Messé, hee is such a wise  
one his way——

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere. 30

GRA. O ! hee is too serious for this place, and yet better  
sport then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen : where  
ere he is, though 't be o' the Bench.

COK. How dost thou call it ! *A caueat against cut-  
purses* ! a good iest, i'faith, I would faine see that *Dæmon*, 35  
your Cutpurse, you talke of, that delicate-handed Diuell ; *He show's  
his purse  
boast-  
ingly.*  
they say he walkes hereabout ; I would see him walke, now.

III. v. 8 hee] hce F *Aside.* add G 10 EDG.] *Edg.* [To Night-  
ingale.] G 11 with] wirh F on] of F3 12 NIG.] *Night.*  
[Advancing and singing.] G 20 hereafter G: hereafter? F 32  
then] then then F 34 A . . . cutpurses ! roman in F 36 delicate-  
handed] delicate handed F

Looke you sister, here, here, let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpurses haunt hereabout?  
 40 pray thee raise me one or two : beginne and shew me one.

N I G. Sir, this is a spell against 'hem, spicke and span new ; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone,  
 45 if you buy it.

C O K. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

O V E. Has't a fine picture, Brother ?

C O K. O Sister, doe you remember the ballads ouer the  
 50 Nursery-chimney at home o' my owne pasting vp, there be braue pictures. Other manner of pictures, than these, friend.

W A S. Yet these will serue to picke the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see.

55 C O K. So, I heard 'hem say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow : hee'll haue an oare in euery thing.

N I G. It was intended Sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blamelesse, though : as by the sequell, will more plainly appeare.

60 C O K. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

N I G. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir,

C O K. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la*. Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all ! mine owne country dance ! Pray thee begin.

65 N I G. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the purse-cutter, and the purse-bearer.

C O K. Not a word more, out o' the tune, an' thou lou'st mee : *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la*. Come, when ?

70 N I G. *My masters and friends, and good people draw neere, And looke to your purses, for that I doe say ;*

C O K. Ha, ha, this chimes ! good counsell at first dash.

N I G. *And though little money, in them you doe beare, It cost more to get, then to lose in a day.* [C O K. Good !

*You oft haue beene told,  
Both the young and the old ;  
And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold :* { C o k. Well  
*Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,* said ! hee were  
*Who both giue you warning for and the cutpurse.* { to blame that  
*Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse,* wold not i' faith.  
*Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.* 80

C o k. Good i' faith, how say you, *Numps* ? Is there any harme i' this ?

N I G. *It hath bin vpbrayded to men of my trade,  
That oftē times we are the cause of this crime.  
Alacke and for pittie, why should it be said ?  
As if they regarded or places, or time.* { C o k. The  
more coxcōbes  
they that did  
it, I wusse.

*Examples haue been*

*Of some that were seen,*

*In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between,* { C o k. God a  
*Then why should the Iudges be free from this curse,* mercy for that !  
*More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse ?* why should  
*Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse,* they be more  
*Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.* free indeede ?

C o k. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O *He sings  
rare ! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not  
pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this  
ballad, shall be Poet to my Masque.* *the burden  
with him.*

N I G. *At Worc'ter 'tis knowne well, and euen i' the Iayle,  
A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,  
Against the foule sinners, in zeale for to rayle,* 100  
*And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place.* { C o k. Is  
Nay, once from the Seat { it possible ?  
*Of Iudgement so great,*

*A Iudge there did lose a faire pouch of veluete.* [C o k. I' faith ?  
*O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,* 105  
*Are those that so venture their necks for a purse ! Youth,  
youth, &c.*

C o k. Youth, youth, &c ? pray thee stay a little, friend, yet,  
o' thy conscience, *Numps*, speake, is there any harme i' this ?

III. v. 78 *warning for and] warning, F for and, F 107 yet.] yet F*

110 W A S. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, 'lesse you had grace to follow it.

I v s. It doth discouer enormitie, I'le marke it more : I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well, a good while.

C o k. *Youth, youth, &c !* where's this youth, now ? A man must call vpon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not appeare : looke here, here's for him ; handy-dandy, which hand will he haue ? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master *Youth*, the cutpurse.

Hee  
shewes his  
purse.

120 N I G. *At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,  
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make :  
Yea, vnder the Gallowes, at Executions,  
They sticke not the Stare-about's purses to take.*

125 *Nay one without grace, { C o k. That was a fine fel-  
At a (far) better place, { low! I would haue him, now.  
At Court, & in Christmas, before the Kings face.  
Alacke then for pittie, must I beare the curse,  
That onely belongs to the cunning cutpurse ?*

C o k. But where's their cunning, now, when they should  
130 vse it ? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better, &c.* The Rat-catchers charme, are all fooles and Asses to this ! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come ! that a man should haue such a desire to a thing, and want it.

135 Q V A R. 'Fore God, I'd giue halfe the *Fayre*, and 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to saue his longing.

C o k. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now ? which pocket is't in ? for a wager ?

Hee  
shewes his  
purse  
againe.

W A S. I beseech you leaue your wagers, and let him end  
140 his matter, an't may be.

C o k. O, are you ædified, *Numps* ?

I v s. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much : There *Numps* spoke to purpose.

III. v. 110 'lesse] lesse F 113 well,] well F *Aside.* add G 125 *At*  
at F *far* G conj. 126 *face.*] *face,* F 127 *pitty,*] *pitty* F 131 *charme]*  
Charms 1716 141 ædified,] ædified F 143 *Aside.* add G

C o k. Sister, I am an Asse, I cannot keepe my purse : *again.*  
on, on ; I pray thee, friend.

N I G. *But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,*

*Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,*

*And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,*

*Advanee your owne fortunes, to die aboue ground,*

*And though you goe gay,*

*In silkes as you may,*

*It is not the high way to heauen, (as they say)*

*Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse :*

*And hisse not the Gallowes for cutting a purse.*

*Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin seru'd by thy Nurse,*

*Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.*

W I N W. Will Edg-  
you see sport ? worth gets  
looke, there's a vp to him,  
fellow gathers and  
vp to him, tickles  
marke. him in the  
eare with

Q V A. Good, a straw  
i' faith ! he has twice to  
lighted on the draw his  
wrong pocket. hand out

W I N W. He of his  
has it, 'fore pocket

God hee is a braue fellow ; pitty hee should be detected.

A L L. An excellent ballad ! an excellent ballad !

E D G. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first,  
I pray you. 160

C o k. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first seru'd ; and  
I'le buy the whole bundle too.

W I N. That conueyance was better then all, did you  
see 't ? he has giuen the purse to the ballad-singer.

Q V A R. Has hee ?

165

E D G. Sir, I cry you mercy ; I'le not hinder the poore  
mans profit : pray you mistake me not.

C o k. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman, if that  
be mistaking ; I met you to day afore : ha ! humh ! O  
God ! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c. 170

W A S. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe  
an Asse, thorow the *Fayre* afore your time.

C o k. Why, hast thou it, *Numpes* ? good *Numpes*, how  
came you by it ? I mar'le !

W A S. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the 175  
foole with : you may lose it time enough, for all your *Fayre*-  
wit.

C o k. By this good hand, gloue and all, I ha' lost it  
already, if thou hast it not : feele else, and Mistris *Grace's*  
handkercher, too, out o' the tother pocket. 180

III. v. 149 *Advanee*] *Adnauce* F 152 i'faith] 'ifaith F After  
160 *As Nightingale reaches out the ballad, Edgworth slips the purse into his*  
*hand.* G 168 Gentleman.] Gentleman ; F 169 mistaking ; ]  
mistaking, F



W A S. Why, 'tis well ; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

E D G. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir ?

C O K. O God ! yes ; as I am an honest man, I had it but  
185 e'en now, at *youth, youth*.

N I G. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

E D G. Thee ? that were a iest indeede ! Dost thou  
thinke the Gentleman is foolish ? where hadst thou hands,  
I pray thee ? Away Asse, away.

190 I v s. I shall be beaten againe, if I be spi'd.

E D G. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is stealing  
away.

O v E. Brother, it is the preaching fellow ! you shall  
suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know !  
195 Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha' done, an' you be  
benefic'd at the Gallowes, and preach there, thanke your  
owne handy-worke.

C O K. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment :  
you shall be silenc'd quickly.

200 I v s. What doe you meane ? sweet buds of gentility.

C O K. To ha' my peneworths out on you : Bud. No  
lesse then two purses a day, serue you ? I thought you a  
simple fellow, when my man *Numpes* beate you, i' the  
morning, and pittied you——

205 O v E. So did I, I'll be sworne, brother ; but now I see  
hee is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity : (as Master *Ouerdoo*  
calls him.)

I v s. Mine owne words turn'd vpon mee, like swords.

C O K. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i' the  
210 Masters pocket, but you must intice it forth, and debauch it ?

W A S. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine  
*Bartholmew*-termes to your selfe ; and make as much on  
'hem as you please. But gi' me this from you, i' the meane  
time : I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.

Wasp  
takes the  
Licence  
from him.

III. v. 189 *Exit Night*. add G  
*They seize Overdo*. add G  
*Aside*. add G

190 *Aside, retiring*. add G  
205 be sworne] besworne F  
210 *Overdo is carried off*. add G

199  
208

C O K. Why, *Numps*?

215

W A S. Why? because you are an Asse, Sir, there's a reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the tricke of losing, you'd lose your breech, an't 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliuer, you'll goe and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, 220 will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchlesse flies as you are, that blow cutpurses abroad in euery corner; your foolish hauing of money, makes 'hem. An' there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade shoud lye open for you, Sir, it should i'faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your 225 head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

W I N. Alacke, good *Numps*.

W A S. Nay, Gentlemen, neuer pittie mee, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to *Harrow* o' the *Hill* 230 againe, if I trauell any more, call me *Coriat*; with all my heart.

Q V A R. Stay, Sir, I must haue a word with you in priuate. Doe you heare?

E D G. With me, Sir? what's your pleasure? good Sir. 235

Q V A R. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can sufficiently informe our selues, toward the danger of concealing you) but you must doe vs a piece of seruice. 240

E D G. Good Gentlemen, doe not vndoe me; I am a ciuill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

Q V A R. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for vs. We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vndertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the 245 blacke boxe, here?

E D G. The little old Gouvernour, Sir?

Q V A R. That same: I see, you haue flowne him to a

III. v. 221 such] snch F 231 with all] withall F 232 *Exeunt Waspe, Cokes, and Mrs. Overdo, followed by Edgworth.* add G 232  
QVAR.] Quar. [Stops Edgworth.] G

marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from  
250 him, and bring it vs.

E D G. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely  
that, that is in't? I'll get you that, and leaue him the boxe,  
to play with still: (which will be the harder o'the two)  
because I would gaine your worships good opinion of me.

255 W I N - W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastry, and  
'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

E D G. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on  
the sport.

Q V A R. But looke you doe it now, sirrah, and keepe  
260 your word: or——

E D G. Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman,  
may I neuer read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

Q V A R. Some-where i' the *Fayre*, heereabouts. Dis-  
patch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole de-  
265 luded! of all Beasts, I loue the serious Asse. He that takes  
paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest dili-  
gence that can be.

G R A. Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my  
Guardian, Iustice *Ouerdoo*, who is answerable to that de-  
270 scription, in euery haire of him.

Q V A R. So I haue heard. But how came you, Mist(r)is  
*Welborne*, to be his Ward? or haue relation to him, at first?

G R A. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought  
me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his wiues brother,  
275 this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value  
o' my land.

Q V A R. S'lid, is there no deuice of disparagement? or  
so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o' the  
Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i'the Innes of  
280 Court, and't had beene but i' your case.

W I N - W. I, Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

G R A. You'd bring but little ayde, Sir.

W I N - W. (I'll looke to you i' faith, Gamster.) An vn-

III. v. 264 After 'quickly' [*Exit Edgworth.*] G 276 land.] land F  
281 I.] I F *Aside.* add G 283 i' faith] 'ifaith F

fortunate foolish *Tribe* you are falne into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem. 285

GRA. Sir, they that cannot worke their fetters off; must weare 'hem.

WIN·W. You see what care they haue on you, to leaue you thus.

GRA. Faith, the same they haue of themselues, Sir. I 290 cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

WIN·W. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with vs, a little, and make them thinke, they haue lost you. I hope our manners ha' beene such hitherto, and our lan- 295 guage, as will giue you no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

GRA. Sir, I will giue my selfe, no cause; I am so secure of mine owne manners, as I suspect not yours.

QVAR. Looke where *Iohn Little-wit* comes. 300

WIN·W. Away, I'll not be seene, by him.

QVAR. No, you were not best, hee'd tell his mother, the widdow.

WIN·W. Heart, what doe you meane?

QVAR. Cry you mercy, is the winde there? must not 305 the widdow be nam'd?

### ACT III. SCENE VI.

IOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD.

KNOCKHVM. BVSY. PVRECRAFT.

**D**Oe you heare, *Win*, *Win*?

WIN. What say you, *Iohn*?

IOH. While they are paying the reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing, *Win*, wee shall neuer see any sights i' the *Fayre*, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*, good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long 5 to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drummes, and Rattles,

III. v. 290 Faith,] Faith F 304 Heart] Heatt F III. vi.  
Enter Littlewit from Ursula's booth, followed by Mrs. Littlewit. G, con-  
tinuing the scene i heare,] heare F 4 thing,] thing F

and Dogs, and fine deuices, *Win*. The Bull with the fue legs, *Win*; and the great Hog: now you ha' begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my  
 10 Motion, *Win*.

W I N. But we sha' not eat o' the Bull, and the Hogge, *Iohn*, how shall I long then?

I O H. O yes! *Win*: you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: how did the Pothecharie's wife, *Win*, that long'd  
 15 to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i' the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

*They plot to be gone.* T R A. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother *Leatherhead*, wee shall heare no more of him.

20 L E A. All the better, let's packe vp all, and begone, before he finde vs.

T R A. Stay a little, yonder comes a company: it may be wee may take some more money.

K N O. Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire,  
 25 and leaue vapours: I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Vrsla*, her selfe, is all vanity.

B v s. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners,  
 30 very full of Banners. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet-drinke of Sathan's, deuised to puffe vs vp, and make vs swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoake of tabacco, to keepe vs in mist and error: But the fleshly woman, (which you call *Vrsla*) is aboue all to be auoyded, hauing the  
 35 marks vpon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Faire*; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and the Flesh, as being her selfe.

P v R. Brother *Zeale-of-the-land*! what shall we doe? my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is falne into her fit of longing  
 40 againe.

III. vi. 17 *Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs Littlewit.* add G 21 vs. *Stop faint or missing in F* After 23 *Enter Knockem and Busy.* G 24 KNO.] KNO, F 29 banner] ban ner F 31 Sathan's, deuised] Sathan s, deuised F 36 and] and and F After 37 *Enter Mrs. Purecraft.* G

B v s. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

P v r. To see some sights, i' the *Faire*.

B v s. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place, swiftly, lest shee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leaue thee. Idolatry 45  
peepeth out on euery side of thee.

K n o. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Iade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and ioi *Vrsula*, with telling, how her pigge works, two and a halfe he eate to his share. And he has 50  
drunke a pailefull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

L e a. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies.—

B v s. Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's* 55  
*Dogges*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a feirce and rancke Idoll: And thou, the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that set'st it vp, for children to fall downe to, and worship.

L e a. Cry you mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill vp 60  
your noise?

I o h. Looke *Win*, doe, looke a Gods name, and saue your longing. Here be fine sights.

P v r. I child, so you hate 'hem, as our Brother *Zeale* do's, you may looke on 'hem. 65

L e a. Or what do you say, to a Drumme, Sir?

B v s. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy Bel-  
lowes there are his lungs, and these Pipes are his throate,  
those Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnash-  
ing of his teeth. 70

T r a. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.

B v s. The prouander that pricks him vp. Hence with thy basket of Popery, thy nest of Images: and whole legend of ginger-worke.

III. vi. 46 *Goes forward.* add G  
Cryyou F 61 noise?] noise. F  
add G 62 *Win., Win.* F

51 *Exit.* add G 60 Cry you]  
*Re-enter Littlewit and his wife.*  
66 Drumme,] Drumme. F

75 L E A. Sir, if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for disturbing the *Faire*.

B v s. The sinne of the *Faire* prouokes me, I cannot bee silent.

P v R. Good brother Zeale !

80 L E A. Sir, I'll make you silent, beleeeue it.

I o H. I'd giue a shilling, you could i'faith, friend.

L E A. Sir, giue me your shilling, I'll giue you my shop, if I do not, and I'll leaue it in pawne with you, i' the meane time.

85 I o H. A match i' faith, but do it quickly, then.

*He speaks to the widow.* B v s. Hinder me not, woman. I was mou'd in spirit, to bee here, this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked, and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be called a foule, then a *Faire*: To protest against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in  
90 regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandize of *Babylon* againe, & the peeping of *Popery* vpon the stals, here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the purple strumpet, there ? in her yellow gowne, and  
95 greene sleeues ? the prophane pipes, the tinckling timbrells ? A shop of reliques !

I o H. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'hem.

*Overthrows the gingerbread.* B v s. And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket of Idols ! which I will pull downe—

(T R A. O my ware, my ware, God blesse it.)

B v s. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

*Leatherhead enters with officers.* L E A. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune. Stop his noyse, first !

B v s. Thou canst not : 'tis a sanctified noise. I will  
105 make a loud and most strong noise, till I haue daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause.—

L E A. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall sweare it, i' the stocks, Sir.

III. vi. 75 Sir,] Sir F 81 I'd] I'd F *Aside to Leath. add*  
G 85 Exit Leatherhead. add G 88 be] be a F 96  
*Attempts to seize the toys. add G 101 Stage dir. officers.] officers F*

B v s. I will thrust my selfe into the stocks, vpon the pikes of the Land.

110

L E A. Carry him away.

P v R. What doe you meane, wicked men?

B v s. Let them alone; I feare them not.

I O H. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, *Win*? for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and see ouer the *Fayre*, 115 where we list our selues; my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and loose vs.

W I N. Yes *Iohn*, but I know not what to doe.

I O H. For what, *Win*?

W I N. For a thing, I am asham'd to tell you, i'faith, 120 and 'tis too farre to go home.

I O H. I pray thee bee not asham'd, *Win*. Come, i'faith thou shall not be asham'd, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man? an't be, speake freely.

W I N. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorne him; no, I 125 haue very great, what sha'call'um, *Iohn*.

I O H. ô! Is that all, *Win*? wee'll goe backe to Captaine *Iordan*; to the pig-womans, *Win*, hee'll helpe vs, or she with a dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poore greasie soule loues you, *Win*, and after we'll visit the *Fayre* 130 all ouer, *Win*, and see my Puppet play, *Win*, you know it's a fine matter, *Win*.

L E A. Let's away, I counsell'd you to packe vp afore, *Ione*.

T R A. A poxe of his *Bedlem* purity. Hee has spoyl'd 135 halfe my ware: but the best is, wee lose nothing, if wee misse our first Merchant.

L E A. It shall be hard for him to finde, or know vs, when we are translated, *Ione*.

III. vi. 110 *They seize him.* add G After 113 *Exeunt Officers*  
*with Busy, followed by Dame Purecraft.* G 117 e'en] ee'n F loose]  
 lose F3 126 *Whispers him.* add G 128 *Win,]* *Win.* F  
 129 dripping] drip ping F 131 and] and, F 132 *Exeunt Littlewit*  
*and Mrs. Littlewit.* add G 139 *Exeunt.* add G



## ACT III. SCENE I.

TROUBLE-ALL. BRISTLE. HAGGISE. COKES.  
IUSTICE. POCHER. BUSY. PURCRAFT.

MY Masters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers.  
BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings louing, and obedient subiects.

BRI. Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake,  
5 I aduise you: *Oliuer Bristle* aduises you. His louing subiects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leaue, wee know our selues, a little better then so, wee are to command, S<sup>r</sup>. and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subiects, going to the stocks, and  
10 wee'll make you such another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know.

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in question?

TRO. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope  
15 you haue warrant, for what you doe, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you.

*He goes  
away  
again.*

HAG. What's hee? bring him vp to the stocks there. Why bring you him not vp?

*comes  
again.*

TRO. If you haue Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, 'tis well:  
20 you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not giue this button, for any mans warrant else.

*goes  
away.*

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for any store I see about you: you might keepe 'hem, and saue pinnes, I wusse.

IVS. What should hee be, that doth so esteeme, and aduance my warrant? he seemes a sober and discreet person! it is a comfort to a good conscience, to be follow'd with a good fame, in his sufferings. The world will haue a pretty

IV. i.] ACT IV. SCENE I. | *The Fair.* | *Booths, stalls, a pair of stocks, &c.* | *Enter Cokes, Bristle, Haggise, and Pocher, with Overdo, followed by Troubleall.* G 18 *Overdo is brought forward.* add G

tast by this, how I can beare aduersity : and it will beget a 30  
kind of reuerence, toward me, hereafter, euen from mine  
enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and  
that it doth neither breake mee, nor bend mee.

H A G. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. *They put  
him in the  
stocks.*  
Will you put in your legge ?

I v s. That I will, cheerefully.

B R I. O' my conscience, a Seminary ! hee kisses the  
stockes.

C o k. Well my Masters, I'le leaue him with you ; now  
I see him bestow'd, I'le goe looke for my goods, and *Numps.* 40

H A G. You may, Sir, I warrant you ; where's the tother  
Bawler ? fetch him too, you shall find 'hem both fast enough.

I v s. In the mid'st of this tumult, I will yet be the  
*Author* of mine owne rest, and not minding their fury, sit in  
the stockes, in that calme, as shall be able to trouble a 45  
*Triumph.*

T R O. Doe you assure me vpon your words ? may I *comes  
again.*  
vndertake for you, if I be ask'd the question ; that you  
haue this warrant ?

H A G. What's this fellow, for Gods sake ? 50

T R O. Doe but shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, and I am  
satisfied. *goes out.*

B R I. Hee is a fellow that is distracted, they say ; one  
*Trouble-all* : hee was an officer in the Court of *Pie-poulders*,  
here last yeere, and put out on his place by Iustice *Ouerdoo.* 55

I v s. Ha !

B R I. Vpon which, he tooke an idle conceipt, and 's  
runne mad vpon't. So that euer since, hee will doe nothing,  
but by Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, he will not eate a crust,  
nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His 60  
wife, Sirreuerence, cannot get him make his water, or shift  
his shirt, without his warrant.

I v s. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster ! how

rv. i. 33 *Aside.* add G 37 conscience,] conscience F 42 *Exit*  
*Cokes.* add G 46 *Aside.* add G 55 on] of F3 56 *Aside.*  
add G (so 66, 73, 84)

am I bound to satisfie this poore man, that is of so good a  
65 nature to mee, out of his wits ! where there is no roome left  
for dissembling.

comes in. T R O. If you cannot shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, I am in  
goes againe. doubt of you : I am afraid you cannot answer it.

H A G. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I thinke  
70 on't better) Iustice *Ouerdoo*, is a very parantory person.

B R I. O ! are you aduis'd of that ? and a seuerer Iusticer,  
by your leaue.

I v s. Doe I heare ill o' that side, too ?

B R I. He will sit as vpright o' the bench, an' you marke  
75 him, as a candle i' the socket, and giue light to the whole  
Court in euery businesse.

H A G. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God  
blesse vs) an' he be angry.

B R I. I, and hee will be angry too, when him list, that's  
80 more : and when hee is angry, be it right or wrong ; hee has  
the Law on's side, euer. I marke that too.

I v s. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion  
may become a *Iustice*, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse ;  
and neerer a vice, then a vertue.

They take the Iustice out. H A G. Well, take him out o' the stocks againe, wee'll  
goe a sure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Ace of hearts of our  
'side, if we can.

P o c. Come, bring him away to his fellow, there. Master  
*Busy*, we shall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot  
90 rule your tongue.

B v s. No, Minister of darknesse, no, thou canst not rule  
my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both  
knocke, and mocke downe your *Bartholmew*-abominations,  
till you be made a hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round  
95 about.

H A G. Let him alone, we haue deuise'd better vpon't.

P v r. And shall he not into the stocks then ?

B R I. No, Mistresse, wee'll haue 'hem both to *Iustice*

rv. i. 79 him list *Editor conj.* : his list F : he lists G After 87  
*Enter Pocher, and Officers with Busy, followed by Mrs. Purecraft. G*

*Ouerdoo*, and let him doe ouer 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip *Haggis*, and my beadle *Pocher* are discharg'd. 100

P V R. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men !

B R I. Nay, neuer thank vs, but thank this mad-man that comes heere, hee put it in our heads.

P V R. Is hee mad ? Now *heauen* increase his madnesse, *Comes* and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide *againe*. thanks you.

T R O. Haue you a warrant ? an' you haue a warrant, shew it.

P V R. Yes, I haue a warrant out of the word, to giue thanks for remouing any scorne intended to the brethren. 110

T R O. It is Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, that I looke for, if you haue not that, keepe your word, I'll keepe mine. Quit yee, and multiply yee.

### ACT IIII. SCENE II.

EDG WORTH. TROVBLE-ALL. NIGHTINGALE.

COKES. COSTARD MONGER.

C Ome away *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

T R O. Whither goe you ? where's your warrant ?

E D G. Warrant, for what, Sir ?

T R O. For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you haue no warrant, blesse you, I'll pray for you, that's 5 all I can doe.

*Goes out.*

E D G. What meanes hee ?

N I G. A mad-man that haunts the *Fayre*, doe you not know him ? it's maruell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles. 10

E D G. Beshrew him, he startled me : I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing ! ha' you prepar'd the Costardmonger ?

N I G. Yes, and agreed for his basket of peares ; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your Prise, he comes downe, 15

iv. i. 110. *Exeunt all but Troubleall.* add G and *Nightingale*. G, continuing the scene

iv. ii. *Enter Edgworth*

sailing that way, all alone ; without his Protector : hee is rid of him, it seemes.

E D G. I, I know ; I should ha' follow'd his Protector-ship for a feat I am to doe vpon him : But this offer'd it  
 20 selfe, so i' the way, I could not let it scape : heere he comes,  
 whistle, be this sport call'd *Dorring the Dottrell*.

Nightin-  
 gale  
 whistles.

N I G. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

C O K. By this light, I cannot finde my ginger-bread-  
 Wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the *Fayre*, now ; to  
 25 ha' my money againe. And I do not know the way out on't,  
 to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whistle ;  
 what tune is that, you whistle ?

N I G. A new tune, I am practising, Sir.

C O K. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee ? nay,  
 30 on with thy tune, I ha' no such hast, for an answer : I'll  
 practise with thee.

Nightin-  
 gale sets  
 his foote  
 afore him,  
 and he  
 falls with  
 his basket.

C O S. Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine.

C O K. Gods so ! a musse, a musse, a musse, a musse.

C O S. Good Gentleman, my ware, my ware, I am a poore  
 man. Good Sir, my ware.

N I G. Let me hold your sword, Sir, it troubles you.

Cokes

falls  
 a scamb-  
 ling  
 whilist  
 they  
 runne  
 away with  
 his things.

C O K. Doe, and my cloake, an' thou wilt ; and my hat, too.

E D G. A delicate great boy ! me thinks, he out-scram-  
 bles 'hem all. I cannot perswade my selfe, but he goes to  
 grammer-schole yet ; and playes the trewant, to day.

N I G. Would he had another purse to cut, *Zekiel*.

E D G. Purse ? a man might cut out his kidneys, I  
 thinke ; and he neuer feele 'hem, he is so earnest at the  
 sport.

45 N I G. His soule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

E D G. Away, *Nightingale* : that way.

C O K. I thinke I am furnish'd for Catherne peares, for  
 one vnder-meale : gi' me my cloake.

C O S. Good Gentleman, giue me my ware.

50 C O K. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to ? my

cloake? and my hat? ha! Gods'lid, is he gone? thieues, *He runs out.*  
thieues, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

EDG. Away, Costermonger, come to vs to *Vrsla's*.  
Talke of him to haue a soule? 'heart, if hee haue any more  
then a thing giuen him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him 55  
from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently:  
where should it be trow? in his blood? hee has not so much  
to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintainè a good Flea;  
And if hee take this course, he will not ha' so much land left,  
as to reare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there 60  
euer greene Plouer so pull'd! That his little Ouerseer had  
beene heere now, and beene but tall enough, to see him steale  
peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus?  
I must goe finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his  
Patent (it seemes) hee has of his place; which I thinke the 65  
Gentleman would haue a reuersion of; that spoke to me for  
it so earnestly.

COK. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too; *He comes againe.*  
as I am an honest man, and neuer stirre, if I thinke there be  
any thing, but thieuing, and cooz'ning, i' this whole *Fayre*. 70  
*Bartholmew-fayre*, quoth he; an' euer any *Bartholmew* had  
that lucke in't, that I haue had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and  
in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my peares, a rot on 'hem, *throws away his peares.*  
I'll keepe 'hem no longer; you were choake-peares to mee;  
I had bin better ha' gone to mum chance for you, I wusse.  
Me thinks the *Fayre* should not haue vs'd me thus, and  
'twere but for my names sake, I would not ha' vs'd a dog o'  
the name, so. O, *Numps* will triumph, now! Friend, doe *Trouble-*  
you know who I am? or where I lye? I doe not my selfe, *all comes againe.*  
I'll be sworne. Doe but carry me home, and I'll please  
thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' lost my selfe, and my  
cloake and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and  
*Numps*, and Mistris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I should  
ha' marryed) and a cut-worke handkercher, shee ga' mee,

iv. ii. 53 After '*Vrsla's*' [*Exit Cost.*] G 56 presently: F3  
presently, F 67 *Exit.* add G 78 Stage direction at l. 88 in F  
80 be sworne] besworne F

85 and two purses to day. And my bargaine o' Hobby-horses  
and Ginger-bread, which grieues me worst of all.

T R O. By whose warrant, Sir, haue you done all this ?

C O K. Warrant ? thou art a wise fellow, indeed, as if a  
man need a warrant to lose any thing, with.

90 T R O. Yes, Iustice *Ouerdo's* warrant, a man may get, and  
lose with, I'll stand to't.

C O K. Iustice *Ouerdoo* ? Dost thou know him ? I lye  
there, hee is my brother in Law, hee marryed my sister :  
pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house ?

95 T R O. Sir, shew mee your warrant, I know nothing with-  
out a warrant, pardon me.

C O K. Why, I warrant thee, come along : thou shalt see,  
I haue wrought pillowes there, and cambricke sheetes, and  
sweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

100 T R O. Sir, I'll tell you ; goe you thither your selfe,  
first, alone ; tell your worshipfull brother your minde : and  
but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with  
*Adam Ouerdoo*, vnderneath ; here I'll stay you, I'll obey  
you, and I'll guide you presently.

105 C O K. S'lid, this is an Asse, I ha' found him, poxe vpon  
mee, what doe I talking to such a dull foole ; farewell, you  
are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare ?

T R O. I thinke, I am, if Iustice *Ouerdoo* signe to it, I am,  
and so wee are all, hee'll quit vs all, multiply vs all.

### ACT III. SCENE IIJ.

*They  
enter with  
their  
swords  
drawne.*

GRACE. QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE. TROUBLE-  
ALL. EDG WORTH.

G Entlemen, this is no way that you take : you do but  
breed one another trouble, and offence, and giue me  
no contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be  
quarell'd for, or haue my name or fortune made the question  
5 of mens swords.

iv. ii. 103 I'll obey] He obey F 108 am, corr. F: am F originally  
108 Exeunt. add G iv iii. SCENE II. | Another part of the Fair. |  
Enter Grace, Quarulous, and Winwife, with their swords drawn. G

Q V A. S'llood, wee loue you.

G R A. If you both loue mee, as you pretend, your owne reason will tell you, but one can enioy me; and to that point, there leads a directer line, then by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I haue profest it to you in- 10  
genuously, that rather then to be yoak'd with this Bride-  
groomme is appointed me, I would take vp any husband,  
almost vpon any trust. Though Subtilty would say to me,  
(I know) hee is a foole, and has an estate, and I might  
gouverne him, and enioy a friend, beside. But these are not 15  
my aymes, I must haue a husband I must loue, or I cannot  
liue with him. I shall ill make one of these politique wiues !

W I N - w. Why, if you can like either of vs, Lady, say,  
which is he, and the other shall sweare instantly to desist.

Q V A. Content, I accord to that willingly. 20

G R A. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme leuity,  
Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in  
such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two  
hours acquaintance, neither of you deseruing afore the other,  
of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect 25  
one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

Q V A. Why, wherefore should you not ? What should  
hinder you ?

G R A. If you would not giue it to my modesty, allow it  
yet to my wit ; giue me so much of woman, and cunning, 30  
as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I iudge  
of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more ?  
you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet : and so indiffer-  
ently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if  
the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you 35  
haue vnderstanding, and discourse. And if fate send me an  
vnderstanding husband, I haue no feare at all, but mine  
owne manners shall make him a good one.

Q V A R. Would I were put forth to making for you, then.

G R A. It may be you are, you know not what's toward 40  
you : will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen ?



WIN - w. What euer it be, we'll presume reasonable-  
nesse, comming from you.

Q V A R. And fitnessse, too.

45 G R A. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN - w. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, vn-  
written in.

G R A. The fitter for what they may be employed in. You  
shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what  
50 you like best ; but of two, or three syllables at most : and  
the next person that comes this way (because *Destiny* has  
a high hand in businesse of this nature) I'll demand, which  
of the two words, he, or she doth approue ; and according  
to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without  
55 change.

Q V A R. Agreed, my word is conceiued already.

WIN - w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

G R A. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be  
curious to know, which of you it is, *(is)* taken ; but giue me  
60 leaue to conceale that till you haue brought me, either home,  
or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN - w. Why that's but equall.

Q V A R. Wee are pleas'd.

G R A. Because I will bind both your indeauours to work  
65 together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune,  
and haue my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him  
that is forsaken, a part of amends.

Q V A R. These conditions are very curteous. Well, my  
word is out of the *Arcadia*, then : *Argalus*.

70 WIN - w. And mine out of the play, *Palemon*.

Trouble-  
all comes  
again. T R O. Haue you any warrant for this, Gentlemen ?

Q V A R. WIN - w. Ha !

T R O. There must be a warrant had, beleeeue it.

WIN - w. For what ?

75 T R O. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeede, no  
matter what.

Q V A. S'light, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe  
i' the nicke !

T R O. Heauen quit you, Gentlemen.

Q V A. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the 80  
question.

G R A. You are content, then ?

W I N - W. Q V A R. Yes yes.

G R A. Sir, heere are two names written——

T R O. Is *Iustice Ouerdoo*, one ? 85

G R A. How, Sir ? I pray you read 'hem to your selfe,  
it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a  
stroake or any difference, marke which you approue best.

T R O. They may be both worshipfull names for ought I  
know, Mistresse, but *Adam Ouerdoo* had beene worth three 90  
of 'hem, I assure you, in this place, that's in plaine english.

G R A. This man amazes mee ! I pray you, like one of  
'hem, Sir.

T R O. I doe like him there, that has the best warrant.  
Mistresse, to saue your longing, (and multiply him) It may 95  
be this. But I am still for *Iustice Ouerdoo*, that's my con-  
science. And quit you.

W I N - W. Is't done, Lady ?

G R A. I, and strangely, as euer I saw ! What fellow is  
this, trow ? 100

Q V A. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made  
him. Which is't, which is't ?

G R A. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire ?

Q V A. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke,  
here's our *Mercury* come : The Licence arriues i' the finest 105  
time, too ! 'tis but scraping out *Cokes* his name, and 'tis  
done.

W I N - W. How now lime-twig ? hast thou touch'd ?

E D G. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and  
see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, with- 110

iv. iii. 78 i' the] 'ithe F 85 *Iustice*] *Iudice* F 94 TRO.] *Tro.*  
marks the book.] G warrant.] warrant, F 95 (and] and) F 96  
I am F3: I am I F 100 this.] this F 102 is't ?] is't. F After  
104 Enter Edgworth. G 108 touch'd ?] touch'd. F

out a witnesse. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe falne into the finest company, and so transported with vapours, they ha' got in a Northren Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Westernne man, that's come to wrastle before my Lord  
 115 *Maïor*, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helpes Captaine *Jordan* to roare, a circling boy : with whom your *Numps*, is so taken, that you may strip him of his cloathes, if you will. I'le vndertake to geld him for you ; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistresse  
 120 *Iustice*, there, is the goodest woman ! shee do's so loue 'hem all ouer, in termes of Iustice, and the Stile of authority, with her hood vpright—that I beseech you come away, Gentlemen, and see't.

Q V A R. S'light, I would not lose it for the *Fayre*, what'll  
 125 you doe, *Ned* ?

W I N - W. Why, stay heere about for you, Mistresse *Welborne* must not be seene.

Q V A. Doe so, and find out a Priest i' the meane time, I'le bring the License. Lead, which way is't ?

130 E D G. Here, Sir, you are o' the backside o' the Booth already, you may heare the noise.

## ACT IIIJ. SCENE IV.

KNOCKHVM. NORDERN. PUPPY. CVT-  
 TING. WHIT. EDGWORTH. QVARLOVS.  
 OVERDOO. WASPE. BRISTLE.

**W**Hit, bid *Val Cutting* continue the vapours for a lift,  
*Whit*, for a lift.

N O R. I'le ne mare, I'le ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

K N O. How now ! my *Galloway Nag*, the staggers ? ha !  
 5 *Whit*, gi' him a slit i' the fore-head. Cheare vp, man, a needle, and threed to stitch his eares. I'd cure him now

iv. iii. 113 Northren] Northern F3 122 away.] away F 123  
 and see't] andsee't F iv. iv.] SCENE III. *Another part of the*  
*Fair.* | *Ursula's Booth, as before : Knockem, Whit, Northern, Puppy,*  
*Cutting, Waspe, and Mrs. Overdo, discovered all in a state of intoxication. G*  
 2 *Aside to Whit.* add G 3 I'le . . . I'le] I'le . . . I'le F

an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne? I'le gi' him a mash, presently, shall take away this dizzinesse.

P v P. Why, where are you, zurs? doe you vlinch, and 10  
leauue vs i' the zuds, now?

N o R. I'le ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I.

P v P. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i' the wetting? 15  
ha?

K n o. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten, thou'lt neuer tyre, I see.

C v T. No, Sir, but he may tire, if it please him.

*They fall  
to their  
vapours,  
again.*

W h i. Who told dee sho? that he vuld neuer teer, man?

C v T. No matter who told him so, so long as he knowes.

K n o. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

E d G. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

W h i. He shall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de shweete heart, doe not pardon him.

C v T. S'light, I'le pardon him, an' I list, whosoeuer 25  
saies nay to't.

Q v A R. Where's *Numps*? I misse him.

W A S. Why, I say nay to't.

Q v A R. O there he is!

K n o. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

W A S. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not  
like it. *Here they  
continue  
their game  
of  
vapours,  
which is  
non sense.  
Every  
man to  
oppose  
the last  
man that  
spoke :*

W h i. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

C v T. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are  
i' the wrong. *whethe(r)  
it con-  
cern'd  
him, or  
no.*

W h i. I tinke I be, he musht not like it, indeede.

C v T. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for  
all you.

K n o. If he haue reason, he may like it, Sir.

W h i. By no meانش, Captaine, vpon reason, he may 40  
like nothing vpon reason.

iv. iv. 10 you,] you F After 21 Enter behind Edgworth with Quar-  
lous. G 24 heart,] heart F 40 meانش,] meانش F

WAS. I haue no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Asse, that either knowes any, or lookes for't from me.

45 C v t. Yes, in some sense you may haue reason, Sir.

W A s. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

W H I. Pardon mee, thou oughst to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou doe loue dy shelfe, angry man.

W A s. Why then, I doe grant him nothing ; and I haue  
50 no sense.

C v t. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

W A s. S'lid, but I haue sense, now I thinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see ?

K N o. He is i' the right, and do's vtter a sufficient vapour.

55 C v t. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

K N o. Then it is a sweet vapour.

C v t. It māy be a sweet vapour.

W A s. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'll stand to't.

60 W H I. Yes, I tinke it dosh shtinke, Captaine. All vapour dosh shtinke.

W A s. Nay, then it do's not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

C v t. By your leaue, it may, Sir.

65 W A s. I, by my leaue, it may stinke, I know that.

W H I. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leaue, angry man.

W A s. How can it not ?

K N o. Nay, neuer question him, for he is i' the right.

70 W H I. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

W A s. I'll haue nothing confest, that concernes mee. I am not i' the right, nor neuer was i' the right, nor neuer will be i' the right, while I am in my right minde.

C v t. Minde ? why, heere's no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

P v p. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe ?

iv. iv. 74 minde.] minde, F      77 Offering Northern the Cup. add G

*They  
drinke  
agaïne.*

Q v A. Call you this vapours ? this is such beltching of quarrell, as I neuer heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir ? 80

E D G. You shall see, Sir.

N O R. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

E D G. Will you take that, Master *Waspe*, that no body should minde you ? 85

W A S. Why ? what ha' you to doe ? is't any matter to you ?

E D G. No, but me thinks you should not be vnminde, though.

W A S. Nor, I wu'not be, now I thinke on't, doe you 90 heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you ?

C v T. Yes, Sir, euery man heere mindes you, but how ?

W A S. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

W H I. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, 95 and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for tee.

K N O. Fight for him, *Whit* ? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himselfe.

W A S. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu'not, how 100 then ?

C v T. Why, then you may chuse.

W A S. Why, and I'le chuse whether I'le chuse or no.

K N O. I thinke you may, and 'tis true ; and I allow it for a resolute vapour. 105

W A S. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

C v T. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

K N O. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour. 110

W A S. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

W H I. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

W A S. A turd i' your teeth, neuer pre dee mee, for I will haue nothing mistaken.

*They fall  
by the  
eares.*

K N O. Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike *Whit*.

O V E. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you vpon my authority, conserue the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put vp your weapons. I shall be driuen to commit you my selfe, else.

120 Q V A. Ha, ha, ha.

W A S. Why doe you laugh, Sir?

Q V A. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

C V T. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may  
125 not, Sir.

K N O. Nay, in some sort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

W A S. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, an't please him.

130 Q V A. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

W A S. No exceeding neither, Sir.

K N O. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Q V A. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of  
135 vapours, I am not very good at it, but—

*Hee  
drawes a  
circle on  
the  
ground.* C V T. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you  
in circle?

Q V A. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in  
circle?

140 C V T. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Iacobus*? in circle?

Q V A. S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

C V T. Your beard's not well turn'd vp, Sir.

*They  
draw all,  
and fight.* Q V A. How, Rascall? are you playing with my beard?  
I'll breake circle with you.

P V P. N O R. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

IV. iv. 115 *Aside to Whit. add G Stage dir. They . . . eares] They fall together by the eares, while Edgworth steals the licence out of the box, and exit.*  
G 126 Nay.] Nay F 144 How.] How F

KNO. Gather vp, *Whit*, gather vp, *Whit*, good vapours.

OVE. What meane you ? are you Rebels ? Gentlemen ? shall I send out a *Serieant at Armes*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you ? I'll commit you vpon my woman-hood, for 150 a Riot, vpon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.

WAS. Vpon your Iustice-hood ? Mary shite o' your hood, you'll commit ? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer ! turd i' your teeth for a fee, now. 155

OVER. Why, *Numps*, in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, I charge you.

WAS. Good Mistresse *Vnderdoo*, hold your tongue.

OVER. Alas ! poore *Numps*.

WAS. Alas ! and why alas from you, I beseech you ? 160 or why poore *Numps*, goody *Rich* ? am I come to be pittied by your tuft taffata now ? why Mistresse, I knew *Adam*, the Clerke, your husband, when he was *Adam* Scriuener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir ?

*The watch comes in.*

BRI. Wee be men, and no Infidells ; what is the matter, here, and the noyses ? can you tell ?

WAS. Heart, what ha' you to doe ? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse ? but hee must be put out on't by you ? what are you ? 170

BRI. Why, wee be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.

WAS. Watch ? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this time a day. Get you to your fleas, and your focke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, 175 and lye downe close.

BRI. Downe ? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

IV. iv. 147 KNO.] *Kno.* [*Aside to Whit.*] G After 147 *Exit while Whit takes up the swords, cloaks, &c. and conceals them.* G (*Read 'takes up the cloaks' : they were fighting.*) 151 *Exeunt Quarulous and Cutting.* add G 158 *Vnderdoo.*] *Vnderdoo* F tongue] tongue F After 179 *Some of the Watch seize Waspe, and carry him off.* add G



180 O V E. I thanke you, honest friends, in the behalfe o' the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, for suppressing enormities.

W H I. Stay, *Bristle*, heere ish a noder brash o' drunkards, but very quiet, speciall drunkards, will pay dee, fue shil-  
185 lings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in de graish o' God : one of hem do's change cloth, for Ale in the *Fayre*, here, te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wrastler. Hee has wrashed so long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, hash almosht streeke vp hish  
190 heelsh.

B R I. S'lid, the Clerke o' the Market, has beene to cry him all the *Fayre* ouer, here, for my Lords seruice.

W H I. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now woman o' shilke, vat ailsh ty shweet  
195 faish ? art tou melancholy ?

O V E. A little distemper'd with these enormities ; shall I intreat a curtesie of you, Captaine ?

W H I. Intreat a hundred, veluet voman, I vill doe it, shpeake out.

200 O V E. I cannot with modesty speake it out, but——

W H I. I vill doe it, and more, and more, for dee. What *Vrsla*, and't be bitch, and't be baud, and't be !

V R S. How now Rascall ? what roare you for ? old Pimpe.

205 W H I. Heere, put vp de cloakes *Vrsh* ; de purchase ; pre dee now, shweet *Vrsh*, help dis good braue voman, to a *Iordan*, and't be.

V R S. S'lid call your Captaine *Iordan* to her, can you not ?

W H I. Nay, pre dee leaue dy consheits, and bring the  
210 veluet woman to de——

V R S. I bring her, hang her : heart must I find a common pot for eucry punque i' your purlews ?

iv. iv. 180 you,] you F      185 After 'well' [*Points to Northern and Puppy, drunk, and asleep, on the bench.*] G      194 After 'him' [*Exeunt Brisle and the rest of the Watch with Northern and Puppy.*] G      200  
Whispers him. add G      202 baud,] baud F      After 202 Enter  
Ursula. add G      205 purchase ;] purchase, F

W H I. O good voordsh, *Vrsh*, it ish a guest o' veluet, i'fait la.

V R S. Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a 215 poxe to her, my vessell <is> employed Sir. I haue but one, and 'tis the bottome of an old bottle. An honest Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, if shee'll stay her time, so.

W H I. As soone ash tou cansht, shwet *Vrsh*. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patientsh man i' the world, or in all 220 *Smithfield*.

K N O. How now *Whit*? close vapours, stealing your leaps? couering in corners, ha?

W H I. No fait, Captaine, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall 225 courtesie, for a woman of fashion here.

O V E. Yes, Captaine, though I am Iustice of peace's wife, I doe loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the sword, when they come before my husband.

K N O. Say'st thou so, Filly? thou shalt haue a leape 230 presently, I'le horse thee my selfe, else.

V R S. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take her turne?

W H I. Gramercy good *Vrsh*, I tanke dee.

O V E. Master *Ouerdoo* shall thanke her.

235

### ACT III. SCENE V.

I O H N. W I N. V R S L A. K N O C K H V M.

W H I T. O V E R D O O. A L E S.

G O O D Ga'mere *Vrs*; *Win*, and I, are exceedingly be- holden to you, and to Captaine *Iordan*, and Captaine *Whit*. *Win*, I'le be bold to leaue you, i' this good company, *Win*: for halfe an houre, or so, *Win*, while I goe, and see

iv. iv. 216 vessel is F3: vessel, F 218 Exit. add G 219  
cansht,] cansht F After 221 Re-enter Knockem. G 227 I  
am] I am a G 230 so,] so F 232 Vrs.] Urs. [within.] G 232  
take 1716: talke F 235 Exit. add G iv. v. Re-enter Ursula,  
followed by Littlewit, and Mrs. Littlewit. G, continuing the scene ALES.]  
Alice. F3 4 so,] so F

5 how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect :  
and then I'll come & fetch you, *Win*.

W I N. Will you leaue me alone with two men, *Iohn* ?

I o n. I, they are honest Gentl(e)men, *Win*, Captaine  
*Iordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, they'll vse you very ciuilly, *Win*,  
10 God b'w'you, *Win*.

V R S. What's her husband gone ?

K N O. On his false gallop, *Vrs*, away.

V R S. An' you be right *Bartholmew*-birds, now shew your  
selues so : we are vndone for want of fowle i' the *Fayre*,  
15 here. Here will be *Zekiell Edgworth*, and three or foure  
gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plouer nor  
Quaile for 'hem : perswade this betweene you two, to be-  
come a Bird o' the game, while I worke the veluet woman,  
within, (as you call her.)

20 K N O. I conceiue thee, *Vrs* ! goe thy waies, doest thou  
heare, *Whit* ? is't not pittie, my delicate darke chestnut  
here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes,  
euen mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close  
withers, plaine backe, deepe sides, short fillets, and full  
25 flankes : with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large  
thighes, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth  
hoofes, and short heeles ; should lead a dull honest womans  
life, that might liue the life of a Lady ?

W H I. Yes, by my fait, and trot, it is, Captaine : de  
30 honesht womans life is a scuruy dull life, indeed, la.

W I N. How, Sir ? is an honest womans life a scuruy life ?

W H I. Yes fait, shweet heart, beleue him, de leefe of a  
Bond-woman ! but if dou vilt harken to me, I vill make tee  
a free-woman, and a Lady : dou shalt liue like a Lady, as te  
35 Captaine saish.

K N O. I, and be honest too sometimes : haue her wiers,  
and her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

W H I. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i' dy Coash, shee

IV. v. 8 Gentlemen, F3: Gentlmen F 10 Exit. add G 11  
What's] What, is G 12 false] false, F 20 After 'waies'  
[Exit Ursula.] G 30 life . . . life] Query, leefe, as in l. 32

de Players, be in loue vit 'hem ; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke, and cost de noting.

40

K N O. Braue vapours !

W H I. And lye by twenty on 'hem, if dou pleash, shweet heart.

W I N. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

W H I. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st doe it, by 45 my hand : it shall be iustified to ty husbands faish, now : tou shalt be as honesht as the skinne betweene his hornsh, la!

K N O. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant, to compare with ere a husband on 'hem all, for a fore-top : it is the vapour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaies ; 50 as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

W I N. Lord, what a foole haue I beene !

W H I. Mend then, and doe euery ting like a Lady, heere-after, neuer know ty husband, from another man.

55

K N O. Nor any one man from another, but i' the darke.

W H I. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

V R S. Helpe, helpe here.

K N O. How now ? what vapour's there ?

V R S. O, you are a sweet *Ranger* ! and looke well to your walks. Yonder is your *Punque* of Turnbull, Ramping *Ales*, has falne vpon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood ouer her eares, and her hayre through it.

Alice  
en(t)ers,  
beating  
(t)he  
Iustice's  
wife.

O V E. Helpe, helpe, i' the Kings name.

A L E. A mischiefe on you, they are such as you are, that 65 vndoe vs, and take our trade from vs, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

K N O. How now, *Alice* !

A L E. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique, for the priuy rich ones ; your caps and hoods of veluet, call 70 away our customers, and lick the fat from vs.

V R S. Peace you foule ramping Iade, you—

A L E. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking ?

iv. v. 42 pleash,] pleash F  
After 59 Re-enter Ursula. G

45 it,] it F  
61 Ales] Alice F3

58 Vrs.] Urs. [within.] G  
68 now,] now F

K N O. Why, *Alice*, I say.

75 A L E. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

V R's. Thou tripe of *Turnebull*.

K N O. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours ! ha !

V R's. You know where you were taw'd lately, both  
lash'd, and slash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

80 A L E. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and  
broake out the bottome o'the Cart, Night-tub.

K N O. Why, Lyon face ! ha ! doe you know who I am ?  
shall I teare ruffe, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat ?  
ha ! goe to, vanish, for feare of vapours. *Whit*, a kick,

85 *Whit*, in the parting vapour. Come braue woman, take a  
good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

W H I. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write  
Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. *Doe*, is the vord,  
and D is the middle letter of *Madame*, *DD*, put 'hem together  
90 and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

K N O. 'Tis true, *Vrsula*, take 'hem in, open thy wardrope,  
and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-  
petticoats, green women ! my Lord Maiors green women !  
guests o' the Game, true bred. I'le prouide you a Coach,  
95 to take the ayre, in.

W I N. But doe you thinke you can get one ?

K N O. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where  
there are great dunghills. Euery Pettifoggers wife has  
'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and  
100 then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in't : For  
if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no  
credit. Hide, and be hidden ; ride, and be ridden, sayes the  
vapour of experience.

iv. v. 85 After 'vapour.' *They kick out Alice.* G 98 wife] wife, F  
102 After 'credit.' [*Exeunt Ursula, Mrs. Littlewit, and Mrs. Overdo.*] G

## ACT IIIJ. SCENE VI.

TROBLE-ALL. KNOCKHVM. WHIT.  
 QVARLOVS. EDGWORTH. BRISTLE.  
 WASPE. HAGGISE. IVSTICE.  
 BVSY. PVRE-CRAFT.

BY what warrant do's it say so?

KNO. Ha! mad child o' the *Pye-pouldres*, art thou there? fill vs a fresh kan, *Vrs*, wee may drinke together.

TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

KNO. S'llood, thou'll not stale without a warrant, shortly. 5  
*Whit*, giue mee pen, inke and paper. I'l draw him a warrant presently.

TRO. It must be *Iustice Ouerdoo's*.

KNO. I know, man. Fetch the drinke, *Whit*.

WHI. I pre dee now, be very brieft, Captaine; for de 10  
 new Ladies stay for dee.

KNO. O, as brieft as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Ouerdoo*.

TRO. Why, now, I'le pledge you, Captaine.

KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe. 15

QVA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of 20  
 being spi'd, hereafter. *Quarulous to the Culpurse.*

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Vrs*'s; and take part of a silken gowne, a veluet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any 20  
 Gentleman a moiety.

QVA. Keepe it for your companions in beastlinesse, I am none of 'hem, Sir. If I had not already forgien you a greater trespassse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your 25

iv. vi. Enter Troubleall. G, continuing the scene 6 giue] Giue F  
 8 Ouerdoo's.] Ouerdoo's? F 9 man.] man, F 11 Exit, and re-  
 enters with a can. add G 12 After 'already.' Gives Troubleall a  
 paper. G 15 Exeunt. add G After 15 SCENE IV. | The back  
 of Ursula's Booth. Overdo in the stocks, people, &c. | Enter Quarulous with  
 the licence, and Edgworth. G, who makes a new scene at this point  
 21 moiety] moiety F3

offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman  
 is onely fit to discourse with you ; the hand of Beadle is too  
 mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry  
 I employ'd this fellow ; for he thinks me such : *Facinus*  
 30 *quos inquinat, æquat*. But, it was for sport. And would I  
 make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me,  
 without other circumstances concurre. I do thinke how  
 impertinently I labour, if the word bee not mine, that the  
 ragged fellow mark'd : And what aduantage I haue giuen  
 35 *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, though it be  
 mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd  
 Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good conceipt of me :  
 I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity.  
 But my hope is in her temper, yet ; and it must needs bee  
 40 next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a woman's  
 discretion. I would giue by my troth, now, all I could spare  
 (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd *sooth-*  
*sayer* againe, who was my iudge i' the question, to know  
 certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then,  
 45 I liue but vnder a *Repreiue*. I must seeke him. Who be  
 these ?

*Ent.*  
*Waspe*  
*with the*  
*officers.*

W A S. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt,  
 and no Constable.

B R I. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the  
 50 middle roundell, and let him hole there.

W A S. You stinke of leeks, *Metheglyn*, and cheese. You  
 Rogue.

B R I. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the  
 stocks in the meane time ? if you haue a minde to stinke  
 55 too, your breeches sit close enough to your bumme. Sit you  
 merry, Sir.

Q V A. How now, *Numps* ?

W A S. It is no matter, how ; pray you looke off.

Q V A. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you  
 60 had sate there to be seen.

W A S. And to be sold, did you not ? pray you mind your businesse, an' you haue any.

Q V A. Cry you mercy, *Numps*. Do's your leg lie high enough ?

B R I. How now, neighbour *Haggise*, what sayes *Iustice 65 Ouerdo's* worship, to the other offenders ?

H A G. Why, hee sayes iust nothing, what should hee say ? Or where should he say ? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i' the *Fayre*, here, all this liue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke i' the morning. His Clearks know 70 not what to thinke on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Heere they be return'd.

B R I. What shall be done with 'hem, then ? in your discretion ?

H A G. I thinke wee were best put 'hem in the stocks, in 75 discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an houre, or such a thing, till his worship come.

B R I. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour *Haggise* ; come, Sir, heere is company for you, heaue vp the stocks.

W A S. I shall put a tricke vpon your welsh diligence, perhaps.

B R I. Put in your legge, Sir.

Q V A. What, *Rabby Busy* ! is hee come ?

B V S. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the *heathen 80* of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause.

W A S. What are you, Sir ?

B V S. One that reioyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie the destruction of *Fayres* and *May-games, 90 Wakes*, and *Whitson-ales*, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation, of these abuses.

W A S. And doe you sigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your affliction ?

iv. vi. After 64 Enter *Haggise*. G After 72 Enter others of the Watch  
with *Busy*. G 79 *Haggise*.] *Haggise*, F After 'Sir,' [to *Waspe*.] G  
82 *Aside*. add G 83 To *Busy*. add G 87 apart] a part F  
90 prophesie] prophesie, F 93 Was.] *Was*. [to *Ouerdo*.] G

As they  
open the  
stockes,  
Waspe  
puts his  
shoe on  
his hand,  
and slips  
it in for  
his legge.

They  
bring  
*Busy*, and  
put him  
in.



95 I v s. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing without mee. *Adam*, thou art about these battries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend *Horace* saies; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of  
100 thine saies, (I thinke it be thy friend *Persius*) *Non te quæsiueris extra*.

Q v A. What's heere? a Stoick i' the stocks? the Foole is turn'd *Philosopher*.

B v s. Friend, I will leaue to communicate my spirit with  
105 you, if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of *Rome*, and patches of *Poperie*.

W A s. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leaue you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you,  
*He gets out.* a deuce, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

B v s. Wilt thou then leaue thy brethren in tribulation?

W A s. For this once, Sir.

B v s. Thou art a halting *Neutrall*: stay him there, stop him: that will not endure the heat of persecution.

B R I. How now, what's the matter?

115 B v s. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

B R I. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour *Haggise*.

P v R. O me! in the stocks! haue the wicked preuail'd?

B v s. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your  
120 selfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

*The mad-man enters.* T R O. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

Q v A. O, here's my man, dropt in, I look'd for.

I v s. Ha!

125 P v R. O good Sir, they haue set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and prouided holes, for the holy of the land.

T R O. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they *Iustice Querdoos* hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

IV. vi. 99 *terrent.*] *terrent.* F      III Exit running. add G      112  
*Neutrall.*] *Neutrall* F      After 117 *Exeunt Haggise and Watch.* | *Enter*  
*Dame Purecraft.* G      119 *Peace.*] *Peace* F      123 *man.*] *man!* F  
127 *Iustice*] *Iusticce* F      After 128 *Re-enter Haggise.* G

B R I. Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently,  
neighbour *Toby* ! 130

H A G. No ! see if you can lock 'hem better.

B R I. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet  
some thing is in the mat(t)er.

T R O. True, your warrant is the matter that is in ques-  
tion, by what warrant ? 135

B R I. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his  
roome else, in the very same hole, doe you see ?

Q V A. How ! is hee a mad-man !

T R O. Shew me *Iustice Ouerdoo's* warrant, I obey you.

H A G. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue. 140

T R O. In *Iustice Ouerdoo's* name, I drinke to you, and  
here's my warrant. *Shewes  
his  
Kanne.*

I v s. Alas poore wretch ! how it eames my heart for him !

Q V A. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I'll  
try though. Friend, there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you 145  
two names, some houre since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to  
marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd ?

T R O. I marke no name, but *Adam Ouerdoo*, that is the  
name of names, hee onely is the sufficient Magistrate ; and  
that name I reuerence, shew it mee. 150

Q V A. This fellowe's madde indeede : I am further off,  
now, then afore.

I v s. I shall not breath in peace, till I haue made him  
some amends.

Q V A. Well, I will make another vse of him, is come in my 155  
head : I haue a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some  
thing like his.

B R I. This mad foole has made mee that I know not *The  
watchmen  
come back  
again.*  
whether I haue lock'd the stocks or no, I thinke I lock'd  
'hem.

T R O. Take *Adam Ouerdoo* in your minde, and feare  
nothing.

iv. vi. 139 warrant,] warrant. F After 140 *Exeunt Haggise and*  
*Bristle.* add G 143 eames] yearns W 145 try] try him G  
though. Friend, F3: though, friend: F 151 fellowe's] fellows F  
154 *Aside.* add G 159 I haue] I I haue F 160 *Tries the locks.* add G

*The mad-  
man fights  
with 'hem,  
and they  
leave open  
the stocks.*

B R I. S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

T R O. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

B V S. Wee are deliuered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let vs not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit : The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.

P V R. Mad doe they call him ! the world is mad in error,  
170 but hee is mad in truth : I loue him o' the sudden, (the cunning man sayd all true) and shall loue him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth ! O, that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should wee draw to madnesse in truth, with vs !

*The watch  
missing  
them are  
affrighted.*

B R I. How now ! all scap'd ? where's the *woman* ? it is witchcraft ! Her veluet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key ! t'one ! The mad-man was a Diuell, and I am an Asse ; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

LANTHORNE. FILCHER. SHARKWEL.

**W**ELL, Lucke and Saint *Bartholmew* ; out with the signe of our inuention, in the name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum, the while ; All the fowle i' the *Fayre*, I meane, all the dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Littlewit's Car-*  
5 *whitchets* now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the people. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorne Leatherhead* haue giuen light to, i' my time, since my Master *Pod* dyed ! *Ierusalem* was a stately thing ; and  
Pod was a Master of motions before him. so was *Niniue*, and the citty of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* ; with the rising o' the prentises ; and pulling downe the bawdy houses there, vpon *Shroue-Tuesday* ; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny ! I haue presented that to an eighteene, or twenty pence audience, nine

IV. vi. 164 *Strikes him.* add G 168 *Exeunt Busy and Overdo.*  
add G 174 *Exit.* add G 177 t'one ] t'one. F 178 *Exeunt,*  
*affrighted.* add G ACT V. SCENE I. | *The Fair, as before.* | *A Booth.* |  
*Lantern Leatherhead, dressed as a puppet-show man, Filcher, and Shark-*  
*well with a flag.* G

times in an afternoone. Your home-borne proiects proue  
euer the best, they are so easie, and familiar, they put too <sup>15</sup>  
much learning i' their things now o'dayes : and that I feare  
will be the spoile o' this. *Little-wit?* I say, *Mickle-wit!* if  
not too mickle ! looke to your gathering there, good man  
*Filcher.*

F I L. I warrant you, Sir.

20

L A N. And there come any Gentlefolks, take two pence  
a piece, *Sharkwell.*

S H A. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an' we can.

## ACT V. SCENE II.

I V S T I C E. W I N - W I F E. G R A C E. Q V A R -  
L O V S. P V R E - C R A F T.

**T**HIS later disguise, I haue borrow'd of a Porter, shall *The*  
carry me out to all my great and good ends ; which *Justice*  
how euer interrupted, were neuer destroyed in me : neither *comes in*  
is the houre of my seuerity yet come, to reueale my selfe, *like a*  
wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, *Porter.* <sup>5</sup>  
lightning, and thunder, vpon the head of enormity. Two  
maine works I haue to prosecute : first, one is to inuent  
some satisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of  
his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will  
walke aside, and proiect for it. <sup>10</sup>

W I N ( - W I ). I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that hee  
returnes not, it may be he is stricke in here to seeke vs.

G R A. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

Q V A. I haue made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, *Quarlous*  
and cap will giue me leaue. *in the*

P V R. Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with  
you in truth. *the mad-*

W I N - W. How ! my widdow in loue with a mad-man ? *man is*

P V R. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you. *mistaken*

*by M<sup>rs</sup>*  
*Pure-*  
*craft.*

v. i. 23 *Exeunt.* add G v. ii. SCENE II. | *Another part of the Fair.*  
| *Enter Overdo disguised like a Porter.* G After 10 *Enter Winwife*  
*and Grace.* G 14 st. div. *Pure-craft*] *Purc-craft F*

20 Q V A. By whose warrant ? leaue your canting. Gentlewoman, haue I found you ? (saue yee, quit yee, and multiply yee) where's your booke ? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

*He desires  
to see the  
booke of  
Mistresse  
Grace.*

G R A. What would you with it, Sir ?

Q V A. Marke it againe, and againe, at your seruice.

G R A. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

Q V A. *Palemon* ? fare you well, fare you well.

W I N - W. How, *Palemon* !

G R A. Yes faith, hee has discouer'd it to you, now, and  
30 therefore 'twere vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

W I N - W. And you haue him Mistresse, beleeeue it, that shall neuer giue you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather thinke that in this choyce, she had both her  
35 eyes.

G R A. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

Q V A. *Palemon*, the word, and *Win-wife* the man ?

P V R. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your madnesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw  
40 with you, in truth.

Q V A. Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of *Canter*s,  
45 Outlawes to order and *Discipline*, and the onely priuiledg'd *Church-robbers* of *Christendome*. Let me alone. *Palemon*, the word, and *Winwife* the man ?

P V R. I must vncover my selfe vnto him, or I shall neuer enioy him, for all the *cunning mens* promises. Good Sir,  
50 heare mee, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my loue to you, is become my racke, I'll tell you all, and the truth : since you hate the hypo<c>risie of the party-coloured brotherhood. These seuen yeeres, I haue beene a wilfull holy widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intangled

suitors : I am also by office, an assisting *sister* of the *Deacons*, 55  
and a deuourer, in stead of a distributer of the alms. I am a  
speciall maker of marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with  
our rich *widdowes* ; for a third part of their wealth, when  
they are married, for the reliefe of the poore *elect* : as also  
our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy 60  
Batchelors, or Widdowers ; to make them steale from their  
husbands, when I haue confirmed them in the faith, and got  
all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine,  
they may sooner turne a scolding drab, into a silent *Minister*,  
then make me leaue pronouncing *reprobation*, and *damnation* 65  
vnto them. Our elder, *Zeale-of-the-land*, would haue had  
me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land,  
making himselfe rich, by being made *Feoffee* in trust to  
deceased *Brethren*, and coozning their *heyres*, by swearing  
the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus hauing eas'd 70  
my conscience, and vtter'd my heart, with the tongue of my  
loue : enioy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should  
not haue reuealed this to you, but that in time I thinke  
you are mad, and I hope you'll thinke mee so too, Sir ?

Q v A. Stand aside, I'll answer you, presently. Why *He con-*  
should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I think *sider(s)*  
on 't ? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha ? The *with*  
tother wench, *Winwife* is sure of ; there's no expectation *himselfe*  
for me there ! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if *of it.*  
shee continue mad, there the question. It is money that I 80  
want, why should I not marry the money, when 'tis offer'd  
mee ? I haue a *License* and all, it is but razing out one  
name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a  
man's fortune ! I am resolu'd ! I were truly mad, an' I  
would not ! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will *He takes*  
be mad, I'll shew you a warrant ! *her along*  
*with him.*

P v R. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

I v s. Sir, let mee speake with you.

Q v A. By whose warrant ?

*The*  
*Iustice*  
*calls him.*

90 I v s. The warrant that you tender, and respect so ; *Iustice Ouerdoo's* ! I am the man, friend *Trouble-all*, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republique, in the *Fayre*, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or  
 95 cloathes ? speake whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you, what want you ?

Q v A. Nothing but your *warrant*.

I v s. My *warrant* ? for what ?

Q v A. To be gone, Sir.

100 I v s. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and haue not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee ; thinke what may doe thee good.

Q v A. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good ; nothing else in the whole *Fayre*, that I know.

105 I v s. If it were to any end, thou should'st haue it willingly.

Q v A. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough, to looke on ; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

I v s. Alas ! thou shalt ha' it presently : I'll but step into the Scriueners, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

*The Iustice goes out.*

Q v A. Why, this mad mans shape, will proue a very fortunate one, I thinke ! can a ragged robe produce these effects ? if this be the wise Iustice, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some vse on't. Hee is come already !

*and returns.*

I v s. Looke thee ! heere is my hand and seale, *Adam Ouerdoo*, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter ; thinke on't ; it is my deed, I deliuer it so, can your friend

120 write ?

Q v A. Her hand for a *witnesse*, and all is well.

*Hee*

I v s. With all my heart.

*urgeith Mistresse Purecraft.*

Q v A. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound, now ? or what I would else ?

v. ii. 114 After 'on't.' *Re-enter Overdo.* G pound? now, F *Aside.* add G

124 pound, now ?]

I v s. Looke you, there it is ; and I deliuer it as my deede 125  
again.

Q v a. Let vs now proceed in madnesse.

I v s. Well, my conscience is much eas'd ; I ha' done my  
part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd  
satisfaction ! The sting is remoued from hence : poore 130  
man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought  
him low ! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young  
man (I haue follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of  
his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like  
vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the 135  
good time.

*He takes  
her in  
with him.*

## ACT V. SCENE IIJ.

COKEs. SHARKWEL. I VSTICE. FIL-  
CHER. IOHN. LANTERNE.

**H**OW now ? what's here to doe ? friend, art thou the  
*Master of the Monuments ?*

SH A. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your worship.

I v s. My phantasticall brother in Law, Master *Barthol-  
mew Cokes !*

CO K. A *Motion*, what's that ? The ancient moderne  
history of *Hero*, and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touch-  
stone of true Loue*, with as true a tryall of friendship, be-  
tweene *Damon*, and *Pithias*, two faithfull friends o' the  
Bankside ? pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't ? is't 10  
an *Enterlude* ? or what is't ?

FIL. Yes Sir, please you come neere, wee'll take your  
money within.

CO K. Backe with these children ; they doe so follow  
mee vp and downe.

IO H. By your leaue, friend.

FIL. You must pay, Sir, an' you goe in.

*The boyes  
o' the  
Fayre  
follow  
him.*

v. ii. 136 *Exit.* add G v. iii.] SCENE III. | *Another part of the  
Fair.* | *The Puppet-show Booth, as before.* Enter *Sharkwell* and *Filcher*,  
with bills, and *Cokes* in his doublet and hose, followed by the Boys of the  
Fair. G SHARKWEL] SHAKRWEL F After 3 Enter *Overdo* behind.  
G 15 Enter *Littlewit.* G



I o H. Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not mee : call the Master o' the *Motion*.

20 S H A. What, doe you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filcher*? you must take no money of him ; he must come in *gratis* : M<sup>r</sup>. *Littlewit* is a voluntary ; he is the *Author*.

I o H. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not haue any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till wee see how it passes.

25 C o K. Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou?

I o H. Master *Cokes* ! you are exceeding well met : what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, or a hat?

C o K. I would I might neuer stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire ; I haue lost all i' the *Fayre*, and all  
30 my acquaintance too ; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my man *Numps*, or my sister *Ouerdoo*, or Mistresse *Grace*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend mee some money to see the *Interlude*, here. I'll pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry mee  
35 home, I haue money enough there.

I o H. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serue you?

C o K. I think it will, what do we pay for comming in, fellowes?

40 F I L. Two pence, Sir.

C o K. Two pence? there's twelue pence, friend ; Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I looke now ; if you see mee with my man about me, and my *Artillery*, againe.

I o H. Your man was i' the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

45 C o K. Who, *Numps*?

I o H. Yes faith.

C o K. For what i'faith? I am glad o' that ; remember to tell me on't anone ; I haue enough, now ! What manner of matter is this, M<sup>r</sup>. *Littlewit*? What kind of *Actors* ha'  
50 you? Are they good *Actors*?

I o H. Pretty youtnes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem——

(L A N. Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

I O H. Master *Lanterne*, that giues light to the businesse.

C O K. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad <to> drinke with the young company ; which is the Tiring-house ?

Leather-head  
whispers  
to  
Littl(e)-  
wit.

L A N. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon vs ; you cannot goe vpright in't.

60

C O K. No ? not now my hat is off ? what would you haue done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day ? Ha'you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now ; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they haue at other houses ? let me see 65 some o' your *Actors*.

I O H. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

I v s. I, the fauouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman ; a pernicious 70 enormity.

C O K. What, doe they liue in baskets ?

He brings  
them out  
in a  
basket.

L E A. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o' the small *Players*.

C O K. These be *Players minors*, indeed. Doe you call 75 these *Players* ?

L A N. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb shoues : indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all !

C O K. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I thinke, one 80 *Taylor*, would goe neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

I O H. I, and eate 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

C O K. I thanke you for that, Master *Littlewit*, a good iest ! 85 which is your *Burbage* now ?

v. iii. 54 businesse.] businesse, F 56 to W  
68 Exit Leatherhead. add G 71 Aside. add G  
basket.] Re-enter Leatherhead with a basket. G

67 IOH.] ION. F  
s.d. He . . .

L A N. What meane you by that, Sir ?

C o k. Your best *Actor*. Your *Field* ?

I o h. Good ifaith ! you are euen with me, Sir.

90 L A N. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is  
extreamly belou'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his  
action, the green gamesters, that come here, and this is  
louely *Hero* ; this with the beard, *Damon* ; and this pretty  
*Pythias* : this is the ghost of King *Dionysius* in the habit of  
95 a scriuener : as you shall see anone, at large.

C o k. Well, they are a ciuill company, I like 'hem for  
that ; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as  
the great *Players* doe : And then, there goes not so much  
charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as  
100 to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they vse to  
play perfect ? Are they neuer fluster'd ?

L A N. No, Sir. I thanke my industry, and policy for it ;  
they are as well gouern'd a company, though I say it—  
And heere is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his  
105 inches ; and shakes his head like an hostler.

C o k. But doe you play it according to the printed  
booke ? I haue read that.

L A N. By no meanes, Sir.

C o k. No ? How then ?

110 L A N. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poet-  
icall for our audience ; what doe they know what *Helles-  
pont* is ? Guilty of true loues blood ? or what *Abidos* is ?  
or the other *Sestos* hight ?

C o k. Th'art i' the right, I do not know my selfe.

115 L A N. No, I haue entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a  
little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our  
people.

C o k. How, I pray thee, good M<sup>r</sup>. *Littlewit* ?

I o h. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But  
120 there is no such matter, I assure you : I haue onely made it

v. iii. 96 Well,] Well F  
heere] — And here Re  
114 do] doe Re  
matter,] matter F

120 Sir.] Sir, Re  
113 other] other, G  
118 M<sup>r</sup>. Littlewit] M<sup>r</sup> Littlewit. Re

103-4 — And  
hight] height Re  
120

a little easie, and *moderne* for the times, Sir, that's all ; As, for the *Hellespont* I imagine our *Thames* here ; and then *Leander*, I make a Diers sonne, about *Puddle-wharfe* : and *Hero* a wench o' the *Banke-side*, who going ouer one morning, to old fish-street ; *Leander* spies her land at *Trigsstayers*, and <sup>125</sup> falls in loue with her : Now do I introduce *Cupid*, hauing *Metamorphos'd* himselfe into a Drawer, and hee strikes *Hero* in loue with a pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty passages there are, o' the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of iudgement. <sup>130</sup>

C o k. I'll be sworne they shall ; I am in loue with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allyed to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) *Hero* shall be my fayring : But, which of my fayrings ? (Le'me see) i'faith, my *fiddle* ! and *Leander* my *fiddle-sticke* : Then *Damon*, my <sup>135</sup> *drum* ; and *Pythias*, my *Pipe*, and the ghost of *Dionysius*, my *hobby-horse*. All fitted.

## ACT V. SCENE IV.

To them WIN-WIFE. GRACE. KNOCKHVM.

WHITT. EDGORTH. WIN. *Mistris*

OVERDOO. And to them WASPE.

Looke yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his play-fellowes ; I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

G R A. Let him alone, he is so busie, he will neuer spie vs.

L E A. Nay, good Sir.

C o k. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow ; what <sup>Cokes is</sup> dost think me vnciuill ? I pray thee be not iealous : I am <sup>handling</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Puppets.</sup> toward a wife.

I o h. Well, good Master *Lanterne*, make ready to begin,

v. iii. 124 go- | ing F originally : go | ing Re 125 *Trigsstayers*  
*Trigsstayers* Re : *Trigs-Stairs* F3 : *Trigs-stairs* G 127 hee] he Re  
130 iudgement] Iudgement Re 132 I'll be allyed] Ile be allyed  
Re 136 drum] Drum Re *Pipe,*] *Pipe* F v. iv. Enter Win-  
wife and Gracs. G, continuing the scene 9 Well.] Well F

10 that I may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you vndoe me else, i' my reputation.

L A N. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an expectation of it, among your friends : that's the onely hurter of these things.

15 I O H. No, no, no.

C O K. I'll stay here, and see ; pray thee let me see.

W I N - w. How diligent and troublesome he is !

G R A. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

I v s. My ward, Mistresse *Grace* in the company of a  
20 stranger ? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discouer my selfe, before my time !

*The  
doore-  
keepers  
speake.*

F I L. Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

K N O. Shall we haue fine fire-works, and good vapours ?

S H A. Yes Capitaine, and water-works, too.

25 W H I. I pree dee, take a care o' dy shmall Lady, there, *Edgworth*; I will looke to dish tall Lady my selfe.

L A N. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

W H I. Predee, Mashter o' de *Monshtersh*, helpe a very sicke Lady, here, to a chayre, to shit in.

30 L A N. Presently, Sir.

*They  
bring  
Mistris  
Ouerdoo  
a chayre.*

W H I. Good fait now, *Vrsla's Ale*, and *Aqua-vitæ* ish to blame for't ; shit downe, shweet heart, shit downe, and shleep a little.

E D G. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

35 K N O. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

*By  
Edge-  
worth.*

I v s. Here is my care come ! I like to see him in so good company ; and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion, should resort hither !

*The  
Cut-purse  
courts  
Mistresse  
Littlewit.*

E D G. This is a very priuate house, *Madame*.

L A N. Will it please your Ladship sit, *Madame* ?

W I N. Yes good-man. They doe so all-to-be-*Madame* mee, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady !

v. iv. 15 *Exit.* add G 21 [*Aside.*] add G After 21 *Enter Knockem, Edgworth, and Mrs. Littlewit, followed by Whit supporting Mrs. Overdo, masked.* G 23 vapours?] vapours! F 32 downe, shweet] doune shweet F 34 EDG.] Edg. [*To Mrs. Littlewit.*] G 41 all-to-be-*Madame*] all to be *Madame* F

EDG. What else *Madame*?

WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?

EDG. O, by no meanes.

45

WIN. How should my husband know mee, then?

KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.

IVS. Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

50

WHI. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, shweet heart; if dou hasht a minde to 'hem, giue me twelue pence from tee, and dou shalt haue eder-oder on 'hem!

IVS. I? This will prooue my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

55

EDG. Is not this a finer life, *Lady*, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name o' the *Motion*?

EDG. By and by *Madame*, they stay but for company.

60

KNO. Doe you heare, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

LAN. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

WIN. That's I, that's I.

65

EDG. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poore thing.

KNO. Hang the *Authors* wife, a running vapour! here be *Ladies*, will stay for nere a *Delia* o' 'hem all.

WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o' de *Ladish*, a 70 shleep, stay till shee but vake, man.

WAS. How now, friends? what's heere to doe?

*The  
doore-  
keepers  
againe*

FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fayre*.

WAS. I beleeeue you lye; if you doc, I'll haue my money againe, and beat you.

v. iv. 49 After 'this' [*Aside.*] G 52 hasht] ha sht F 'hem,  
'hem F 55 *Aside.* add G 56 EDG.] EDG. F 69 o' 'hem]  
o'hem F 71 vake,] vake F After 71 Enter *Waspe*. G 72  
now,] now F

WIN(-w.). *Numps* is come!

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of *Harrow* o' the *Hill*; Master *Bartholmew*  
80 *Cokes*?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the *Eagle*, and the blacke *Wolfe*, and the *Bull* with the  
85 five legges, and two pizzles; (hee was a Calfe at *Vxbridge* *Fayre*, two yeeres agone) And at the *dogges* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o' the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it haue him.

90 COK. Come, come, are you ready now?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose; doe you heare, Sir? are you imploy'd? that you are bare-headed, and so busie?

95 COK. Hold your peace, *Numpes*; you ha' beene i' the Stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my *Authority* is out; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must  
100 want fault in himselfe.

WIN-w. Sententious *Numps*! I neuer heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come; please you take your place, Sir, wee'll beginne.

105 COK. I pray thee doe, mine eares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O *Numps*, i' the Stocks, *Numps*? where's your sword, *Numps*?

WAS. I pray you intend your game, Sir, let me alone.

COK. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit downe,

v. iv. 77 WIN-w. Editor: WIN. F 90 ready] readie Re 93  
bare-headed Re: bare headed F originally 96 Stocks] stocks Re  
100 in himselfe] himselfe Re 101 *Numps*] *Numpes* Re 106  
my] mine G O *Numps* . . . Stocks] O *Numpes* . . . stocks Re 108  
pray you . . . me] pray . . . mee Re 109 Well then,] Well, then Re

*Numps* ; I'le interpret to thee : did you see *Mistresse Grace*? 110  
it's no matter, neither, now I thinke on't, tell mee anon.

WIN - W. A great deale of loue, and care, he expresses.

GRA. Alas ! would you haue him to expresse more then  
hee has ? that were tyranny.

COK. Peace, ho ; now, now. 115

LAN. *Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,*  
*Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander,*  
*With a great deale of cloth, lap'd about him like a Scarfe,*  
*For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe,*  
*Which place wee'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,* 120  
*As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd vs.*  
*Now, as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,*  
*Who chanches to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler ;*  
*And seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,*  
*Cast at him, from the boat, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe.* 125  
*Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe ;*  
*By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.*

PVP. L. *Cole, Cole, old Cole.*

LAN. *That is the Scullers ndme without controle.*

PVP. L. *Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.* 130

LAN. We doe heare you.

PVP. L. *Old Cole.*

LAN. *Old cole? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you sell?*

PVP. L. *A pox o' your maners, kisse my hole here, and*  
*smell.* 135

LAN. *Kisse your hole, and smell ? there's manners indeed.*

PVP. L. *Why, Cole, I say, Cole.*

LAN. *It's the Sculler you need !*

PVP. L. *I, and be hang'd.*

v. iv. 111 neither, now . . . nee] neirher, now, . . . me Re 112  
WIN-w. . . care, he] WIN-vv. . . . care hee Re 113 to expresse]  
expresse Re 117 chief] chiefe Re Leander,] Leander F  
118 cloth.] cloth F 120 Which . . . call it] VVhich . . . call Re  
122 he] hee Re 123 to come] to' come Re 125 a halfe] an  
halfe F3 128 PVP. L. Cole] PVP. L. Cole Re (a similar mis-  
spacing in 130, 132, 135, 137) 129 That is . . . controle.] That's  
. . . controle : Re 131 We] Wee Re 133 cole . . . do] Cole . . . doe  
Re 134 your . . . here,] you . . . here Re 136 hole,] hole Re  
137 say,] say Re 138 It's . . . need !] Is't . . . need ? G



- 140 L A N. *Be hang'd ; looke you yonder,*  
*Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.*  
 P V P. C. *Where is he ?*  
 P V P. L. *Here, Cole, what fayerest of Fayers,*  
*Was that fare, that thou landedst but now a<t> Trigsstayres ?*
- 145 C O K. *What was that, fellow ? Pray thee tell me, I*  
*scarce vnderstand 'hem.*  
 L A N. *Leander do's aske, Sir, what fayrest of Fayers,*  
*Was the fare th<at> he landed, but now, at Trigsstayres ?*  
 P V P. C. *It is louely Hero.*
- 150 P V P. L. *Nero ?*  
 P V P. C. *No, Hero.*  
 L A N. *It is Hero,*  
*Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,*  
*Is come ouer into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.*
- 155 *Leander sayes no more, but as fast as he can,*  
*Gets on all his best cloathes ; and will after to the Swan.*  
 C O K. *Most admirable good, is't not ?*  
 L A N. *Stay, Sculler.*  
 P V P. C. *What say you ?*
- 160 L A N. *You must stay for Leander,*  
*And carry him to the wench.*  
 P V P. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pandar.*  
 C O K. *He sayes he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine language ;*  
*I vnderstand it, now.*
- 165 L A N. *Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole ? heer's no man*  
*sayes you are,*  
*You'll grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.*  
 P V P. C. *Will hee come away ?*  
 L A N. *What doe you say ?*
- 170 P V P. C. *I'de ha'him come away.*  
 L E A. *Would you ha' Leander come away ? why 'pray,*  
*Sir, stay.*

v. iv. 144 Was] was F 148 that he Editor: thhe F: he G 152  
 is Hero.] is Hero. F 153 truth without] truthwith out F 158 Stay]  
 Stay F 161 And] and F 165 man sayes] mansayes F 171  
 'pray.] 'pray' F

*You are angry, Goodman Cole ; I beleue the faire Mayd  
Came ouer w<i>' you a' trust : tell vs Sculler, are you paid ?*

P V P. C. *Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch.* 175

L A N. *How, Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch ?*

P V P. C. *I Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch. Take you that.*

L A N. *O, my head !*

P V P. C. *Harme watch, harme catch.*

C O K. *Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes : very good  
i' faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sirrah.*

L A N. *Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.*

P V P. L. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

L A N. *You are knauishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where  
you goe.* 185

P V P. C. *Knaue i' your face, Goodman Rogue.*

P V P. L. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

C O K. *Hee said knaue i' your face, friend.*

L A N. *I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these  
watermen, they will ha' the last word.* 190

C O K. *God's my life ! I am not allied to the Sculler,  
yet ; hee shall be Dauphin my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke  
do's fiddle in and out too much ; I pray thee speake to him,  
on't : tell him, I would haue him tarry in my sight, more.*

L A N. *I pray you be content ; you'll haue enough on 195  
him, Sir.*

*Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,  
but that you have heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid.*

*Who out of kindnes to Leander, hearing he but saw her,  
this present day and houre, doth turne himselve to a Drawer.* 200

*And because, he would haue their first meeting to be merry,  
he strikes Hero in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry.*

*Which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her,  
who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth venter.*

P V P. *Io : A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i' the* P V P.  
Conney. Leander  
goes into  
Mistris  
Hero's  
room.

v. iv. 174 *paid ?] paid.* F 176 L A N.] L A V : F St. dir. *pate.]*  
*pate* F 188 *said knave] said, Knave* F 3 190 *word.] word* F  
195 *pray] Pray* F 205, 208 P V P. *Io :] Jonas.* G

C O K. Sack ? you said but ee'n now it should be *Sherry*.

P V P. Io : *Why so it is ; sherry, sherry, sherry.*

C O K. *Sherry, sherry, sherry.* By my troth he makes me  
210 merry. I must haue a name for *Cupid*, too. Let me see,  
thou mightst helpe me now, an' thou wouldest, *Numps*, at  
a dead lift, but thou art dreaming o' the stocks, still ! Do  
not thinke on't, I haue forgot it : 'tis but a nine dayes  
wonder, man ; let it not trouble thee.

215 W A S. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir ;  
condition I hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were  
off from you, with all my heart.

C O K. Well said, resolute *Numps* : but hearke you friend,  
where is the friendship, all this while, betweene my Drum,  
220 *Damon* ; and my Pipe, *Pythias* ?

L A N. You shall see by and by, Sir.

C O K. You thinke my Hobby-horse is forgotten, too ; no,  
I'll see 'hem all enact before I go ; I shall not know which to  
loue best, else.

225 K N O. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, trouble-  
some vapours, *Whitt*, puffe with him.

W H I T. No, I pre dee, Captaine, let him alone. Hee is  
a Child i'faith, la'.

L A N. *Now gentles, to the freinds, who in number, are two,*  
230 *and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero do's doe.*

*Damon (for some kindnesse done him the last weeke)*

*is come faire Hero, in Fish-streete, this morning to seeke :*  
*Pythias do's smell the knauery of the meeting,*  
*and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.*

235 P V P. Pi. *You whore-masterly Slaue, you.*

C O K. Whore-masterly slaue, you ? very friendly, &  
familiar, that.

P V P. Da. *Whore-master i' thy face,*  
*Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I'll proue't i' this place.*

240 C O K. *Damon* sayes *Pythias* has lien with her, himselfe,  
hee'll proue't in this place.

- L A N. *They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plaine case.*
- P V P. Pi. *You lye, like a Rogue.*
- L A N. *Doe I ly, like a Rogue ?* 245
- P V P. Pi. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe.*
- L A N. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe ?*
- I say between you, you haue both but one Drabbe.
- P V P. Da. *You lye againe.*
- L A N. *Doe I lye againe ?* 250
- P V P. Da. *Like a Rogue againe.*
- L A N. *Like a Rogue againe ?*
- P V P. Pi. *And you are a Pimpe, againe.*
- C O K. And you are a Pimpe againe, he sayes.
- P V P. Da. *And a Scabbe, againe.* 255
- C O K. And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.
- L A N. *And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe, They fight.*
- And you haue both but one Drabbe againe.
- P V P. Da. Pi. *Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou ?*
- <L> A N. *What, both at once ?* 260
- P V P. P. *Downe with him, Damon.*
- P V P. D. *Pinke his guts, Pythias.*
- L A N. *What, so malicious ?*
- Will ye murder me, Masters both, i' mine owne house ?
- C O K. Ho ! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, 265  
well acted still.
- W A S. Well acted, with all my heart.
- L A N. *H< o>ld, hold your hands.*
- C O K. I, both your hands, for my sake ! for you ha' both  
done well. 270
- P V P. D. *Gramercy, pure Pythias.*
- P V P. P. *Gramercy, deare Damon.*
- C O K. Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.
- P V P. P.D. *Come now, wee'll together to breakfast to Hero.*

v. iv. 246 and a] anda F 258 And] and F haue both] haueboth F  
 261 Damon.] Damon F 262 Pythias.] Pythias: F 263 What, so]  
 What, so F 264 Will] will F 268 hands.] hands F 269 for] for. F  
 270 done well] donewell F 271 Gramercy, pure] Gramerc ypure F  
 272 deare] Deare F 274 now.] now F

- 275 L A N. 'Tis well, you can now go to breakfast to Hero,  
*You haue giuen m<e> my breakfast, with a hone and honero.*  
 C o k. How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?  
 L A N. O no!  
 Betweene you and I Sir, we doe but make show.
- 280 *Thus Gentles you perceiue, without any deniall,*  
*'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.*  
*Though hourely they quarrell thus, and roare each with other,*  
*they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.*  
*But friendly together, at the next man they meet,*
- 285 *they let fly their anger, as here you might see't.*  
 C o k. Well, we haue seen't, and thou hast felt it, what-  
 soeuer thou sayest, what's next? what's next?  
 L A N. *This while young Leander, with faire Hero is*  
*drinking,*
- 290 *and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking!*  
*Yet was it not three pints of Sherry could flaw her,*  
*till Cupid distinguish'd like Ionas the Drawer,*  
*From vnder his apron, where his lechery lurkes,*  
*put loue in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes.*
- 295 P v p. H. O Leander, Leander, my deare, my deare  
 Leander,  
*I'le for euer be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.*  
 C o k. Excellently well said, *Fiddle*, shee'll euer be his  
 goose, so hee'll be her gander: was't not so?
- 300 L A N. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now.  
 P v p. L. *And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,*  
*I'll swimme o're the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.*  
 C o k. Braue! he will swimme o're the *Thames*, and tread  
 his goose, to[o] night, he sayes.
- 305 L A N. I, peace, Sir, the<y>'ll be angry, if they heare you  
 eaues-dropping, now they are setting their match.  
 P v p. L. *But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my*  
*deare friend,*

v. iv. 276 You] you F    me my] mmy F    285 anger,] anger F  
 288 LAN.] LEA. F    291 her,] her. F    295 H.] H. F (so 310, 334,  
 336, 339, 343) O Leander,] O Leander F    deare, my] deare my F    305  
 they'll F3    307 L.] L. F (so 312, 349, 351)

*let thy window be provided of a candles end.*

P V P. H. *Feare not, my gander, I protest, I should handle* 310  
*my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.*

P V P. L. *Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boote.*

L A N. *Now, heere come the friends againe, Pythias, and* Damon  
Damon, *and under their clokes, they haue of Bacon, a gammon.* Pythias  
enter.

P V P. P. *Drawer, fill some wine heere.*

L A N. *How, some wine there ?*  
*there's company already, Sir, pray forbear !*

P V P. D. *'Tis Hero.*

L A N. *Yes, but shee will not be taken,* 320  
*after sacke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.*

P V P. P. *You lye, it's Westfabian.*

L A N. *Westphalian you should say.*

P V P. D. *If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe,*  
*I would say.* Leander  
and  
Hero are  
kissing.  
P V P. <P.> *What's here ? what's here ? kisse, kisse, vpon*  
*kisse.*

L A N. *I, wherefore should they not ? what harme is in this ?*  
*'tis Mistresse Hero.*

P V P. D. *Mistresse Hero's a whore.* 330

L A N. *Is shee a whore ? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out*  
*of dore.*

P V P. D. *Knaue out of doore ?*

P V P. H. *Yes, Knaue, out of doore.*

P V P. D. *Whore out of doore.*

P V P. H. *I say, Knaue, out of doore.*

P V P. D. *I say, whore, out of doore.*

P V P. P. *Yea, so say I too.*

P V P. H. *Kisse the whore o' the arse.*

L A N. *Now you ha' something to doe :* 340  
*you must kisse her o' the arse, shee sayes.*

P V P. D. P. *So we will, so we will.*

*Heere the  
Puppets  
quarrell  
and fall  
together  
by the  
eares.*

v. iv. 310 not.] not F 313 and] and F 316 P.] P. F (322, 338,  
342) 319 D.] D. F (so 324, 330, 332, 334, 336, 342, 350, 368)  
320 not be] not to be G 322 P.] P F 327 PVP. P. om. G 328  
wherefore] Wherefore F 341 arse.] arse F 342 They kick her. add G

P V P. H. *O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.*

L A N. *Stand'st thou still ?*

- 345 Leander, *where art thou ? stand'st thou still like a sot,  
and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot ?  
See who's at thine elbow, there ! Puppet Ionas and Cupid.*

*They  
fight.*

P V P. I. *Vpon 'hem Leander, be not so stupid.*

P V P. L. *You Goat-bearded slaue !*

- 350 P V P. D. *You whore-master Knaue.*

P V P. L. *Thou art a whore-master.*

P V P. I. *Whore-masters all.*

L A N. *See, Cupid with a word has tane vp the brawle.*

K N O. *These be fine vapours !*

- 355 C O K. *By this good day they fight brauely ! doe they  
not, Numps ?*

W A S. *Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all  
this while.*

- L A N. *This tragicall encounter, falling out thus to busie vs,  
360 It raises vp the ghost of their friend Dionysius :*

*Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,  
In a Scriueners furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole.  
For therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warme.*

*O Damon, he cries, and Pythias ; what harme,*

- 365 *Hath poore Dionysius done you in his graue,  
That after his death, you should fall out thus, and raue,  
And call amorous Leander whore-master Knaue ?*

P V P. D. *I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.*

v. iv. 352 I.] I. F  
Damon,] Damon F

362 In] in F  
368 I will] Iwill F

363 For] for F  
you,] you F

364

## ACT V. SCENE V.

To them B v s y.

B V S. Downe with *Dagon*, downe with *Dagon*; 'tis I, will no longer endure your prophanations.

L A N. What meane you, Sir?

B v s. I wil remoue *Dagon* there, I say, that *Idoll*, that heathenish *Idoll*, that remaines ( as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a beame of the *Sunne*, nor a beame of the *Moone*, nor a beame of a ballance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an exceeding great beame; such as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and *Morris-dancers*, who haue walked hand in hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cause*; and beene borne out by instruments, of no meane countenance.

L A N. Sir, I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority. 15

B v s. Thou art all *license*, euen *licentiousnesse* it selfe, *Shimei*!

L A N. I haue the Master of the *Renell's* hand for't, Sir.

B v s. The Master of <the> *Rebells* hand, thou hast; *Satan's*! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut vp thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I haue long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I haue gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy destruction: but cannot compasse it by sute, or dispute; so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell. 25

K N O. Good *Banbury-vapours*.

C o κ. Friend, you'ld haue an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o' the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cuffes for him. *Numps*, will not you take our side? 30

v. v.] *Rabbi Busy rushes in.* G, who continues the scene I tis  
I, will] 'tis I, I will G 16 Bvs.] BAS. F. 18 hand] haud F  
19 the G 20 scurrility.] scurrility F 25 that] thar F 29  
him. F3: him, F



E D G. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation ! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality ?

L A N. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these con-  
35 trouersies, betweene the hypocrites and vs. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet D*(i)onisius shall vndertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

C O K. Who ? my Hobby-horse ? will he dispute with him ?

40 L A N. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

C O K. That's excellent ! indeed he lookes like the best scholler of 'hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

B v s. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts  
45 knowne ! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

W I N - W. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this ! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his ? to call his zeale to fill him against a *Puppet* ?

50 Q v A. I know no fitter match, then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite !

B v s. First, I say vnto thee, Idoll, thou hast no *Calling*.

P v P. D. *You lie, I am call'd* Dionisius.

L A N. The *Motion* sayes you lie, he is call'd *Dionisius* i'  
55 the matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

B v s. I meane no *vocation*, *Idoll*, no present lawfull *Calling*.

P v P. D. *Is yours a lawfull Calling ?*

L A N. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawfull *Calling* ?

60 B v s. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

P v P. D. *Then* Idoll is a lawfull *Calling*.

L A N. He saies, then *Idoll* is a lawfull *Calling* ! for you call'd him *Idoll*, and your *Calling* is of the spirit.

C O K. Well disputed, Hobby-horse !

65 B v s. Take not part with the wicked, young Gallant.

He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idoll* againe. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idoll*.

P v P. D. *It is not prophane !*

L A N. It is not prophane, he sayes.

70

B v s. It is prophane.

P v P. *It is not prophane.*

B v s. It is prophane.

P v P. *It is not prophane.*

L A N. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot 75  
beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

B v s. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creeke like the chariot wheelles of *Satan* ; I am zealous for the *Cause*——

L A N. As a dog for a bone.

80

B v s. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *vanity*.

P v P. D. *Yea ? what say you to your Tire-women, then ?*

L A N. Good.

P v P. *Or feather-makers i' the Fryers, that are o' your 85  
faction of faith ? Are not they with their perrukes, and their  
puffes, their fannes, and their huffes, as much Pages of Pride,  
and waiters vpon vanity ? what say you ? what say you ?  
what say you ?*

B v s. I will not answer for them.

90

P v P. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a  
Bugle-maker a lawfull Calling ? or the Confect-makers ?  
such you haue there : or your French Fashioner ? you'd haue  
all the sinne within your selues, would you not ? would you  
not ?*

95

B v s. No, *Dagon*.

P v P. *What then, Dagonet ? is a Puppet worse then these ?*

B v s. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an *abomination* : for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male*. 100

P v P. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.*

C O K. Good, by my troth, he has giuen him the lye thrice.

P V P. *It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we haue neyther Male*  
 105 *nor Female amongst vs. And that thou may'st see, if thou*  
*will, like a malicious purblinde zeale as thou art!*

*The  
Puppet  
takes vp  
his  
garment.*

E D G. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend;  
by playne demonstration.

P V P. *Nay, I'le proue, against ere a Rabbin of 'hem all,*  
 110 *that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspira-*  
*tion, as well as he; that I haue as little to doe with learning as*  
*he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.*

B V S. I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

P V P. *Then be conuerted, be conuerted.*

115 L A N. Be conuerted, I pray you, and let the Play goe on!

B V S. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become  
a beholder with you!

C O K. That's braue i' faith, thou hast carryed it away,  
Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

*The  
Iustice  
discouers  
himselfe.*

I V S. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Ouerdoo!* sit still, I  
charge you.

C O K. What, my Brother i'law!

G R A. My wise Guardian!

E D G. *Iustice Ouerdoo!*

125 I V S. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and  
brand it; for, I haue discouer'd enough.

## ACT V. SCENE VI.

*To them, Q V A R L O V S (like the Mad-man.) P V R E -*  
*C R A F T (a while after.) I O H N. to them T R O V -*  
*B L E - A L L. V R S L A. N I G H T I < N > G A L E.*

Q V A R. Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must doe as  
I doe, now. You must be mad with mee, in truth.  
I haue heere *Iustice Ouerdoo* for it.

v. v. 113 Bvs.] Bvs, F      114 PVP.] Pvs. F      120 I Adam]  
 I am Adam F3      v. vi.] *Enter Quarulous in Troubleall's clothes, as*  
*before, and Dame Purecraft. G, continuing the scene*      Q V A R L O V S]  
 Q V A R L O V S. F      *Mad-man.] Mad-man F*      P V R E - C R A F T] P V R E -  
 C R A F T. F      *after.] after F*

I v s. Peace good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too; you also, young man, shall be my care, stand there.

*To the  
Culpruse,  
and  
Mistresse  
Lit(tle)-  
wit.*

E D G. Now, mercy vpon mee.

K N O. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for feare o' the Cage.

*The rest  
are steal-  
ing away.*

I v s. Stay, is not my name your terror?

W H I. Yesh faith man, and it ish for tat, we would be gone, man.

I O H. O Gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I ha' lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*, I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare shee's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*?

I v s. If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, stand by her, *Et digito compesce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a wife for you, anone. Brother *Bartholmew*, I am sadly sorry, to see you so lightly giuen, and such a *Disciple* of enormity: with your graue Gouvernour *Humphrey*: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. *Mistresse Grace*, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

W I N - W. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

I v s. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

W I N - W. *Winwife*, Sir.

30

I v s. Master *Winwife*? I hope you haue won no wife of her, Sir. If you haue, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leasure. Now, to my enormities: looke vpon mee, O *London*! and see mee, O *Smithfield*; The *example of Iustice*, and *Mirror of Magistrates*: the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken vnto my labours, and but obserue my *discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*; *Magellan*; or our

v. vi. 6 too;] too, F man,] man F  
for] fot F 13 gone,] gone F

12 Enter *Littlewit*. add G

To Busy,  
To Lan-  
tern,  
To the  
horse  
courser,  
and  
Culpurse.  
Then  
Cap.  
Whit,  
and  
Mistresse  
Littlewit.  
Enter  
Trouble-  
all.

countrey man *Drake* of later times : stand forth, you weedes of enormity, and spread. First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *super-lunaticall* hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of *Puppetry*, little better then *Poetry* : then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth ; witnesse this easie and honest young man : now thou *Esquire* of Dames, *Madams*, and twelue-penny *Ladies* : now my greene *Madame* her selfe, of the price. Let mee vnmasque your *Ladiship*.

I o H. O my wife, my wife, my wife !

I v s. Is she your wife ? *Redde te Harpocratem !*

T r o. By your leaue, stand by, my Masters, be vncover'd.

V r s. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, *Nightingale* ; my pan, my panne.

I v s. What's the matter ?

N i g. Hee has stolne gammar *Vrsla's* panne.

T r o. Yes, and I feare no man but *Iustice Ouerdoo*.

To Vrsla,  
and  
Nightingale.  
I v s. *Vrsla* ? where is she ? O the Sow of enormity, this ! welcome, stand you there, you, Songster, there.

V r s. An' please your worship, I am in no fault : A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat ; and hee ranne away with my goods, 60 here, for it.

To Quarious.  
I v s. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity !

Q v a. You are i' the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

65 I v s. Stand you there.

Q v a. Where you please, Sir.

Mistresse Ouerdoo is sicke : and her husband is silenc'd.  
O v e r. O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke ; where's M<sup>r</sup>. *Ouerdoo* ? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

I v s. How ?

W h i. Dy very owne wife, i' fait, worshipfull *Adam*.

O v e r. Will not my *Adam* come at mee ? shall I see him no more then ?

v. vi. 39 forth,] forth F 46 Discovers Mrs. Lit. add G 48  
stage dir. Enter Troubleall with a dripping-pan, followed by Ursula and  
Nightingale. G 49 by,] by F 56 you,] you F 57 An']  
An't G 67 OVER.] OVER F: Mrs. Over. [waking.] G

Q v A. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity ? are you opprest with it ? I'll helpe you : harke you Sir, i' your eare, your *Innocent young man*, you haue tane such 75 care of, all this day, is a *Cutpurse* ; that hath got all your brother *Cokes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks ; if you haue a minde to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* wit, you may : but I should think it were better, recouering the goods, and to saue your 80 estimation in him. I thank you S<sup>r</sup>. for the gift of your *Ward*, M<sup>rs</sup>. *Grace* : look you, here is your hand & seale, by the way. M<sup>r</sup>. *Win-wife*, giue you ioy, you are *Palemon*, you are possesst o' the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there's thy 85 gowne, and cap againe ; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, *To the* I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still ; neuer feare *widow*. me : And carefull *Numps*, where's he ? I thanke him for my licence.

W A S. How !

Q v A. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

W A S. I'll be hang'd then.

Waspe  
misseth  
the  
Licence.

Q v A. Lo(o)ke i' your boxe, *Numps*, nay, Sir, stand not you fixt here, like a stake in *Finsbury* to be shot at, or the whipping post i' the *Fayre*, but get your wife out o' the ayre, 95 it wil make her worse else ; and remember you are but *Adam*, Flesh, and blood ! you haue your frailty, forget your other name of *Ouerdoo*, and inuite vs all to supper. There you and I will compare our *discoveries* ; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home. 100

C o K. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it ? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks : why dost not speake ?

W A S. I will neuer speak while I liue, againe, for ought I know.

I v s. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so 105 too ; this pleasant conceited Gentlemen hath wrought vpon my iudgement, and preuail'd : I pray you take care of your sicke friend, Mistresse *Alice*, and my good friends all——

Q v A. And no enormities.

110 I v s. I inuite you home, with mee to my house, to supper : I will haue none feare to go along, for my intents are *Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem ; Ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum* : so lead on.

C o κ. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, wee'll ha' the rest  
115 o' the *Play* at home.

*The end.*

v. vi. 115 *Exeunt.* add G

## The EPILOGUE.

YOUR Maiesty hath seene the Play, and you  
 can best allow it from your eare, and view.  
 You know the scope of Writers, and what store  
 of leaue is giuen them, if they take not more,  
 And turne it into licence : you can tell 5  
 if we have vs'd that leaue you gaue vs, well :  
 Or whether wee to rage, or licence breake,  
 or be prophane, or make prophane men speake ?  
 This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not  
 the enuy of a few. Which if wee haue got, 10  
 Wee value lesse what their dislike can bring,  
 if it so happy be, t' haue pleas'd the King.

3 store] store, F





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**THE DEVIL IS AN ASS**

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## THE TEXT

Together with *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Staple of News* the comedy of *The Devil is an Ass* was printed by John Beale for Robert Allot in 1631. The collation is continuous with that of *Bartholomew Fair*, and we know that Jonson, on sending presentation copies of these two plays to the Earl of Newcastle in that year, complained that he could not accompany them with a copy of *The Staple of News*.<sup>1</sup> Yet *The Devil is an Ass* usually appears as the last of the group, and it is numbered third on the general title-page which Richard Meighen prefixed to copies of the 1640 Folio, calling these three plays 'The Second Volume' of Jonson's 'Workes'. It looks as if the printer of this title-page made a mistake and forced a wrong order on the binder.

The play was not entered by Allot on the Stationers' Register. Nor was it mentioned in 1637 when, on 1 July, his widow Mary transferred the copyright of *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Staple of News*, and fifty-nine other books to John Leggatt and Andrew Crooke.<sup>2</sup> The omission is difficult to explain, for Allot had the copyright and there is no record of an earlier transfer. Probably it was an oversight, but the failure to make a proper entry led to complications.

The first entry of the play on the Stationers' Register was made by Thomas Walkley on 17 September 1658, when he included it in what he called 'the third volume' of Jonson's *Works*, i.e. all writings of Jonson printed later than 1631—the masques, the latest plays, the *Underwoods*, the translation of the *Ars Poetica*, and the prose works<sup>3</sup>—all which, when bound up with the three plays of 1631, make up the second volume of the 1640 Folio. As Meighen printed a title-page to the 1640 issue of the three plays, he probably had come to terms with Crooke, but Walkley omitted to register any of the rest of the volume, and John Benson and Crooke anticipated him in portions of it—the Poems, the

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i, p. 211.

<sup>2</sup> Arber, *Transcript*, iv, 387-8.

<sup>3</sup> Eyre and Rivington, *Transcript*, vol. ii, p. 196.

*Ars Poetica*, the *Masque of Gypsies*, and the four succeeding masques—in 1639 and 1640.<sup>1</sup> This led to a law-suit in the Court of Chancery in January 1641,<sup>2</sup> in which Walkley probably made good his claim to the works 'not before printed'. In 1648 he made a final appeal to the House of Lords, complaining that he still could not get a licence.<sup>3</sup> The belated entry on the Register in September 1658 finally established his rights, and he promptly transferred them to Humphrey Moseley on 20 November, including *The Devil is an Ass*, but not the two companion plays, in the entry and the transfer.<sup>4</sup> The two transactions are evidently connected; Walkley had to ensure his rights before he could transfer them.

But this is not the complete history of this tangled business. Professor S. G. Dunn found a copy of the 1640 Folio with a manuscript note in a seventeenth-century hand written in the margin below the epilogue of *The Devil is an Ass*: 'June 6, 1640. Let this be entered for Andrew Crooke but not printed till I give further directions. John Hansley.'<sup>5</sup> John Hansley was an official licenser of books who was chaplain to the Bishop of London and rector of St. Christopher-le-Stock from 1640 to 1643.<sup>6</sup> His name frequently occurs in the Stationers' Register from 1639 to 1643. He read *The Devil is an Ass* twenty-four years after it had been acted and nine years after it had been printed under the impression that it was new. Evidently he had some doubt about Crooke's right to the play.

The collation of the 1631 text of *The Devil is an Ass* follows on that of *Bartholomew Fair*, which ended on signature

<sup>1</sup> Arber, *Transcript*, iv. 487, 493, 498, 503.

<sup>2</sup> See Frank Marcham, 'Thomas Walkley and the Ben Jonson "Works" of 1640', in *The Library*, fourth series, vol. xi, pp. 225-9, with a supplementary note by Dr. Greg, *ibid.*, pp. 461-5.

<sup>3</sup> House of Lords MS., 20 December 1648. See Mr. A. G. Chester's letter to *The Times Literary Supplement*, March 1935.

<sup>4</sup> Eyre and Rivington, *Transcript*, vol. ii, p. 206.

<sup>5</sup> See Professor Dunn's letter on 'A Jonson Copyright' in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 28 July 1921.

<sup>6</sup> Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, vol. ii, p. 300.

M4 verso, page 88. Omitting two numbers in the pagination, it begins on signature N, page 91. The play is a folio in fours, signed N to Y. The collation is in detail : N 1, the title-page, with the verso blank ; N 2 recto, ' the Persons of the Play ' ; N 2 verso, ' The Prologue ' ; N 3 and 4, O 1-Y 4, the text of the play, ending on Y 4 verso with the six-line Epilogue.

For some reason which cannot now be determined, the stock ran out when the three plays printed by Beale were prefixed to the Folio volume of 1640. Either there was a miscalculation in 1631, resulting in a shortage later ; or there was some accident at the printer's, such as a fire. Whatever the cause, the play was reprinted in 1641. The title-page bears the laconic imprint, ' Imprinted at London, 1641 ', but the printer is identified as Thomas Harper by his device, a swan standing on a wreath within a border of intertwined snakes, a man's head below, and the motto ' God is my helper '.<sup>1</sup> The collation is—two leaves of A, B to I in fours, one leaf of K ; in detail this is : A 1, title-page, with the verso blank ; A 2 recto, ' The Persons of the Play ' ; A 2 verso, ' The Prologue ' ; B 1-I 4, K 1, the text of the play, with the Epilogue on K 1 verso. Harper aimed at compression, getting fifty lines on a full page, using lower-case for scene headings and the list of characters in the headings, and marking off the acts with a thin ornamental border instead of the ample headpiece which Beale had employed for that purpose : he saved three leaves on the text.

A peculiarity of this reprint is the two panel-compartments with a picture of the Creator which Harper printed horizontally as head-pieces across the top of signature A 2, ' The Persons of the Play ', and A 2 verso, ' The Prologue '. They are two scenes from the story of the creation in Genesis—God creating the birds and God creating the firmament. They must originally have formed part of a set of seven illustrating the days of creation. The monogram ' I.C.' appears in the first of these. This pair are also found as

<sup>1</sup> McKerrow, *Printers' and Publishers' Devices*, no. 227.

side-pieces for the border of the title-page in Lewis Lavater's *The Booke of Ruth expounded in twenty eight Sermons*, which Robert Waldegrave printed in 1586; and in Robert Southwell's *Marie Magdalens funerall Teares*, which Thomas Snodham printed for William Leake in 1609. Snodham had used the swan-device before it passed to Harper, so probably these panels were part of his stock.

Harper printed extra copies of the 1641 text, over and above the number required to complete the Folio sets. In the first issue of *Cabala, Mysteries of State, in Letters of the Great Ministers of K. James and K. Charles*, published by Mercy Meighen, Gabriell Bedell and Thomas Collins, and 'to be sold at their Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleetstreet' in 1654, there is an advertisement on Aa2-Aa4 of books sold by the firm, including on Aa3 recto '*The Divels an Asse*, a Comedy, acted in the year 1616, by his Majesty's Servants, the Author *Ben. Johnson*: in folio'. Bedell and Collins also advertised it in T. Goffe's *Three Excellent Tragedies*, 1656, and Humphrey Moseley in an advertisement list of 1660.

The Duke of Portland has at Welbeck a copy of the 1640 second volume of the Folio with Meighen's title-page prefixed to the three first plays and the 1641 text of *The Devil is an Ass* with a cancel title-page dated 1669. It has a subtitle, 'The Cheater cheated', and is advertised as 'A Witty Comedy'. The paper is of Geneva make,<sup>1</sup> the water-mark a crown with the letters P G H attached in three successive rings below. No publisher's or printer's name is on the imprint. A separate issue of the play with this new title-page would have suggested that it was put on the market as a remainder, but the Welbeck copy includes it in the complete collection of the 1640 Folio. It is an exceptionally fine copy. This title-page was probably printed by Henry Herringman, to whom Moseley had transferred the copyright in 1667.

Beale's printing of the 1631 text shows the same signs of

<sup>1</sup> Identified by Mr. Strickland Gibson.

hasty and slovenly work as in *Bartholomew Fair*. There are mistakes which a compositor might have put straight even if Beale kept no corrector on his staff: 'fooolish' (I. i. 2), 'buttter' (ib. 14), 'Lad *Maioreesse*' for 'Lady' (ib. 98), 'pretitly' (iv. 42), 'meetingy' for 'meetings' (vi. 9), a duplicated 'haue haue' (ib. 11), 'dealth with' (ib. 182), 'hs' for 'his' (II. ii. 83), 'acquintance' (III. iii. 37), 'ACT. IIIJ. SCEN. EII', 'kindesse' (iv. iv. 125), '*with a a Wanion*' (v. viii. 33); foul case in 'Viccs' for 'Vices' (I. i. 101), 'sincc' (III. iii. 68), *Feoffces* (v. 60), 'seruiee' (iv. v. 9); and such examples of turned letters as '*begiunes*' (I. vi. 74, stage direction) and 'pnt' (II. ii. 48). Much confusion is caused by assigning speeches to the wrong characters—Meere-craft's to Fitton in II. viii. 95, 103; to Everill in III. iv. 55, when Everill is not present; a question of Tailbush's to Wittipol and Wittipol's answer in iv. iv. 75, 76. Or the name of the real speaker is omitted, making nonsense of the text, as in III. vi. 61 and iv. iv. 17, 149, or prefixed to two successive speeches, as in iv. iv. 238, though here possibly a single-line speech has been lost. In the second scene of the third Act Fitz-dottrell is included among the characters in the scene heading, and must be present during the opening speech; Meere-craft's aside in lines 5 to 7 proves it. He makes a caustic reflection on the intelligence and honesty of London citizens just when Meere-craft is urging the goldsmith Guilt-head to finance him. Guilt-head says:

In truth, Sir,

I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,

FIT. Of what, I pray thee? of wit? or honesty?

Those are your Citizens long vacations.

Fitz-dottrell has nothing more to say or to do till Meere-craft has concluded the loan and has also squared his sharking cousin Everill in the next scene; this is the harder bargain of the two, and it takes fifty lines to bring it off. Meanwhile Fitz-dottrell marks time, if he remains on the stage. Gifford cut him out of the second scene<sup>1</sup> and made him

<sup>1</sup> He assigned the insulting remark about citizens to Meere-craft.



enter at line in the 52 third scene. But the Folio arrangement is quite satisfactory if Fitz-dottrell, disgusted at Guilt-head's hesitation over the loan, expresses his contempt for him and all his kind and quits the room instantly. Here Jonson would have helped us with a side-note, '*He goes out*'.

Beale's punctuation is, for the most part, hopeless.<sup>1</sup> All corrections of it are recorded in the critical apparatus. The only point which calls for notice is the usual printer's misunderstanding of the metrical apostrophe which Jonson inserted between two lightly sounded syllables to mark them as metrically equivalent to a single syllable.<sup>2</sup> Beale, when he did not ignore this characteristic pointing, treated it as an elision: so he printed 'H'll' (I. ii. 28), 'ma'advance' (iv. 85), 'Or'n *France*' (II. iii. 60), 'g'him' (viii. 99), 'fell s'in loue' (III. ii. 23), 'Make loue t'vs' (iv. iv. 95). Where Beale omitted the stop we have not restored it, but we have no doubt that Jonson's manuscript had it in such lines as the following:

To keepe me'vpright, while things be reconcil'd, (I. iii. 5).  
 To'intrap a credulous woman, or betray her: (I. vi. 170).  
 A man so'aboue excuse, as he is the cause, (II. vi. 64).  
 Twenty to one, they will appeare so'ill-fauour'd,  
 (iv. iii. 44).

How did the bed-rid poet grapple with the problem such printing presented to him? Most of the sheets in the copies we have examined contain no variants, but corrections are found in P 2 recto (I. vi. 178-224), P 3 verso (II. i. 19-65), V 1 verso (iv. iv. 23-69), Y 3 verso (v. viii. 58-104). In P 2 recto and P 3 verso there are changes of type and punctuation, and extra marginal notes are inserted. Examples of the former are the italicizing of *Kings* (I. vi. 185), '*Stage-garment*' (ib. 186), '*Duke*' (II. i. 26), '*Commoners*, and *Aldermen*' (ib. 42), '*Crowne's*' and '*Crowne*' (ib. 46, 47), and '*millions*' (ib. 51); and, for

<sup>1</sup> There are good passages occasionally, which show that Jonson's manuscript has been followed, e.g. II. vi. 67-93.

<sup>2</sup> See the discussion in vol. iv, pp. 338-42.

corrections of the punctuation, a comma is inserted in 'To runne and fetch you, at her longings' (I. vi. 213), and a new sentence is marked in 'For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes' which was originally 'take the ayre in: yes' (ib. 215). Some spellings are corrected: 'Throughout' to 'Thorowout' (II. i. 50). Two changes affect the text: 'the cloake is mine owne' is altered to 'the cloake is mine' (I. vi. 224), and the ridiculous 'Proiect; foure dogs skins' to 'Proiect. 4. Dog-skinnes' (II. i. 65). But the most startling change in these two pages is the insertion of four new marginal notes, '*Hee shifts to his owne place againe.*' (at I. vi. 193), '*To a third.*' (at II. i. 20), '*He turnes to Fitzdottrel*' (at I. 22), and '*He turnes to Ingine.*' (at I. 33). These additional stage directions have an important bearing on the question of the text. Gifford wrote in his prefatory note to the play: 'In noticing the date of *Bartholomew Fair*, I had occasion to observe that Jonson appeared to concern himself little, if at all, with the printing of the plays in the present collection; and *The Devil is an Ass*, as well as *The Staple of News*, furnishes no slight proof of it. In the folio, 1616, which the author certainly revised, he is altogether sparing of his marginal directions, while the dramas just mentioned abound in them. They are, however, of the most trite and trifling nature; they tell nothing that is not told in action, and generally in the same words, and are upon the whole such a worthless incumbrance on the page, that the reader will thank me for discarding them altogether. They bear no trace of the poet's hand.' Gifford's pungent comment on the value of the side-notes is fully justified, but he might have asked himself the question whether any printer—and especially such a printer as Beale—would have wasted superfluous ink upon them. However, there they are, fully authenticated: they are a melancholy sign of Jonson's failing power.

One or two of them are curiosities. 'He hopes to make on o'these *Scripticks* o' me' (v. ii. 40) is annotated '*For Scepticks*': one wonders whether this was not a marginal

direction to the printer which has crept into the text. Still stranger is the note on 'Thou art a *Niaise*' (i. vi. 18)—'*A Niaise is a young Hawke, tane crying out of the nest.*' The note is correct enough; 'a nyas' is the true form of the word often corrupted to 'an eyas'; but what is the point of it? There is, however, a curious parallel in the text of Act III, scene iv, line 50, 'a new kinde of *fucus* (paint, for *Ladies*)', as if the playgoer of the period would not know what a fucus was.

Of the three corrections on V 1 verso, one adjusts the spelling, putting '*Carraucins*' for '*Carrnuacins*' (iv. iv. 45), and two adjust the punctuation—a comma instead of a full stop after '*Abezzo*' (ib. 31) and the deletion of the comma in 'your galley-pot well, glidder'd' (ib. 47).

There is one correction on Y 2 recto, '*Cheaters*' for '*heaters*' (v. vi. 64), but the correcting of Y 3 verso is much fuller, and it is important. Two of the marginal stage-directions are retouched, those at v. viii. 69 and 81; italics are substituted for roman type in the sham ravings of Fitzdottrell (ll. 74, 87); and there are three alterations of the text. In line 58

The *Iustice* sure will proue to be the merrier!  
is revised to

The *Iustice* sure will prove the merrier man!  
In line 76—

He ratifies it, clapping of his hands.—

Jonson corrected to 'with clapping'. In lines 85 to 87 he made a significant correction: originally he wrote

I'd not breath  
A syllable in request, to such a fellow,  
I'd rather fall.

The final version is

I'd not breath  
A syllable in request, to such a foole,  
He makes himselfe.

But the most remarkable correction of the text of this play, unique in Jonson as far as our experience goes, is in Act v, scene vii, line 2, where after the explosion in Newgate the third Keeper was made to exclaim

Fough ! what esteem e of brimstone

Is here ?

In one British Museum copy with press-mark C.39.k.9, in one copy belonging to the Editor, and in three copies at Oxford belonging to Christ Church, Jesus College, and Manchester College, the reading ' a steame of ' is badly printed in over an erasure. Jonson must have discovered this after the text was printed off and insisted on a correction being made in some form. The alternative was a cancel, which would be too expensive for Beale.

These interesting corrections are only occasional. It is possible, of course, that more lurk undetected in copies which we have not been able to collate. But it is unlikely that Jonson systematically corrected the whole play. Beale may have been late with the proofs, or Jonson may have been too ill to read them.

The text of Harper's 1641 reprint is even worse than Beale's, some of whose errors such as ' Lad *Maioresse* ' and ' dealth with ' it faithfully reproduces. It makes a few obvious corrections, which are outweighed by its own blunders, such as ' That *Robinson* might have audacity ' for ' want audacity ' (III. iv. 7), ' I could not so instruct him ' for ' I could now . . . ' (III. v. 31), ' O, might he be ? ' for ' Who might he bee ? ' (IV. vii. 23), and ' *He stags* ' for ' *He flags* ' in the stage-direction at v. i. 34. In addition to its own inaccuracies it used for copy a text of 1631 in which P 2 recto, P 3 verso, V 1 verso, and Y 3 verso were uncorrected.

A few corrections were made while the book was passing through the press. Mr. H. L. Ford has a copy with some uncorrected readings—' That's ' for ' This's ' (III. vi. 37),

'Vnquited' for 'Vnquieted' (iv. i. 20), 'Postillos' for 'Pastillos' (iv. iv. 142), and 'privety' for 'piueti' (ib. 150).<sup>1</sup>

The Folio of 1692 follows the arrangement of 1640 in placing this play out of its proper order after *The Staple of News*. It was printed from a copy of the 1631 text in which P 2 recto and P 3 verso were uncorrected, so that in this forme it agrees with the reprint of 1641.

The 1631 text of the play has been reprinted by Dr. W. S. Johnson, who edited it in 1905 for the Yale Studies in English, no. xxix, from the copy in the library of Yale University.

<sup>1</sup> H. L. Ford, *A Collation of the Ben Jonson Folios*, pp. 27-8.

THE DIUELL  
IS  
AN ASSE:

A COMEDIE  
ACTED IN THE  
YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAIESTIES  
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. de ART. POET.

*Falsa voluptatis Causa, sine proxima veris.*



LONDON,  
Printed by I. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls  
Church-yard 1631.

The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale's device.



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AN ASSE.

---

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*Puella volupscata Causa, fuit proxima veris.*



---

Imprinted at London, 1641.

The title-page of the Folio, 1641, with Harper's device.







## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.



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## The Prologue.

Panel compartments used by Harper as head-pieces in the 1641 Folio  
on A 2 recto and A 2 verso.



THE  
DEVIL  
IS  
AN ASSE.  
OR, THE  
Cheater cheated.

---

A Witty Comedy.

---

The Author *Ben. Johnson,*

---

Hor. de Art. Poet.

*Facta voluptatis Causa, sint proxima veris.*

---



---

Imprinted at *London*, and are to be sold in *Fleet-*  
*street,* and *Westminster-Hall,* 1669.

The title-page in the Welbeck copy of the 1640 Folio.

## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SATAN.	<i>The great diuell.</i>
PVG.	<i>The lesse diuell.</i>
INIQUITY.	<i>The Vice.</i>
FITZ-DOTTRELL.	<i>A Squire of Norfolk.</i>
5 MISTRESSE FRANCES.	<i>His wife.</i>
MEERE-CRAFT.	<i>The Proiector.</i>
EVERILL.	<i>His Champion.</i>
WITTIPOL.	<i>A young Gallant.</i>
MANLY.	<i>His friend.</i>
10 ENGINE.	<i>A Broaker.</i>
TRAINES.	<i>The Proiectors man.</i>
GVILT-HEAD.	<i>A Gold-smith.</i>
PLVTARCHVS.	<i>His sonne.</i>
Sir POVLE EITHER-SIDE.	<i>A Lawyer, and Iustice.</i>
15 Lady EITHER-SIDE.	<i>His wife.</i>
Lady TAILE-BVSH.	<i>The Lady Proiectresse.</i>
PIT-FALL.	<i>Her woman.</i>
AMBLER.	<i>Her Gentleman vs her.</i>
SLEDGE.	<i>A Smith, the Constable.</i>
20 SHACKLES.	<i>Keeper of Newgate.</i>

### SERIEANTS.

*The Scene, LONDON.*

<p>THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.]          DOTTRELL.] Fabian Fitzdottrel G          12 GVILT-HEAD.] Thomas Gilthead G          Gentleman vs her.] Gentlemanvs her F          officers, servants, underkeepers, etc. G</p>	<p>1, 2 diuell.] Devil F3          9 MANLY.] Eustace Manly G          14 POVLE.] Paul G          21 SERIEANTS.] Serjeants,</p>	<p>4 FITZ-          18</p>
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## The Prologue.

**T**HE D I V E L L is an Asse. That is, to day,  
 The name of what you are met for, a new Play.  
 Yet, Grandee's, would you were not come to grace  
 Our matter, with allowing vs no place.  
 Though you presume S A T A N a subtill thing, 5  
 And may haue heard hee's worne in a thumbe-ring ;  
 Doe not on these presumptions, force vs act,  
 In compasse of a cheese-trencher. This tract  
 Will ne'er admit our vice, because of yours.  
 Anone, who, worse then you, the fault endures 10  
 That your selues make ? when you will thrust and spurne,  
 And knocke vs o' the elbowes, and bid, turne ;  
 As if, when wee had spoke, wee must be gone,  
 Or, till wee speake, must all runne in, to one,  
 Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth ? 15  
 Would wee could stand due North ; or had no South,  
 If that offend : or were Muscouy glasse,  
 That you might looke our Scenes through as they passe.  
 We know not how to affect you. If you'll come  
 To see new Playes, pray you affoord vs roome, 20  
 And shew this, but the same face you haue done  
 Your deare delight, the Diuell of Edmunton.  
 Or, if, for want of roome, it must mis-carry,  
 'Twill be but Iustice, that your censure tarry,  
 Till you giue some. And when sixe times you ha' seen't, 25  
 If this Play doe not like, the Diuell is in't.

# THE DIVELL

## IS

### AN ASSE.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

DIVELL. P V G. INIQUITY.

**H**Oh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.  
 To earth? and, why to earth, thou foolish Spirit?  
 What wold'st thou do on earth? P v g. For that, great  
*Chiefe!*

As time shal work. I do but ask my mon'th,  
 5 Which euery petty *pui'nee Diuell* has;  
 Within that terme, the Court of *Hell* will heare  
 Some thing, may gaine a longer grant, perhaps.

S A T. For what? the laming a poore Cow, or two?  
 Entring a Sow, to make her cast her farrow?  
 10 Or crossing of a Mercat-womans Mare,  
 'Twixt this, and *Totnam*? these were wont to be  
 Your maine atchiëuements, *Pug*. You haue some plot, now,  
 Vpon a tonning of Ale, to stale the yest,  
 Or keepe the churne so, that the butter come not;  
 15 Spight o' the housewiues cord, or her hot spit?  
 Or some good Ribibe, about *Kentish Towne*,  
 Or *Hogsden*, you would hang now, for a witch,  
 Because shee will not let you play round *Robbin*:  
 And you'll goe sowre the Citizens Creame 'gainst Sunday?  
 20 That she may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,

ACT I. SCENE I.] ACT. I. SCENE. I. *F* (so throughout): ACT I. SCENE I. |  
*Enter Satan' and Pug.* G 2 foolish] foollish *F* 3 *Chiefe* 1641:  
*Chiefe F* 4 mon'th.] month. *F* 10 Mercat-] Market- 1641, *F* 3  
 11 'Twixt] Twixt *F* 12 *Pug.*] *Pug*, *F* 14 butter] buttter *F*  
 20 for't, corr. *F*: for't *F* originally

By a *Middlesex* Iury, to the satisfaction  
 Of their offended friends, the *Londiners* wiues,  
 Whose teeth were set on edge with it? Foolish feind,  
 Stay i' your place, know your owne strengths, and put not  
 Beyond the speare of your actiuty. 25  
 You are too dull a Diuell to be trusted  
 Forth in those parts, *Pug*, vpon any affayre  
 That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not  
 Euery ones worke. The state of *Hell* must care  
 Whom it imployes, in point of reputation, 30  
 Heere about *London*. You would make, I thinke,  
 An Agent, to be sent, for *Lancashire*,  
 Proper inough; or some parts of *Northumberland*,  
 So yo' had good instructions, *Pug*. P v G. O *Chiefe*!  
 You doe not know, deare *Chiefe*, what there is in mee. 35  
 Proue me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,  
 And lend mee but a *Vice*, to carry with mee,  
 To practice there, with any play-fellow,  
 And, you will see, there will come more vpon't,  
 Then you'll imagine, pretious *Chiefe*. S A T. What *Vice*? 40  
 What kind wouldst th' haue it of? P v G. Why, any,  
*Fraud*;  
 Or *Couetousnesse*; or Lady *Vanity*;  
 Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

I N I. What is he, calls vpon me, and would seeme to lack  
 a *Vice*?

Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice; 45  
 Here, there, and euery where, as the Cat is with the mice:  
 True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou Cards, friend, or Dice?  
 I will teach thee <to> cheate, Child, to cog, lye, and swagger,  
 And euer and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:  
 To sweare by Gogs-nownes, like a lusty *Iuuentus*, 50  
 In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-house,

1. i. 22 *Londiners*] *Londoners* 1641 wiues,] wiues F 24 strengths]  
 strength F3 27 in] into 1641 31 thinke,] thinke F 38  
 there, with] there-with F 42 any, G: any F 43 I'll] Sat.  
 I'll W After 43 Enter *Iniquity*. G 48 to cheat W 51  
 house,] house. F



Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,  
With a Wench that shall feede thee, with cock-stones and  
gelly.

P v g. Is it not excellent, *Chiefe* ? how nimble he is !

55 I n i. Child of hell, this is nothing ! I will fetch thee a  
leape

From the top of *Pauls*-steeple, to the Standard in *Cheepe* :  
And lead thee a daunce, through the streets without faile,  
Like a needle of *Spaine*, with a thred at my tayle.

We will suruay the *Suburbs*, and make forth our sallyes,  
60 Downe *Petticoate-lane*, and vp the *Smock-allies*,  
To *Shoreditch*, *Whitechappell*, and so to Saint *Kathernes*,  
To drinke with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their pat-  
ternes :

From thence, wee will put in at *Custom-house* key there,  
And see, how the Factors, and Prentizes play there,  
65 False with their Masters ; and gueld many a full packe,  
To spend it in pies, at the *Dagger*, and the *Wool-sacke*.

P v g. Braue, braue, *Iniquity* ! will not this doe, *Chiefe* ?

I n i. Nay, boy, I wil bring thee to the Bawds, and the  
Roysters,

At *Belins-gate*, feasting with claret-wine, and oysters,  
70 From thence shoot the *Bridge*, childe, to the Cranes i' the  
*Vintry*,

And see, there the gimblets, how they make their entry !  
Or, if thou hadst rather, to the *Strand* downe to fall,  
'Gainst the Lawyers come dabled from *Westminster-hall*,  
And marke how they cling, with their clyents together,  
75 Like Iuie to Oake ; so Veluet to Leather :

Ha, boy, I would shew thee. P v g. Rare, rare ! D i v.  
Peace, dotard,

And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir'st.  
Art thou the spirit thou seem'st ? so poore ? to choose  
This, for a *Vice*, t(o)'aduance the cause of *Hell*,  
80 Now ? as Vice stands this present yeere ? Remember,  
What number it is. *Six hundred and sixteene*.

Had it but beene *five hundred*, though some *sixty*  
 Aboue ; that's *fifty* yeeres agone, and *six*,  
 (When euery great man had his *Vice* stand by him,  
 In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger) 85  
 I could consent, that, then this your graue choice  
 Might haue done that, with his Lord *Chiefe*, the which  
 Most of his chamber can doe now. But *Pug*,  
 As the times are, who is it, will receiue you ?  
 What company will you goe to ? or whom mix with ? 90  
 Where canst thou carry him ? except to *Tauernes* ?  
 To mount vp on a joynt-stoole, with a *Iewes*-trumpe,  
 To put downe *Cokeley*, and that must be to Citizens ?  
 He ne're will be admitted, there, where *Vennor* comes.  
 Hee may perchance, in taile of a Sheriffes dinner, 95  
 Skip with a rime o' the Table, from *New-nothing*,  
 And take his *Almaine*-leape into a custard,  
 Shall make my Lad<y> *Maioresse*, and her sisters,  
 Laugh all their hoods ouer their shoulders. But,  
 This is not that will doe, they are other things 100  
 That are receiu'd now vpon earth, for Vices ;  
 Stranger, and newer : and chang'd euery houre.  
 They ride 'hem like their horses off their legges,  
 And here they come to *Hell*, whole legions of 'hem,  
 Euery weeke tyr'd. Wee, still striue to breed, 105  
 And reare 'hem vp new ones ; but they doe not stand,  
 When they come there : they turne 'hem on our hands.  
 And it is fear'd they haue a stud o' their owne  
 Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade  
 Will suddenly decay, if we preuent not. 110  
 Vnlesse it be a *Vice* of quality,  
 Or fashion, now, they take none from vs. Car-men  
 Are got into the yellow starch, and Chimney-sweepers  
 To their tabacco, and strong-waters, *Hum*,  
*Meath*, and *Obarni*. We must therefore ayme 115

i. i. 92 on a] ona F 98 Lady F3 *Maioresse*] *Majorresse* 1641 :  
 Mayoreess F3 101 Vices] : Viccs F 103 'hem] 'em F3 (st  
 passim) 106 'hem om. G 106-7 stand, . . . there :] stand :  
 . . . there, G 114 tabacco] tobacco 1641

- At extraordinary subtill ones, now,  
 When we doe send, to keepe vs vp in credit,  
 Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'ne backe, Sir,  
 To making of your rope of sand againe.
- 120 You are not for the manners, nor the times :  
 They haue their *Vices*, there, most like to *Vertues* ;  
 You cannot know 'hem, apart, by any difference:  
 They weare the same clothes, eate <o> the same meate,  
 Sleepe i' the selfe-same beds, ride i' those coaches,
- 125 Or very like, foure horses in a coach,  
 As the best men and women. Tissue gownes,  
 Garters and roses, fourescore pound a paire,  
 Embroydred stockings, cut-worke smocks, and shirts,  
 More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,
- 130 Then ere they were of true nobility !  
 But *Pug*, since you doe burne with such desire  
 To doe the Common-wealth of Hell some seruice ;  
 I am content, assuming of a body,  
 You goe to earth, and visit men, a day.
- 135 But you must take a body ready made, *Pug*,  
 I can create you none : nor shall you forme  
 Your selfe an aery one, but become subiect  
 To all impression of the flesh, you take,  
 So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,
- 140 There is a handsome Cutpurse hang'd at *Tiborne*,  
 Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body :  
 For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,  
 Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you.  
 And, looke, how farre your subtilty can worke
- 145 Thorow those organs, with that body, spye  
 Amongst mankind, (you cannot there want vices,  
 And therefore the lesse need to carry 'hem wi' you)  
 But as you make your soone at nights relation,  
 And we shall find, it merits from the State,

1. i. 117 send,] send *F* credit,] credit. *F* 124 coaches,] coaches *F*  
 128 Embroydred stockings] Embrothered stockins 1641 130 *Exit*  
*Iniquity*. add *G* 140 *Tiborne*] *Tyburn* *F*3 145 Thorow]  
 Through 1641

You shall haue both trust from vs, and imployment. 150

P v G. Most gracious *Chiefe* ! D i v. Onely, thus more I  
bind you,

To serue the first man that you meete ; and him  
I'll shew you, now : Obserue him. Yon' is hee,  
You shall see, first, after your clothing. Follow him :  
But once engag'd, there you must stay and fixe ;  
Not shift, vntill the midnights cocke doe crow.

*He shewes  
Fitz-dot-  
trel to  
him, com-  
ming  
forth.*

P v G. Any conditions to be gone. D i v. Away, then.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

FITZ-DOTTRELL.

I they doe, now, name *Bretnor*, as before  
I, They talk'd of *Gresham*, and of Doctor *Fore-man*,  
*Francklin*, and *Fiske*, and *Sauory* (he was in too)  
But there's not one of these, that euer could  
Yet shew a man the *Diuell*, in true sort. 5

They haue their christalls, I doe know, and rings,  
And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens sculls,  
Their rauens wings, their lights, and *pentacles*,  
With *characters* ; I ha' seene all these. But—  
Would I might see the *Diuell*. I would giue 10

A hundred o' these pictures, (so) to see him  
Once out of picture. May I proue a cuckold,  
(And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)  
If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters  
Haue onely made him. 'Slight, he would be seene, 15  
One time or other else. He would not let

An ancient gentleman, of a good house,  
As most are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dottrel's*,  
Runne wilde, and call vpon him thus in vaine,  
As I ha' done this twelue mone'th. If he be not, 20

1. i. 157 *Exeunt severally.* add G 1. ii.] SCENE II. | *The Street before  
Fitzdottrel's House.* | *Enter Fitzdottrel.* G 1 before] before, F  
3 *Francklin*] *Franklin* 1641 7 sculls,] sculls F 11 pictures,]  
picture,, 1641 so Editor

- At all, why, are there Coniurers ? If they be not,  
 Why, are there lawes against 'hem ? The best artists  
 Of *Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex, and London,*  
*Essex, and Kent,* I haue had in pay to raise him,  
 25 These fifty weekes, and yet h<e>'appeares not. 'Sdeath,  
 I shall suspect, they can make circles onely  
 Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe say,  
 H<e>'will meet a man (of himselfe) that has a mind to him.  
 If hee would so, I haue a minde and a halfe for him :  
 30 He should not be long absent. Pray thee, come,  
 I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,  
 He ex- And my wife, too ; I could not more. Come, yet,  
 presses a Good *Beelezebub.* Were hee a kinde diuell,  
 longing to And had humanity in him, hee would come, but  
 see the Diuell. To saue ones longing. I should vse him well,  
 I sweare, and with respect (would he would try mee)  
 Not, as the Conjurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.  
 Get him in bonds, and send him post, on errands,  
 A thousand miles, it is preposterous, that :  
 40 And, I beleeeue, is the true cause he comes not.  
 And hee has reason. Who would be engag'd,  
 That might liue freely, as he may doe ? I sweare,  
 They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.  
 They doe not know to entertaine the *Diuell.*  
 45 I would so welcome him, obserue his diet,  
 Get him his chamber hung with *arras*, two of 'hem,  
 I' my own house ; lend him my wiues wrought pillowes :  
 And as I am an honest man, I thinke,  
 If he had a minde to her, too ; I should grant him,  
 50 To make our friend-ship perfect. So I would not  
 To euery man. If hee but heare me, now ?  
 And should come to mee in a braue young shape,  
 And take me at my word ? ha ! Who is this ?

1. ii. 21 why.] : why F3      22 Why.] Why F3      26 they  
 F3: they, F      circles] circle 1641      30 come.] come F      32  
 expresses] expresseth F3      38 errands.] errands. F      40 And,]  
 And F      53 After 'word?' Enter Pug, handsomely shaped and  
 appavelled. G

ACT I. SCENE IIJ.

P V G. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

SIR, your good pardon, that I thus presume  
Vpon your priuacy. I am borne a Gentleman,  
A younger brother ; but, in some disgrace,  
Now, with my friends : and want some little meanes,  
To keepe me vpright, while things be reconcil'd. 5  
Please you, to let my seruice be of vse to you, Sir.

F I T. Seruice ? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,  
Till I had view'd his shooes well : for, those roses  
Were bigge inough to hide a clouen foote. *Hee  
lookes and  
suruay's  
his feet:  
ouer and  
ouer.*  
No, friend, my number's full. I haue one seruant,  
Who is my all, indeed ; and, from the broome  
Vnto the brush : for, iust so farre, I trust him.  
He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,  
Butler, and Steward ; lookes vnto my horse :  
And helpes to watch my wife. H'has all the places, 15  
That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,  
E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.

P V G. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,  
More then my meate, and that but very little,  
I'le serue you for your loue. F I T. Ha ? without wages ? 20  
I'd harken o' that eare, were I at leasure.  
But now, I'm busie. 'Pr'y the(e), friend, forbear me,  
And thou hadst beene a *Diuell*, I should say  
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder, now,  
My meditations. P V G. Sir, I am a *Diuell*. 25

F I T. How ! P V G. A true *Diuell*, S<sup>r</sup>. F I T. Nay, now,  
you ly :

Vnder your fauour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.  
I look'd o' your feet, afore, you cannot coozen mee,  
Your shoo's not clouen, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.

*Hee viewes  
his feete  
againe.*

1. iii. G continues the scene 9 *Aside.* add G 13 my Cater]  
m'acater W 19 but] *The t faint or missing in F* 21 I'd]  
I'd W: I'le F (repeated from l. 20) 22 friend,] friend F 23  
And] And' F: An' G

- 30 P v G. Sir, that's a popular error, deceiues many :  
 But I am that, I tell you. F I T. What's your name ?  
 P v G. My name is *Diuell*, S<sup>r</sup>. F I T. Sai'st thou true ?  
 P v G. Indeed, S<sup>r</sup>.  
 F I T. 'Slid ! there's some *omen* i' this ! what countryman ?  
 P v G. Of *Derby-shire*, S<sup>r</sup>. about the *Peake*. F I T. That  
 Hole  
 35 Belong'd to your Ancestors ? P v G. Yes, *Diuells* arse, S<sup>r</sup>.  
 F I T. I'll entertaine him for the name sake. Ha ?  
 And turne away my tother man ? and saue  
 Foure pound a yeere by that ? there's lucke, and thrift too !  
 The very *Diuell* may come, heereafter, as well.  
 40 Friend, I receiue you : but (withall) I acquaint you,  
 Aforehand, if yo<u> offend mee, I must beat you.  
 It is a kinde of exercise, I vse,  
 And cannot be without. P v G. Yes, if I doe not  
 Offend, you can, sure. F I T. Faith, *Diuell*, very hardly :  
 45 I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I loue it.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

INGINE. WITTIPOL. MANLY.

FITZDOTTRELL. P V G.

- Y Onder hee walkeſ, Sir, I'll goe lift him for you.  
 W I T. To him, good *Engine*, raise him vp by degrees,  
 Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.  
 Shew your selfe, now, a *Mathematicall* broker.  
 5 I N G. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece. W I T. 'Tis  
 done, S<sup>r</sup>.  
 M A N. Is't possible there should be such a man ?  
 W I T. You shall be your owne witnesse, I'll not labour  
 To tempt you past your faith. M A N. And is his wife

1. iii. 32 true ?] true. F      39 *Aside.* add G      42 vse,] vse. F  
 1. iv. *Enter, behind, Engine, with a cloke on his arm, Wittipol, and*  
*Manly.* G, continuing the scene      4 selfe,] selfe F      5 *Engine goes*  
*to Fitzdottrel and takes him aside.* add G      7 witnesse, corr. F:  
 witnesso F originally

So very handsome, say you? W I T. I ha' not seene her,  
 Since I came home from trauell: and they say, 10  
 Shee is not alter'd. Then, before I went,  
 I saw her once; but so, as shee hath stuck  
 Still i' my view, no obiect hath remou'd her.

M A N. 'Tis a faire guest, Friend, beauty: and once  
 lodg'd  
 Deepe in the eyes, shee hardly leaues the Inne. 15  
 How do's he keepe her? W I T. Very braue. Howeuer  
 Himselfe be sordide, hee is sensuall that way.  
 In euery dressing, hee do's study her.

M A N. And furnish forth himselfe so from the *Brokers*?  
 W I T. Yes, that's a hyr'd suite, hee now has on, 20  
 To see the *Diuell is an Asse*, to day, in:

(This *Ingine* gets three or foure pound a weeke by him)  
 He dares not misse a new *Play*, or a *Feast*,  
 What rate soeuer clothes be at; and thinkes  
 Himselfe still new, in other mens old. M A N. But stay, 25  
 Do's he loue meat so? W I T. Faith he do's not hate it.

But that's not it. His belly and his palate  
 Would be compounded with for reason. Mary,  
 A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,  
 'Gainst all mankinde; as it doth make him doe 30  
 Iust what it list: it rauishes him forth,

Whither it please, to any assembly'or place,  
 And would conclude him ruin'd, should hee scape  
 One publike meeting, out of the beliefe  
 He has of his owne great, and catholike strengths, 35  
 In arguing, and discourse. It takes, I see:

H'has got the cloak vpon him. F I T. A faire garment,  
 By my faith, *Ingine*! I N G. It was neuer made, Sir,  
 For three score pound, I assure you: 'Twill yeeld thirty.  
 The plush, Sir, cost three pound, ten shillings a yard!  
 And then the lace, and veluet. F I T. I shall, *Ingine*, 40

*Ingine*  
*haik won*  
*Fitz-*  
*dottrel,*  
*to 'say on*  
*the cloake.*  
 40

1. iv. 16 Howeuer] Howeuer, F 20 on 1641, F3: one F 21  
 is an] is an F 28 Mary] Marry F3 (et passim) 32 assembly'or]  
 assembly or 1641 35 catholike Catholike F



Be look'd at, prettily, in it ! Art thou sure

*Hee gives* The *Play* is play'd to day ? I N G. O here's the bill, S<sup>r</sup>.

*him the* I had forgot to gi' 't you. F I T. Ha ? the *Diuell* !

*Play-bill.*

45 I will not lose you, Sirah ! But, *Ingine*, thinke you,

The Gallant is so furious in his folly ?

So mad vpon the matter, that hee'll part

With's cloake vpo' these termes ? I N G. Trust not your

*Ingine*,

Breake me to pieces else, as you would doe

50 A rotten *Crane*, or an old rusty *Iacke*,

That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with him.

F I T. I shall doe that, to satisfie you, *Ingine*,

*Hee* And my selfe too. With your leaue, Gentlemen.

*turnes to*  
*Wittipol.*

Which of you is it, is so meere Idolater

55 To my wiues beauty, and so very prodigall

Vnto my patience, that, for the short parlee

Of one swift houres quarter, with my wife,

He will depart with (let mee see) this cloake here,

The price of folly ? Sir, are you the man ?

60 W I T. I am that vent'rer, Sir. F I T. Good time ! your name

Is *Witty-pol* ? W I T. The same, S<sup>r</sup>. F I T. And 'tis told me,

Yo' haue trauell'd lately ? W I T. That I haue, S<sup>r</sup>. F I T.

Truly,

Your trauels may haue alter'd your complexion ;

But sure, your wit stood still. W I T. It may well be, Sir.

65 All heads ha' not like growth. F I T. The good mans grauity,

That left you land, your father, neuer taught you

These pleasant matches ? W I T. No, nor can his mirth,

With whom I make 'hem, put me off. F I T. You are

Resolu'd then ? W I T. Yes, S<sup>r</sup>. F I T. Beauty is the *Saint*,

70 You'll sacrifice your selfe, into the shirt too ?

1. iv. 42 prettily 1641: prettily F

had 1641 gi' 't] gi't F

those 1641 50 Crane] Cain F3: Cane 1716

parlee ? F

58 here,] here F

44 I had] I', had F: I,

45 lose] loose 1641

48 these]

56 parlee]

70 too] to W

W I T. So I may still cloth, and keepe warme your wisdom?

F I T. You lade me S<sup>r</sup>! W I T. I know what you will beare, S<sup>r</sup>.

F I T. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say, To speake vnto my wife? W I T. Only, to speake to her.

F I T. And in my presence? W I T. In your very presence.

75

F I T. And in my hearing? W I T. In your hearing: so, You interrupt vs not. F I T. For the short space You doe demand, the fourth part of an houre, I thinke I shall, with some conuenient study, And this good helpe to boot, bring my selfe to't.

Hee  
shrugs  
himselfe  
vp in the  
cloake.

W I T. I aske no more. F I T. Please you, walk to'ard my house,

Speake what you list; that time is yours: My right I haue departed with. But, not beyond, A minute, or a second, looke for. Length, And drawing out, ma(y)'aduance much, to these matches. 85 And I except all kissing. Kisses are Silent petitions still with willing *Louers*.

W I T. *Louers*? How falls that o' your phantsie? F I T. Sir,

I doe know somewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.

W I T. I am not eager at forbidden dainties. 90 Who couets vnfit things, denies him selfe.

F I T. You say well, Sir; 'Twas prettily said, that same, He do's, indeed. I'll haue no touches, therefore, Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles Cast 'bout the wast, but all be done at distance. 95 Loue is brought vp with those soft *migniard* handlings; His pulse lies in his palme: and I defend All melting ioynts, and fingers, (that's my bargaine) I doe defend 'hem, any thing like action. But talke, Sir, what you will. Vse all the *Tropes* 100

1. iv. 82 time is] times 1641 91 things] thinks 1641 92 Sir:]  
Sir. F 99 'hem,] hem; F: 'hem 1641: 'em, F3

And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you :  
And much good do your *Rhetoriques* heart. You are wel-  
come, Sir.

*Ingine*, God b'w'you. W I T. Sir, I must condition  
To haue this Gentleman by, a witsesse. F I T. Well,  
105 I am content, so he be silent. M A N. Yes, Sir.  
F I T. Come *Diuell*, I'll make you roome, streight. But  
I'll shew you  
First, to your Mistresse, who's no common one,  
You must conceiue, that brings this gaine to see her.  
I hope thou'st brought me good lucke. P v G. I shall do't,  
Sir.

## ACT I. SCENE V.

WITTIPOL. MANLY.

*Wittipol  
knocks his  
friend o'  
the brest.* *Ingine*, you hope o' your halfe piece ? 'Tis there, Sir.  
Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here ? fixed ?  
M A N. I am directly in a fit of wonder  
What'll be the issue of this conference !

5 W I T. For that, ne'r vex your selfe, till the euent.  
How like yo(u)' him ? M A N. I would faine see more of  
him.

W I T. What thinke you of this ? M A N. I am past de-  
grees of thinking.

Old *Africk*, and the new *America*,  
With all their fruite of Monsters cannot shew  
10 So iust a prodigie. W I T. Could you haue beleeu'd,  
Without your sight, a minde so sordide inward,  
Should be so specious, and layd forth abroad,  
To all the shew, that euer shop, or ware was ?

M A N. I beleue any thing now, though I confesse  
15 His *Vices* are the most extremities

I. iv. 102 *Opens the door of his house.* add G 108 this om. 1641  
*They all enter the house.* add G 109 do't,] do't. F I. v.  
SCENE III. | *A Room in Fitzdottrel's House.* | *Enter Wittipol, Manly, and*  
*Engne.* G 2 After 'gone.' *Exit Engne.* G

I euer knew in nature. But, why loues hee  
 The *Diuell* so? WIT. O Sir! for hidden treasure,  
 Hee hopes to finde: and has propos'd himselfe  
 So infinite a Masse, as to recouer,  
 He cares not what he parts with, of the present, 20  
 To his men of Art, who are the race, may coyne him.  
 Promise gold-mountaines, and the couetous  
 Are still most prodigall. MAN. But ha' you faith,  
 That he will hold his bargaine? WIT. O deare Sir!  
 He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him. 25  
 One basenesse still accompanies another.  
 See! he is heere already, and his wife too.  
 MAN. A wondrous handsome creature, as I liue!

ACT I. SCENE VI.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-  
 TREL. WITTIPOL. MANLY.

COME wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, blush not.  
 Mrs. FI. Why, what do you meane Sir? ha' you  
 your reason? FIT. Wife,  
 I do not know, that I haue lent it forth  
 To any one; at least, without a pawne, wife:  
 Or that I'haue eat or drunke the thing, of late, 5  
 That should corrupt it. Wherefore gentle wife,  
 Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts  
 Of disputation. Mrs. FI. Are you not enough  
 The talke, of feasts, and meetings, but you'll still  
 Make argument for fresh? FIT. Why, carefull wedlocke, 10  
 If I haue a longing to haue one tale more  
 Goe of mee, what is that to thee, deare heart?  
 Why shouldst thou enuy my delight? or crosse it?  
 By being solicitous, when it not concernes thee?

Mrs. FI. Yes, I haue share in this. The scorne will fall 15

I. v. 24 deare] deare, F  
 his wife. G, continuing the scene  
 11 I haue] I haue haue F

I. vi. Enter Fitzdottrel, with Mrs. Frances,  
 9 meetings 1641: meetingy F

As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.

F 1 T. Laught at, sweet bird ? is that the scruple ? Come,  
come,

A Niaiſe Thou art a *Niaiſe*. Which of your great houſes,  
*is a young* (I will not meane at home, here, but abroad)  
*Hawke,*  
*tane cry-* Your families in *France*, wife, ſend not forth  
*ing out of* Something, within the ſeuē yeere, may be laught at ?  
*the neſt.*

I doe not ſay ſeuē moneths, nor ſeuē weekes,  
Nor ſeuē daies, nor houres : but ſeuē yeere, wife.

I giue 'hem time. Once, within ſeuē yeere,

25 I thinke they may doe ſomething may be laught at.

In *France*, I keepe me there, ſtill. Wherefore, wife,

Let them that liſt, laugh ſtill, rather then weepe

For me ; Heere is a cloake coſt fifty pound, wife,

Which I can ſell for thirty, when I ha' ſeene

30 All *London* in't, and *London* has ſeene mee.

To day, I goe to the *Black-fryers Play-houſe*,

Sit i' the view, ſalute all my acquaintance,

Riſe vp between the *Acts*, let fall my cloake,

Publish a handsome man, and a rich ſuite

35 (As that's a ſpeciall end, why we goe thither,

All that pretend, to ſtand for't o' the *Stage*)

The Ladies aſke who's that ? (For, they doe come

To ſee vs, *Loue*, as wee doe to ſee them)

Now, I ſhall loſe all this, for the falſe feare

40 Of being laught at ? Yes, wuſſe. Let 'hem laugh, wife,

Let me haue ſuch another cloake to morrow.

And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,

And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter,

All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too :

45 Shall I forbid 'hem ? No, let heauen forbid 'hem :

Or wit, if't haue any charge on 'hem. Come, thy eare, wife,

Is all, I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,

Thou, onely art to heare, not ſpeake a word, *Doue*,

To ought he ſayes. That I doe gi' you in precept,

50 No leſſe then counsell, on your wiue-hood, wife,

Not though he flatter you, or make court, or loue,  
(As you must looke for these) or say, he raile ;  
What ere his arts be, wife, I will haue thee  
Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obstinate silence ;  
I know aduantages ; and I loue to hit

55

These pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.  
Is your watch ready ? Here my saile beares, for you :  
Tack toward him, sweet *Pinnacle*, where's your watch ?

*He dis-  
poses his  
wife to her  
place, and  
sets his  
watch.*

W I T. I'll set it, Sir, with yours. M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. I must obey.

M A N. Her modesty seemes to suffer with her beauty,

And so, as if his folly were away,

It were worth pittie. F I T. Now, th'are right, beginne, Sir.

But first, let me repeat the contract, briefly.

*Hee re-  
peats his  
contract  
again.*

I am, Sir, to inioy this cloake, I stand in,

Freely, and as your gift ; vpon condition

You may as freely, speake here to my spouse,

Your quarter of an houre, alwaies keeping

The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,

From my said Spouse : and in my sight and hearing.

This is your couenant ? W I T. Yes, but you'll allow

70

For this time spent, now ? F I T. Set 'hem so much backe.

W I T. I thinke, I shall not need it. F I T. Well, begin,

Sir,

There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that rush.

W I T. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall discloake you.

*Wittipol  
beginnes.*

The time I haue purchast, Lady, is but short ;

And, therefore, if I imploy it thriftily,

I hope I stand the neerer to my pardon.

I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,

Or louely, or how well you dresse you, Lady,

I'll saue my selfe that eloquence of your glasse,

80

Which can speake these things better to you then I.

And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be

As wise as a *Court Parliament*. Nor come I,

i. vi. 51 though] though F loue] Loue F 57 st. dir. her place  
G : his place F (cf. 149, st. dir.) 59 Aside. add G 62 th'are]  
th'art 164r, F3 63 St. dir. at 65 in F 67 houre.] houre F  
70 your] your F 74 st. dir. beginnes] begiunes F

- With any preiudice, or doubt, that you  
 85 Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede  
 Least reuelation. Shee's a simple woman,  
 Know's not her good : (who euer knowes her ill)  
 And at all caracts. That you are the wife,  
 To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soule,  
 90 In stead of salt, to keepe it sweete ; I thinke,  
 Will aske no witnesses, to proue. The cold  
 Sheetes that you lie in, with the watching candle,  
 That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,  
 Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, sometimes,  
 95 The Diuell-giuen *Elfne* Squire, your husband,  
 Doth leaue you, quitting heere his proper circle,  
 For a much-worse i' the walks of *Lincolnes Inne*,  
 Vnder the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vaine, there,  
 Will confesse for you. F I T. I did looke for this geere.  
 100 W I T. And what a daughter of darknesse, he do's make you,  
 Lock'd vp from all society, or object ;  
 Your eye not let to looke vpon a face,  
 Vnder a Conjurers (or some mould for one,  
 Hollow, and leane like his) but, by great meanes,  
 105 As I now make ; your owne too sensible sufferings,  
 Without the extraordinary aydes,  
 Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, Lady.  
 For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,  
 I worke by no false arts, medicines, or charmes  
 110 To be said forward and backward. F I T. No, I except :  
 He offers to dis- W I T. Sir, I shall ease you. F I T. Mum. W I T. Nor  
 cloake haue I ends, Lady,  
 him. Vpon you, more then this : to tell you how *Loue*,  
 Beauties good Angell, he that waits vpon her  
 At all occasions, and no lesse then *Fortune*,  
 115 Helps th' aduenturous, in mee makes that proffer,  
 Which neuer faire one was so fond, to lose ;  
 Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedome.

On the first sight, I lou'd you : since which time,  
 Though I haue trauell'd, I haue beene in trauell  
 More for this second blessing of your eyes 120  
 Which now I'haue purchas'd, then for all aymes else.  
 Thinke of it, Lady, be your minde as actiue,  
 As is your beauty : view your object well.  
 Examine both my fashion, and my yeeres.  
 Things, that are like, are soone familiar : 125  
 And Nature ioyes, still, in equality.  
 Let not the signe o' the husband fright you, Lady.  
 But ere your spring be gone, inioy it. Flowers,  
 Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Thinke,  
 All beauty doth not last vntill the *autumne*. 130  
 You grow old, while I tell you this. And such,  
 As cannot vse the present, are not wise.  
 If Loue and Fortune will take care of vs,  
 Why should our will be wanting? This is all.  
 What doe you answer, Lady? F I T. Now, the sport comes. *Shee*  
 Let him still waite, waite, waite : while the watch goes, *stands*  
 And the time runs. Wife! W I T. How! not any word? *mute.*  
 Nay, then, I taste a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,  
 I cannot be so false to mine owne thoughts  
 Of your presumed goodnesse, to conceiue 140  
 This, as your rudenesse, which I see's impos'd.  
 Yet, since your cautelous *Iaylor*, here stands by you,  
 And yo' are deni'd the liberty o' the house,  
 Let me take warrant, Lady, from your silence,  
 (Which euer is interpreted consent) 145  
 To make your answer for you : which shall be  
 To as good purpose, as I can imagine,  
 And what I thinke you'd speake. F I T. No, no, no, no.  
 W I T. I shall resume, S<sup>r</sup>. M A N. Sir, what doe you meane?  
 W I T. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe  
 Into your hose and doublet, nothing saues you. *He sets*  
*Mr.*  
*Manly,*  
*his friend,*  
*in her*  
*place.*

i. vi. 124 yeeres.] *The period faint or missing in F* 126 still,  
 still F 134-5 should . . . What] tshould . . . Wha F (misplacing  
 the 't' of l. 135) 143 house,] house; 164r 149 st. dir.  
 friend,] friend F



And therefore harken. This is for your wife.

M A N. You must play faire, S<sup>r</sup>. W I T. Stand for mee,  
good friend.

*And speaks for her.* Troth, Sir, 'tis more then true, that you haue vttred  
Of my vnequall, and so sordide matche heere,

With all the circumstances of my bondage.

I haue a husband, and a two-legg'd one,

But such a moon-ling, as no wit of man

Or roses can redeeme from being an Asse.

160 H'is growne, too much, the story of mens mouthes,

To scape his lading : should I make't my study,

And lay all wayes, yea, call mankind to helpe,

To take his burden off, why, this one act

Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,

165 And, at a price, proclaimes his asinine nature

So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.

But Sir, you seeme a Gentleman of vertue,

No lesse then blood ; and one that euery way

Lookes as he were of too good quality,

170 To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her :

Since you haue payd thus deare, Sir, for a visit,

And made such venter, on your wit, and charge,

Meerely to see mee, or at most to speake to mee,

I were too stupid ; or (what's worse) ingrate,

175 Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,

I may with safety doe it ; I shall trust

My loue and honour to you, and presume,

You'll euer husband both, against this husband ;

Who, if we chance to change his liberall eares,

180 To other ensignes, and with labour make

A new beast of him, as hee shall deserue,

Cannot complaine, hee is vnkindly dealt with.

This day hee is to goe to a new play, Sir.

From whence no feare, no, nor authority,

i. vi. 154 'tis] tis F      160 growne,] growne F      172 venter]  
venture F3      charge,] charge F      174 ingrate,] ingrate F      182  
dealt] dealth F, 164r

Scarcely the *Kings* command, Sir, will restraine him, 185

Now you haue fitted him with a *Stage*-garment,

For the meere names sake, were there nothing else :

And many more such iourneyes, hee will make.

Which, if they now, or, any time heereafter,

Offer vs opportunity, you heare, Sir, 190

Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,

Meete, and enioy it chearefully as you.

I humbly thanke you, Lady. F 1 T. Keepe your ground Sir. *Hee shifts to his owne place againe.*

W 1 T. Will you be lightned? F 1 T. Mum. W 1 T. And

but I am,

By the said contract, thus to take my leaue of you

At this so enuious distance, I had taught

Our lips ere this, to seale the happy mixture

Made of our soules. But we must both, now, yeeld

To the necessity. Doe not thinke yet, Lady,

But I can kisse, and touch, and laugh, and whisper, 200

And doe those crowning court-ships too, for which

Day, and the publike haue allow'd no name,

But, now, my bargaine binds me. 'Twere rude iniury,

T<o>'importune more, or vrge a noble nature,

To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to : 205

Else, I should speake—But, Lady, I loue so well,

As I will hope, you'll doe so to. I haue done, Sir.

F 1 T. Well, then, I ha' won? W 1 T. Sir. And I may win, too.

F 1 T. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,

That shee shall hang forth ensignes at the window, 210

To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keepe

Three or foure foote-men, ready still of purpose,

To runne and fetch you, at her longings, Sir.

I'll goe bespeake me straight a guilt caroch,

1. vi. 185 *Kings* corr. F: *Kings* F originally, 1641 186 *Stage*-  
garment corr. F: *Stage*-garment F originally, 1641 187 nothing  
1641: northings F originally: nothing corr. F: no things F3 else:  
corr. F: else, F originally 193 *Stage*-direction not in F originally:  
not in 1641 or F3 againe.] againe F 195 said W: sad F  
202 name,] name F 207 Sir.] Sir, F 213 you, corr. F: you  
F originally, 1641

215 For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes,  
 Into *Hide-parke*, and thence into *Black-Fryers*,  
 Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,  
 And note the properest limbs, and how to make 'hem.  
 Or what doe you say vnto a middling Gossip ?

220 To bryng you aye together, at her lodging ?  
 Vnder pretext of teaching o' my wife  
 Some rare receipt of drawing *almond* milke ? ha ?  
 It shall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w'you.  
 I ha' kept the contract, and the cloake is mine.

225 W I T. Why, much good do't you S<sup>r</sup> ; it may fall out,  
 That you ha' bought it deare, though I ha' not sold it.

F I T. A pretty riddle ! Fare you well, good Sir.

Hee Wife, your face this way, looke on me : and thinke  
*turnes his* Yo' haue had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.  
*wife*  
*about.* M A N. This is the strangest motion I ere saw.

F I T. Now, wife, sits this faire cloake the worse vpon me,  
 For my great sufferings, or your little patience ? ha ?  
 They laugh, you thinke ? M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. Why S<sup>r</sup>. and you might  
 see't.

What thought, they haue of you, may be soone collected  
 235 By the young Gen<t>lemans speache. F I T. Young Gentle-  
 man ?

Death ! you are in loue with him, are you ? could he not  
 Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young ?  
 Vp to your Cabbin againe. M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. My cage, yo' were best  
 To call it ? F I T. Yes, sing there. You'd faine be making  
 240 *Blanck Manger* with him at your mothers ! I know you.  
 Goe, get you vp. How now ! what say you, *Diuell* ?

1. vi. 215 in. Yes *corr.* F : in : yes F *originally*, 1641 224 is mine  
*corr.* F : is mine owne F *originally*, 1641, F3 : 's mine own W 226  
*Exit.* add G 229 Yo' haue had] You had W 230 *Exit.* add G  
 235 Gentlemans] Genlemans F : Gentlmans 1641 Young] Young F  
 240 him] it 1641 241 Goe,] Goe F After 'vp' *Exit* Mrs. Fitz.  
 | Enter Pug. G

ACT I. SCENE VII.

PVG. FITZDOTTREL. INGINE.

**H**Eere is one *Ingine*, Sir, desires to speake with you.  
**FIT.** I thought he brought some newes, of a broker!  
 Well,

Let him come in, good *Diuell*; fetch him else.

O, my fine *Ingine*! what's th'affaire? more cheats?

**ING.** No Sir, the Wit, the Braine, the great *Proiecter*, 5  
 I told you of, is newly come to towne.

**FIT.** Where, *Ingine*? **ING.** I ha' brought him (H'is  
 without)

Ere hee pull'd off his boots, Sir, but so follow'd,

For businesses. **FIT.** But what is a *Proiecter*?

I would conceiue. **ING.** Why, one Sir, that proiects 10

Wayes to enrich men, or to make 'hem great,

By suites, by marriages, by vndertakings:

According as he sees they humour it.

**FIT.** Can hee not coniure at all? **ING.** I thinke he can,  
 Sir,

(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late, 15

The State hath tane such note of 'hem, and compell'd 'hem,

To enter such great bonds, they dare not practice.

**FIT.** 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while!

**ING.** O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.

**FIT.** I hope I shall: but *Ingine*, you doe talke 20

Somewhat too much, o' my courses. My Cloake-customer

Could tell mee strange particulars. **ING.** By my meanes?

**FIT.** How should he haue 'hem else? **ING.** You do not  
 know, Sr,

What he has: and by what arts! A monei'd man, Sir,

And is as great with your *Almanack-Men*, as you are! 25

i. vii. *G continues the scene* After 3 *Exit Pug.* | *Re-enter Engine*  
 G 9 businesses. F3: businesses: F: businessse: 164r 12  
 By] But 164r 14 Sir.] Sir. F

FIT. That Gallant? ING. You make the other wait too long, here :  
 And hee is extreme punctuall. FIT. Is he a gallant ?  
 ING. Sir, you shall see : He's in his riding suit,  
 As hee comes now from Court. But heere him speake :  
 30 Minister matter to him, and then tell mee.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

MEER-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. ENGINE.  
 TRAINES. PVG.

Sir, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge ;  
 Fit to runne out on errands : Let her goe.  
*Via pecunia !* when she's runne and gone,  
 And fled and dead ; then will I fetch her, againe,  
 5 With *Aqua-vitæ*, out of an old Hogs-head !  
 While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beere,  
 I'le neuer want her ! Coyne her out of cobwebs,  
 Dust, but I'll haue her ! Raise wooll vpon egge-shells,  
 Sir, and make grasse grow out o' marro-bones,  
 To a To make her come. (Commend mee to your Mistresse,  
 waiter. Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,  
 And it is done) I would but see the creature  
 (Of flesh, and blood) the man, the *prince*, indeed,  
 That could imploy so many millions  
 15 As I would help him to. FIT. How talks he ? millions ?  
 To an- MEER. (I'll giue you an account of this to morrow.)  
 other. Yes, I will talke no lesse, and doe it too ;  
 If they were *Myriades* : and without the *Diuell*,  
 By direct meanes, it shall be good in law. ING. Sir.

1. vii. 27 a om. F3 30 *Exeunt.* add G 11. i.] ACT II. SCENE  
 1. | *A Room in Fitzdottrel's House.* | *Enter Fitzdottrel, Engine, and Meercraft*  
*followed by Trains with a bag, and three or four Attendants.* G 1 Sir,  
 money 's] Sir, money is G : Money, sir, money's S. T. Coleridge conj.  
 9 -bones.] -bones. F 10 St. dir. To 1 Attendant. G 12 After  
 'done' Exit 1 Attendant. G 15 How F3 : How, F 16 MER.]  
 Meer. [To 2 Attendant.] G Exit 2 Atten. add G 17 talke] take  
 1641

M E R. Tell M<sup>r</sup>. *Wood-cock*, I'll not faile to meet him  
Vpon th' *Exchange* at night. Pray him to haue  
The writings there, and wee'll dispatch it. Sir,  
You are a Gentleman of a good presence,  
A handsome man (I haue considered you  
As a fit stocke to graft honours vpon :) 25  
I haue a proiect to make you a *Duke*, now.  
That you must be one, within so many moneths,  
As I set downe, out of true reason of state,  
You sha' not auoyd it. But you must harken, then.

To a  
third.

He turnes  
to Fitz-  
dottrel.

I N G. Harken? why S<sup>r</sup>, do you doubt his eares? Alas! 30  
You doe not know Master *Fitz-dottrel*.

F I T. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine*,  
For rectifying him. M E R. Good! Why, *Ingine*, then 40  
I'll tell it you. (I see you ha' credit, here,  
And, that you can keepe counsell, I'll not question.) 35  
Hee shall but be an vndertaker with mee,  
In a most feasible bus'nesse. It shall cost him  
Nothing. I N G. Good, S<sup>r</sup>. M E R. Except he please, but's  
count'nance;

He turnes  
to Ingine.

(That I will haue) t(o)'appeare in't, to great men,  
For which I'll make him one. Hee shall not draw 40  
A string of's purse. I'll driue his pattent for him.  
We'll take in Cittizens, *Commoners*, and *Aldermen*,  
To beare the charge, and blow 'hem off againe,  
Like so many dead flyes, when 'tis carryed.  
The thing is for recouery of drown'd land, 45  
Whereof the *Crowne's* to haue his moiety,  
If it be owner; Else, the *Crowne* and Owners  
To share that moyety: and the recouerers

II. i. 20 MER.] Meer. [to 3 Atten.] G St. dir. not in F originally, nor  
in 1641. 22 it. corr. F: it: F originally, 1641 After 'it.' Exit 3  
Atten. G St. dir. not in F originally, nor in 1641: inserted in F at l. 24  
24, 25 you . . . vpon :) you) . . . vpon: F 26 proiect . . . Duke  
corr. F: Proiect . . . Duke F originally, 1641 28 As] And 1641  
33 St. dir. not in F originally, nor in 1641, F3 34 it om. 1641  
42 Commoners . . . Aldermen corr. F Commoners . . . Aldermen F origin-  
ally, 1641 45 land corr. F: Land F originally, 1641 46 Crowne's  
corr. F: Crown's F originally, 1641 his corr. F: a F originally, 1641  
47 Crowne corr. F: Crowne F originally, 1641

T'enioy the tother moyety, for their charge.

50 I N G. Thorowout *England*? M E R. Yes, which will  
arise

To eyghteene *millions*, seuen the first yeere :

I haue computed all, and made my suruay

Vnto an acre. I'll beginne at the Pan,

Not, at the skirts : as some ha' done, and lost,

55 All that they wrought, their timber-worke, their trench,

Their bankes all borne away, or else fill'd vp

By the next winter. Tut, they neuer went

The way : I'll haue it all. I N G. A gallant tract

Of land it is ! M E R. 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.

60 Wee must let cheape, euer, at first. But Sir,

This lookes too large for you, I see. Come hither,

We'll haue a lesse. Here's a plain fellow, you see him,

Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,

Wi' not be sold for th'Earledome of *Pancridge* : Draw,

65 Gi' me out one, by chance. Proiect 4. *Dog-skinnes* ?

Twelue thousand pound ! the very worst, at first.

F I T. Pray you let's see't Sir. M E R. 'Tis a toy, a trifle !

F I T. Trifle ! 12. thousand pound for dogs-skins ? M E R.

Yes,

But, by my way of dressing, you must know, Sir,

70 And med'cining the leather, to a height

Of improu'd ware, like your *Borachio*

Of *Spaine*, Sir, I can fetch nine thousand for't—

I N G. Of the Kings glouer ? M E R. Yes, how heard you  
that ?

I N G. Sir, I doe know you can. M E R. Within this  
houre :

75 And reserue halfe my secret. Pluck another ;

11. i. 50 Thorowout *corr.* F : Throughout F originally, 1641 51  
millions *corr.* F : millions F originally, 1641 53 an] my F3 acre.  
*corr.* F : acre, F originally, 1641 58 gallant *corr.* F : Gallant F  
originally, 1641 62 After 'fellow'] *points to Trains.* G 65 After '  
'chance.'] *Trains gives him a paper out of the bag.* G Proiect. 4. *Dog-*  
*skinnes* *corr.* F : Proiect ; foure Dogs Skins F originally : Project ; foure  
dogs skins 1641 : Project ; four Dogs Skins F3 69 my *om.* 1641  
72 Sir, F3 : Sir. F, 1641

See if thou hast a happier hand : I thought so.

The very next worse to it ! Bottle-ale.

Yet, this is two and twenty thousand ! Pr'y thee

Pull out another, two or three. 'F I T. Good, stay, friend,

By bottle-ale, two and twenty thousand pound ?

Hee  
plukes  
out the 2.  
Bottle-ale.

80

M E R. Yes, Sir, it's cast to penny-hal'penny-farthing,

O' the back-side, there you may see it, read,

I will not bate a *Harrington* o' the summe.

I'll winne it i' my water, and my malt,

My furnaces, and hanging o' my coppers,

The tonping, and the subtilty o' my yest ;

85

And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,

Turne vp, and steepe, and worke, and neale, my selfe,

To a degree of *Porc'lane*. You will wonder,

At my proportions, what I will put vp

90

In seuen yeeres ! for so long time, I aske

For my inuention. I will saue in cork,

In my mere stop'ling, 'boue three thousand pound,

Within that terme : by googing of 'hem out

Iust to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.

95

There's infinite losse i' that. What hast thou there ?

O' making wine of raisins : this is in hand, now.

I N G. Is not that strange, S<sup>r</sup>, to make wine of raisins ?

Hee  
drawes  
out an-  
other  
Raisines

M E R. Yes, and as true a wine, as th' wines of *France*,

Or *Spaine*, or *Italy*. Looke of what grape

My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,

As of the *muscatell* grape, I'll render *muscatell* ;

Of the *Canary*, his ; the *Claret*, his ;

So of all kinds : and bate you of the prices,

Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe.

105

I N G. But, how, S<sup>r</sup>, if you raise the other commodity,

Raysins ? M E R. Why, then I'll make it out of black-berries :

11. i. 76 St. dir. *Trains draws out another.* G 78-80 Pr'y thee  
... pound. om. F3 86 the om. 1641 89 *Porc'lane*] *Proc'lane*  
1641 96 After ' that.' *Trains draws out another.* G 97 O' ...  
raisins] O! "Making wine of raisins" G now.] now, F 100  
*Italy.*] *Italy*, F 107 Raysins] Raysin s F



And it shall doe the same. 'Tis but more art,  
And the charge lesse. Take out another. F I T. No, good  
Sir.

- 110 Saue you the trouble, I'll not looke, nor heare  
Of any, but your first, there; the *Drown'd-land* :  
If 't will doe, as you say. M E R. Sir, there's not place,  
To gi' you demonstration of these things.  
They are a little to subtle. But, I could shew you  
115 Such a necessity in't, as you must be  
But what you please : against the receiu'd heresie,  
That *England* beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, S<sup>r</sup>,  
The greatnesse of th'estate shall throw't vpon you.  
If you like better turning it to money,  
120 What may not you, S<sup>r</sup>, purchase with that wealth ?  
Say, you should part with two o' your millions,  
To be the thing you would, who would not do't ?  
As I protest, I will, out of my diuident,  
Lay, for some pretty principality,  
125 In *Italy*, from the Church : Now, you perhaps,  
Fancy the smoake of *England*, rather ? But—  
Ha' you no priuate roome, Sir, to draw to,  
T<o>'enlarge our selues more vpon. F I T. O yes, *Diuell* !  
M E R. These, Sir, are bus'nesses, aske to be carryed  
130 With caution, and in cloud. F I T. I apprehend,  
They doe so, S<sup>r</sup>. *Diuell*, which way is your Mistresse ?  
P v G. Aboue, S<sup>r</sup>. in her chamber. F I T. O that's well.  
Then, this way, good Sir. M E R. I shall follow you ;  
*Traines*,  
Gi' mee the bag, and goe you presently,  
135 Commend my seruice to my Lady *Tail-bush*.  
Tell her I am come from Court this morning ; say,  
I'haue got our bus'nesse mou'd, and well : Intreat her,  
That shee giue you the four-score Angels, and see 'hem  
Dispos'd of to my Councel, Sir *Poul Eytherside*.

11. i. 124 pretty] petty F<sub>3</sub> 128 yes, *Diuell* [/] yes.—Devil! G  
131 so om. G After 'S<sup>r</sup>' Enter Pug. G 133 good F<sub>3</sub>: good,  
F, 164r

Sometime, to day, I'll waite vpon her Ladiship, 140  
 With the relation. I N G. Sir, of what dispatch,  
 He is! Do you marke? M E R. *Ingine*, when did you see  
 My cousin *Euer-ill*? keepes he still your quarter?  
 I' the *Bermudas*? I N G. Yes, Sir, he was writing  
 This morning, very hard. M E R. Be not you knowne to  
 him, 145

That I am come to Towne: I haue effected  
 A businesse for him, but I would haue it take him,  
 Before he thinks for't. I N G. Is it past? M E R. Not yet.  
 'Tis well o' the way. I N G. O Sir! your worship takes  
 Infinit paines. M E R. I loue Friends to be actiue: 150  
 A sluggish nature puts off man, and kinde.

I N G. And such a blessing followes it. M E R. I thanke  
 My fate. Pray you let's be priuate, Sir? F I T. In, here.

M E R. Where none may interrupt vs. F I T. You heare,  
*Diuell*,

Lock the streete-doores fast, and let no one in 155  
 (Except they be this Gentlemans followers)  
 To trouble mee. Doe you marke? Yo' haue heard and  
 seene

Something, to day; and, by it, you may gather  
 Your Mistresse is a fruite, that's worth the stealing,  
 And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now, 160  
 Yo' haue all your eyes about you; and let in  
 No lace-woman; nor bawd, that brings French-masques,  
 And cut-works. See you? Nor old croanes, with wafers,  
 To conuey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd  
 Like country-wiues, with creame, and marrow-puddings. 165  
 Much knauery may be vented in a pudding,  
 Much bawdy intelligence: They're shrewd ciphers.  
 Nor turne the key to any neyghbours neede;  
 Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,  
 Put it out, rather: all out, to an ashe, 170

II. i. 141 After 'relation.' *Exit Trains.* G 142 After 'marke?'  
*Aside to Fitts.* G 150 Friends] Friends, F 154 After 'vs.'  
*Exeunt Meer. and Engine.* G 155 streete-doores] streete.dores F  
 159 stealing,] stealing F 168 neede] need e F

That they may see no smoake. Or water, spill it :  
 Knock o' the empty tubs, that by the sound,  
 They may be forbid entry. Say, wee are robb'd,  
 If any come to borrow a spoone, or so.

- 175 I wi' not haue good fortune, or gods blessing  
 Let in, while I am busie. P v G. I'll take care, Sir :  
 They sha' not trouble you, if they would. F i T. Well, doe  
 so.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

P v G. MISTRESSE FITZDOTTREL.

- I haue no singular seruice of this, now ?  
 Nor no superlatiue Master ? I shall wish  
 To be in hell againe, at leasure ? Bring  
 A *Vice* from thence ? That had bin such a subtilty,  
 5 As to bring broad-clothes hither : or transport  
 Fresh oranges into *Spaine*. I finde it, now ;  
 My *Chiefe* was i' the right. Can any feind  
 Boast of a better *Vice*, then heere by nature,  
 And art, th'are owners of ? Hell ne'r owne mee,  
 10 But I am taken ! the fine tract of it  
 Pulls mee along ! To heare men such professors  
 Growne in our subtlest *Sciences* ! My first *Act*, now,  
 Shall be, to make this Master of mine cuckold :  
 The primitiue worke of darknesse, I will practise !  
 15 I will deserue so well of my faire Mistresse,  
 By my discoueries, first ; my counsell after ;  
 And keeping counsell, after that : as who,  
 So euer, is one, I'll be another, sure,  
 I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh !  
 20 Shee will be ! O ! that I could stay time, now,  
 Midnight will come too fast vpon mee, I feare,  
 To cut my pleasure— M<sup>rs</sup>. F i. Looke at the back-dooere,  
 One knocks, see who it is. P v G. Dainty *she-Diuell* !  
 Shee  
sends  
Diuell  
out. 11. i. 177 *Exit*. add G 11. ii. G continues the scene 3 Bring  
 F3: Bring, F, 1641 22 After 'pleasure' Enter Mrs. Fitzdottrel. G

M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. I cannot get this venter of the cloake,  
 Out of my fancie ; nor the Gentlemans way, 25  
 He tooke, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas handsome,  
 And had a grace withall, beyond the newnesse.  
 Sure he will thinke mee that dull stupid creature,  
 Hee said, and may conclude it ; if I finde not  
 Some thought to thanke th' attemp. He did presume, 30  
 By all the carriage of it, on my braine,  
 For answer ; and will sweare 'tis very barren,  
 If it can yeeld him no returne. Who is it ?

Diuell  
 returnes.

P v G. Mistresse, it is, but first, let me assure  
 The excellence, of Mistresses, I am, 35  
 Although my Masters man, my Mistresse slaue,  
 The seruant of her secrets, and sweete turnes,  
 And know, what fitly will conduce to either.

M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. What's this ? I pray you come to your selfe and  
 thinke  
 What your part is : to make an answer. Tell, 40  
 Who is it at the doore ? P v G. The Gentleman, M<sup>rs</sup>,  
 Who was at the cloake-charge to speake with you,  
 This morning, who expects onely to take  
 Some small command'ments from you, what you please,  
 Worthy your forme, hee saies, and gentlest manners. 45

M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. O ! you'll anon proue his hyr'd man, I feare,  
 What has he giu'n you, for this message ? Sir,  
 Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leaue  
 To spread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take  
 Master *Fitz-dottrel*, I am no such foule, 50  
 Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with stalking.  
 And wish him to for-beare his acting to mee,  
 At the Gentlemans chamber-window in *Lincolnes-Inne*  
 there,

That opens to my gallery : else, I sweare  
 T<o>'acquaint my husband with his folly, and leaue him 55

ii. ii. 30 attemp] attempt r64r  
 'returne.' *Re-enier* Pug. G  
 48 put] pnt F

33 returne.] returne F After  
 34 is.] is—W 41 it om. F3

To the iust rage of his offended iealousie.  
 Or if your Masters sense be not so quicke  
 To right mee, tell him, I shall finde a friend  
 That will repair mee. Say, I will be quiet,

60 In mine owne house. Pray you, in those words giue it him.  
*He goes out.* P v G. This is some foole turn'd ! M<sup>r</sup>. F 1. If he be the  
 Master,

Now, of that state and wit, which I allow him ;  
 Sure, hee will vnderstand mee : I durst not  
 Be more direct. For this officious fellow,  
 65 My husbands new groome, is a spie vpon me,  
 I finde already. Yet, if he but tell him  
 This in my words, hee cannot but conceiue  
 Himselfe both apprehended, and requited.  
 I would not haue him thinke hee met a statue :

70 Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.  
 How now ? ha' you told him ? P v G. Yes. M<sup>r</sup>. F 1. And  
 what saies he ?

P v G. Sayes he ? That which my self would say to you,  
 if I durst.

That you are proude, sweet Mistresse ! and with-all,  
 A little ignorant, to entertaine

75 The good that's proffer'd ; and (by your beauties leaue)  
 Not all so wise, as some true politique wife  
 Would be : who hauing match'd with such a *Nupson*  
 (I speake it with my Masters peace) whose face  
 Hath left t<o>'accuse him, now, for 't doth confesse him,  
 80 What you can make him ; will yet (out of scruple,  
 And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poore Gentleman,  
 At least delay him in the thing he longs for,  
 And makes it h<i>s whole study, how to compasse,  
 Onely a title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,

85 He had his ends. For, looke you— M<sup>r</sup>. F 1. This can be  
 None but my husbands wit. P v G. My pretious M<sup>r</sup>.

11. ii. 59 quiet.] quiet. F, 1641, F3 60 house.] house ? F, 1641  
 61 After 'turn'd', *Exit*. G 70 After 'silent.' *Re-enter Pug*. G  
 73 Mistresse ! 1641 : Mistresse ? F 83 his 1641 86 After  
 wit.' *Aside*. G

M<sup>(r)</sup>. F 1. It creaks his *Engine* : The groome neuer durst  
 Be, else, so saucy— P v G. If it were not clearely,  
 His worshipfull ambition ; and the top of it ;  
 The very forked top too : why should hee 90  
 Keepe you, thus mur'd vp in a back-roome, Mistresse,  
 Allow you ne'r a casement to the streete,  
 Feare of engendering by the eyes, with gallants,  
 Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Rats-bane.  
 Search your halfe pint of *muscatell*, lest a letter 95  
 Be suncke i' the pot : and hold your new-laid egge  
 Against the fire, lest any charme be writ there ?  
 Will you make benefit of truth, deare Mistresse,  
 If I doe tell it you : I do't not often ?  
 I am set ouer you, imploy'd, indeed, 100  
 To watch your steps, your lookes, your very breathings,  
 And to report them to him. Now, if you  
 Will be a true, right, delicate sweete Mistresse,  
 Why, wee will make a *Cokes* of this *Wise Master*,  
 We will, my Mistresse, an absolute fine *Cokes*, 105  
 And mock, to ayre, all the deepe diligences  
 Of such a solemne, and effectuall Asse,  
 An Asse to so good purpose, as wee'll vse him.  
 I will contriue it so, that you shall goe  
 To *Playes*, to *Masques*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feasts*. 110  
 For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Mistris,  
 If you neat handsome vessells, of good sayle,  
 Put not forth euer, and anon, with your nets  
 Abroad into the world. It is your fishing.  
 There, you shal choose your friends, your seruants, Lady, 115  
 Your squires of honour ; I'le conuey your letters,  
 Fetch answers, doe you all the offices,  
 That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,  
 For the variety, at my times, although  
 I am not in due *symmetrie*, the man 120  
 Of that proportion ; or in rule  
 Of *physicke*, of the iust complexion ;

Or of that truth of *Picardill*, in clothes,  
 To boast a soueraignty o're Ladies : yet  
 125 I know, to do my turnes, sweet Mistresse. Come, kisse——

M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. How now ! P v G. Deare delicate Mistresse, I  
 am your slaue,

Your little *worme*, that loues you : your fine *Monkey* ;  
 Your *Dogge*, your *Iacke*, your *Pug*, that longs to be  
 Stil'd, o' your pleasures. M<sup>rs</sup>. F I T. Heare you all this?

Shee  
*thinks* Sir, pray you,  
*her hus-* Come from your standing, doe, a little, spare  
*band* Your selfe, Sir, from your watch, t(o)'applaud your *Squire*,  
*watches.* That so well follows your instructions !

## ACT II. SCENE III.

F I T Z - D O T T R E L L. Mistresse F I T Z - D O T -  
 T R E L. P V G.

H O W now, sweet heart ? what's the matter ? M<sup>rs</sup>. F I.  
 Good !

You are a stranger to the plot ! you set not  
 Your saucy *Diuell*, here, to tempt your wife,  
 With all the insolent vnciuill language,

5 Or action, he could vent ? F I T. Did you so, *Diuell* ?

M<sup>rs</sup>. F I T. Not you ? you were not planted i' your hole to  
 heare him,

Vpo' the stayres ? or here, behinde the hangings ?

I doe not know your qualities ? he durst doe it,

And you not giue directions ? F I T. You shall see, wife,

10 Whether he durst, or no : and what it was,

Her hus- I did direct. P v G. Sweet Mistresse, are you mad ?  
*band goes*

F I T. You most mere Rogue ! you open manifest Vil-  
 laine !

presently You Feind apparant you ! you declar'd Hel-hound !  
*with a*

*cudgell*  
*vpon*  
*him.*

11. ii. 126 Mistresse.] Mist. F 129 M<sup>rs</sup>. F I T.] Mrs. Fitz. [aloud.] G  
 pray] Pray F 11. iii. Enter Fitzdottrel, G, continuing the scene 11  
 After 'direct.' Exit. G After 'mad?' Re-enter Fitzdottrel with a  
 cudgel. G

P v G. Good S<sup>r</sup>. F I T. Good Knaue, good Rascal, and good Traitor.

Now, I doe finde you parcel-*Diuell*, indeed. 15

Vpo' the point of trust? I' your first charge?

The very day o' your probation?

To tempt your Mistresse? You doe see, good wedlocke,

How I directed him. M<sup>rs</sup>. F I T. Why, where S<sup>r</sup>, were you?

F I T. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise :

*After a pause.*

I told you, I should doe it. P v G. Would you had done, Sir.

F I T. O wife, the rarest man ! yet there's another

*He strikes him againe.*

To put you in mind o' the last. Such a braue man, wife !

Within, he has his proiects, and do's vent 'hem,

The gallantest ! were you *tentiginous* ? ha ?

*and againe.*

Would you be acting of the *Incubus* ?

Did her silks rustling moue you ? P v G. Gentle Sir.

F I T. Out of my sight. If thy name were not *Diuell*,

Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,

Goe, yet stay : yet goe too. I am resolu'd,

30

What I will doe : and you shall know't afore-hand.

Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare ?

I'll helpe your lipping. Wife, such a man, wife !

*Diuell goes out.*

He has such plots ! He will make mee a *Duke* !

No lesse, by heauen ! six Mares, to your coach, wife !

35

That's your proportion ! And your coach-man bald !

Because he shall be bare, inough. Doe not you laugh,

We are looking for a place, and all, i' the map

What to be of. Haue faith, be not an Infidell.

You know, I am not easie to be gull'd.

40

I sweare, when I haue my *millions*, else, I'll make

Another *Dutchesse* ; if you ha' not faith.

M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. You'll ha' too much, I feare, in these false spirits.

F I T. Spirits ? O, no such thing ! wife ! wit, mere wit !

This man defies the *Diuell*, and all his works !

45

He dos't by *Ingine*, and deuises, hee !

II. iii. 18 After 'Mistresse?' *Beats Pug. G* 23 Such] such F  
25 were] where F, 1641, F3 43 spirits.] spirits, F 46 *Ingine*  
engine G



He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,  
 Will plough you forty acres, at once ! and mills,  
 Will spout you water, ten miles off ! All *Crowland*  
 50 Is ours, wife ; and the fens, from vs, in *Norfolke*,  
 To the vtmost bound of *Lincoln-shire* ! we haue view'd it,  
 And measur'd it within all ; by the scale !  
 The richest tract of land, Loue, i' the kingdome !  
 There will be made seuentene, or eightene *millions* ;  
 55 Or more, as 't may be handled ! wherefore, thinke,  
 Sweet heart, if th' hast a fancy to one place,  
 More then another, to be *Dutchesse* of ;  
 Now, name it : I will ha't, what ere it cost,  
 (If 't will be had for money) either here,  
 60 Or 't in *France*, or *Italy*. M<sup>r</sup>. F I. You ha' strange phan-  
 tasies !

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTRELL.  
 I N G I N E.

W Here are you, Sir ? F I T. I see thou hast no *talent*  
 This way, wife. Vp to thy gallery ; doe, *Chuck*,  
 Leaue vs to talke of it, who vnderstand it.

M E R. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.  
 5 *Gloc'ster*. F I T. O, no, I'll none ! M E R. Why, S<sup>r</sup> ? F I T.  
 'Tis fatall.

M E R. That you say right in. *Spenser*, I thinke, the  
 younger,  
 Had his last honour thence. But, he was but *Earle*.

F I T. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas of Woodstocke*,  
 I'm sure, was *Duke*, and he was made away,  
 10 At *Calice* ; as *Duke Humphrey* was at *Bury* :  
 And *Richard* the third, you know what end he came too.

M E R. By m<y>'faith you are cunning i' the *Chronicle*, Sir.

II. iii. 51 bound] bounds F3      60 Or'in F3      II. iv] Enter  
*Meercraft and Engine*. G, continuing the scene.      3 Exit Mrs. Fitz.  
add G      5 'Tis] Tis F      6 thinke,] thinke F3      12 my'faith]  
m'faith F, 164r : my faith W

F I T. No, I confesse I ha 't from the *Play-bookes*,  
And thinke they'are more *authentique*. I N G. That's sure,  
Sir.

M E R. What say you (to this then?) F I T. No, a noble *He*  
house *whispers*  
Pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong. *him of a*  
*place.*

M E R. Then take one proposition more, and heare it  
As past exception. F I T. What's that? M E R. To be  
*Duke* of those lands, you shall recouer: take  
Your title, thence, Sir, *Duke* of the *Drown'd-lands*, 20  
Or *Drown'd-land*. F I T. Ha? that last has a good sound!  
I like it well. The *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*? I N G. Yes;  
It goes like *Groen-land*, Sir, if you marke it. M E R. I,  
And drawing thus your honour from the worke,  
You make the reputation of that, greater; 25  
And stay 't the longer i' your name. F I T. 'Tis true.  
*Drown'd-lands* will liue in *Drown'd-land*! M E R. Yes, when  
you

Ha' no foote left; as that must be, Sir, one day.  
And, though it tarry in your heyres, some *forty*,  
*Fifty* descents, the longer liuer, at last, yet, 30  
Must thrust 'hem out on't: if no quirk in law,  
Or odde *Vice* o' their owne not do it first.  
Wee see those changes, daily: the faire lands,  
That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now:  
And those rich Mannors, there, of good man *Taylors*, 35  
Had once more wood vpon 'hem, then the yard,  
By which th(ey)'were measur'd out for the last purchase.  
Nature hath these vicissitudes. Shee makes  
No man a state of perpetuity, Sir.

F I T. Yo' are i' the right. Let's in then, and conclude. *Hee spies*  
I' my sight, againe? I'll talke with you, anon. *Diuell.*

ii. iv. 15 then ?)] then). F house] house. F, 1641, F3 32 do  
it] do't F: do't 1641 39 perpetuity 1641: perpetuety F 40  
St. dir. Hee. . . Diuell.] Re-enter Pug. G 41 I' 1716: I F, 1641, F3  
After 41 Exeunt Filz. Meev. and Engine. G

## ACT II. SCENE V.

P v G.

- S<sup>V</sup>re hee will geld mee, if I stay : or worse,  
 Pluck out my tongue, one o' the two. This Foole,  
 There is no trusting of him : and to quit him,  
 Were a contempt against my *Chiefe*, past pardon.
- 5 It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first !  
 Who would ha' thought a woman so well harness'd,  
 Or rather well-caparison'd, indeed,  
 That weares such petticoates, and lace to her smocks,  
 Broad seaming laces (as I see 'hem hang there)
- 10 And garters which are lost, if shee can shew 'hem,  
 Could ha' done this ? *Hell !* why is shee so braue ?  
 It cannot be to please *Duke Dottrel*, sure,  
 Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,  
 Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glasse ;
- 15 Yet that may be : I haue knowne many of 'hem,  
 Beginne their pleasure, but none end it, there:  
 (That I consider, as I goe along with it)  
 They may, for want of better company,  
 Or that they thinke the better, spend an houre ;
- 20 Two, three, or foure, discoursing with their shaddow :  
 But sure they haue a farther speculation.  
 No woman drest with so much care, and study,  
 Doth dresse her selfe in vaine. I'll vexe this *probleme*,  
 A little more, before I leaue it, sure.

11. v.] *G continues the scene*  
*Cunningham conj.*

10 can] cannot *G conj.* : can't  
 17 along] a long *F*, 1641

24 *Exit.* add *G*

ACT II. SCENE VI.

WITTIPOL. MANLY. MISTRESSE FITZ-  
DOTTREL. PUG.

THIS was a fortune, happy about thought,  
That this should prove thy chamber; which I fear'd  
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be  
The very window, and that the room. MAN. It is.  
I now remember, I have often seen there 5  
A woman, but I never mark'd her much.

WIT. Where was your soul, friend? MAN. Faith, but  
now, and then,

Awake unto those objects. WIT. You pretend so.  
Let me not live, if I am not in love  
More with her wit, for this direction, now, 10  
Then with her form, though I have praised that prettily,  
Since I saw her, and you, to day. Read those.  
They'll go unto the ayre you love so well.  
Try 'hem unto the note, may be the musique  
Will call her sooner; <'s>light, she's here. Sing quickly. *Hee gives him a paper, wherein is the copy of a Song.*

MRS. FIT. Either he understood him not: or else,  
The fellow was not faithful in delivery,  
Of what I said. And, I am justly paid,  
That might have made my profit of his service,  
But, by mis-taking, have drawn on his envy, 20  
And done the worse defeat upon my selfe.  
How! Musique? then he may be there: and is, sure.

PUG. O! Is it so? Is there the enter-view?  
Have I drawn to you, at last, my cunning Lady?  
The Divell is an Ass! fool'd off! and beaten!  
Nay, made an instrument! and could not sent it!  
Well, since you have showne the malice of a woman, *Manly sings, Pug enters, perceives it.*

II. vi. SCENE II. | Manly's Chambers in Lincoln's Inn, opposite Fitzdottrel's House. | Enter Wittipol and Manly. G After 15 Mrs. Fitzdottrel appears at a window of her house fronting that of Manly's Chambers. G 21 worse] worst W St. dir.: enters,] enters F, 1641, F3 Enter Pug behind. G 22 is,] is F, 1641, F3 26 sent] scent W

No lesse then her true wit, and learning, Mistresse,  
I'll try, if little *Pug* haue the malignity

30 To recompence it, and so saue his danger.

'Tis not the paine, but the discredite of it,  
The *Diuell* should not keepe a body intire.

WIT. Away, fall backe, she comes. MAN. I'll leaue  
you, Sir,

The Master of my chamber. I haue businesse.

35 WIT. MR. FI. You make me paint, SR. WIT.

The(y)'are faire colours,

*Lady*, and naturall ! I did receiue

*This* Some commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,

*Scene is* But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the deliury,

*acted at* As I may feare t(o)'haue mis-interpreted :

*two* But must make suit still, to be neere your grace.

*windo's* MR. FI. Who is there with you, SR ? WIT. None, but  
*as out of* my selfe.

*two con-* It falls out, *Lady*, to be a deare friends lodging.

Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune

With your poore seruants blest affections.

45 MR. FI. Who was it sung ? WIT. He, *Lady*, but hee's gone,

Vpon my entreaty of him, seeing you

Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,

If he were here. He is too much a gentleman.

MR. FI. Sir, if you iudge me by this simple action,

50 And by the outward habite, and complexion

Of easinesse, it hath, to your designe ;

You may, with Iustice, say, I am a woman :

And a strange woman. But when you shall please,

To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,

55 To memory, which to day your selfe did vrge :

It may beget some fauour like excuse,

Though none like reason. WIT. No, my tune-full Mis-  
tresse ?

II. vi. 32 *Aside and exit.* add G

FI.] Mrs. Fitz. [*advances to the window.*] G

buildings, F

52 may,] may F

34 *Exit.* add G

37 st. dir. buildings.]

35 MR

Then, surely, *Loue* hath none ; nor *Beauty* any ;  
 Nor *Nature* violenced, in both these :  
 With all whose gentle tongues you speake, at once. 60  
 I thought I had inough remou'd, already,  
 That scruple from your brest, and left yo(u)'all reason ;  
 When, through my mornings perspectiue, I shewd you  
 A man so aboue excuse, as he is the cause,  
 Why any thing is to be done vpon him : 65  
 And nothing call'd an iniury, mis-plac'd.  
 I, rather, now had hope, to shew you how *Loue*,  
 By his accesses, growes more naturall :  
 And, what was done, this morning, with such force  
 Was but deuis'd to serue the present, then. 70  
 That since *Loue* hath the honour to approach  
 These sister-swelling breasts ; and touch this soft,  
 And rosie hand ; hee hath the skill to draw  
 Their *Nectar* forth, with kissing ; and could make  
 More wanton salts, from this braue promontory,  
 Downe to this valley, then the nimble *Roe* ;  
 Could play the hopping *Sparrow*, 'bout these nets ;  
 And sporting *Squirell* in these crisped groues ;  
 Bury himsele in euery *Silke-wormes* kell,  
 Is here vnrauell'd ; runne into the snare, 80  
 Which euery hayre is, cast into a curle,  
 To catch a *Cupid* flying : Bath himsele  
 In milke, and roses, here, and dry him, there ;  
 Warme his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,  
 And well-torn'd chin, as with the *Billyard* ball ; 85  
 Rowle on these lips, the banks of loue, and there  
 At once both plant, and gather kisses. *Lady*,  
 Shall I, with what I haue made to day here, call  
 All sense to wonder, and all faith to signe  
 The mysteries reuealed in your forme ? 90  
 And will *Loue* pardon mee the blasphemy

*He growes  
 more  
 familiar  
 in his  
 Court-  
 ship,  
 playes  
 with her  
 paps,  
 kisseth  
 her hands,  
 &c.*

11. vi. 63 perspectiue,] perspective F 67 I, rather] I' rather F,  
 164r *Loue*,] *Loue* F 71 st. dir. *Court-ship*,] *Court-ship*. F *playes*  
 ... &c. at l. 76 in F 75 salts] 'salts' F3 81 is,] is, is 164r  
 85 well-torn'd] well torn'd F

I vtter'd, when I said, a glasse could speake  
This beauty, or that fooles had power to iudge it ?

- 95        *Doe but looke, on her eyes ! They doe light—  
All that Loue's world comprizeth !  
Doe but looke on her hayre ! it is bright,  
As Loue's starre, when it riseth !  
Doe but marke, her fore-head's smother,  
Then words that sooth her !*
- 100       *And from her arched browes, such a grace  
Sheds it selfe through the face ;  
As alone, there triumphs to the life,  
All the gaine, all the good, of the elements strife !*
- 105       *Haue you seene but a bright Lilly grow,  
Before rude hands haue touch'd it ?  
Haue you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,  
Before the soyle hath smuch'd it ?  
Haue you felt the wooll o' the Beuer ?  
Or Swans downe, euer ?*
- 110       *Or, haue smelt o' the bud o' the Bryer ?  
Or the Nard i' the fire ?  
Or, haue tasted the bag o' the Bee ?  
O, so white ! O, so soft ! O, so sweet is shee !*

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. WITTIPOL. PVG.

*Her husband appears at her back.* IS shee so, Sir ? and, I will keepe her so.  
If I know how, or can : that wit of man  
Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this windo'  
She shall no more be *bus'd* at. Take your leaue on't.  
5 If you be sweet meates, wedlock, or sweet flesh,  
All's one : I doe not loue this *hum* about you.

II. vi. 98 *fore-head's* fore-head 1641 100 a om. 1641 106  
of the] of 1641 107 *smuch'd*] smutch'd 1641 II. vii] *Fitzdottrel*  
*appears at his Wife's back.* G. continuing the scene

A flye-blowne wife is not so proper. In :

For you, S<sup>r</sup>, looke to heare from mee. W I T. So, I doe, Sir. *Hee*

F I T. No, but in other termes. There's no man offers *speakes*  
This to my wife, but paies for't. W I T. That haue I, Sir. *out of his*  
*wines*  
*window.*

F I T. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. W I T. What am I,  
Sir ?

F I T. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha' cut your  
throat.

W I T. Goe, you are an *Assse*. F I T. I am resolu'd on't,  
Sir.

W I T. I thinke you are. F I T. To call you to a reckon-  
ing.

W I T. Away, you brokers blocke, you property. 15

F I T. S'light, if you strike me, I'll strike your Mistresse. *Hee*  
W I T. O ! I could shoote mine eyes at him, for that, now; *strikes his*  
*wife.*

Or leaue my teeth in'him, were they cuckolds bane,

Inough to kill him. What prodigious,

Blinde, and most wicked change of fortune's this ? 20

I ha' no ayre of patience : all my vaines

Swell, and my sinewes start at iniquity of it.

I shall breake, breake. P v G. This for the malice of it, *The*  
And my reuenge may passe ! But, now, my conscience *Diuell*  
Tells mee, I haue profited the cause of Hell *speakes*  
*below.*

But little, in the breaking-off their loues.

Which, if some other act of mine repaire not,

I shall heare ill of in my accompt. F I T. O, Bird !

Could you do this ? 'gainst me ? and at this time, now ? *Fitz-*  
When I was so imploy'd, wholly for you, *dottrel*  
Drown'd i' my care (more, then the land, I sweare, *enters*  
I'haue hope to win) to make you peere-lesse ? studying, *with his*  
*wife as*  
*come*  
*downte.*

For footemen for you, fine-pac'd huishers, pages,

To serue you o' the knee ; with what Knights wife,

11. vii. 7 proper.] proper, F 11 are.] are—W 13 Sir.] sir—G  
16 Mistresse.] Mistresse, F, 1641, F3 St. dir. Strikes Mrs. Fitz. and  
leads her out. G 22 iniquity] th' iniquity G 23 After  
'breake.' Exit. G, who makes a new scene here—SCENE III. Another  
Room in Fitzdottrel's House. | Enter Pug. 28 in om. 1641 St.  
dir. as come dounte. om. G 33 fine-pac'd] fine pac'd F



- 5 To beare your traine, and sit with your foure women  
 In councell, and receiue intelligences,  
 From forraigne parts, to dresse you at all pieces !  
 Y'haue (a'most) turn'd my good affection, to you ;  
 Sowr'd my sweet thoughts ; all my pure purposes :  
 40 I could now finde (i' my very heart) to make  
 Another, *Lady Dutchesse* ; and depose you.  
 Well, goe your waies in. *Diuell*, you haue redeem'd all.  
 I doe forgiue you. And I'll doe you good.

## ACT II. SCENE VIIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE.  
 TRAINES.

**W**Hy ha' you these excursions ? where ha' you beene,  
 Sir ?

FIT. Where I ha' beene vex'd a little, with a toy !

MER. O Sir ! no toyes must trouble your graue head,  
 Now it is growing to be great. You must

5 Be aboue all those things. FIT. Nay, nay, so I will.

MER. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you must put off  
 The man, Sir. ING. He saies true. MER. You must do  
 nothing

As you ha' done it heretofore ; not know,

Or salute any man. ING. That was your bed-fellow,

10 The other moneth. MER. The other moneth ? the weeke.

Thou dost not know the priuiledges, *Ingine*,

Follow that Title ; nor how swift : To day,

When he has put on his Lords face once, then——

FIT. Sir, for these things I shall doe well enough,

15 There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is

Such an vntoward thing ! shee'll neuer learne

How to comport with it ! I am out of all

II. vii. 42 After 'in.' Exit Mrs. Fitz. G 43 Exit Pug. add G  
 II. viii.] ACT. III. SCENE VIII. 1641 : Enter Meercraft with Engine. G,  
 continuing the scene 1 Why ha' 1641 : Why ha F

Concept, on her behalfe. M E R. Best haue her taught, Sir.

F I T. Where? Are there any Schooles for *Ladies*? Is there

An *Academy* for women? I doe know, 20

For men, there was: I learn'd in it, my selfe,

To make my legges, and doe my postures. I N G. Sir.

Doe you remember the conceipt you had——

O' the *Spanish* gowne, at home? M E R. Ha! I doe thanke thee,

Ingine  
whispers  
Mere-  
craft,  
Mere-  
craft  
turnes to  
Fitz-  
dottrel.

With all my heart, deare *Ingine*. Sir, there is

A certaine *Lady*, here about the Towne,

An *English* widdow, who hath lately trauell'd,

But shee's call'd the *Spaniard*; 'cause she came

Latest from thence: and keepe the *Spanish* habit.

Such a rare woman! all our women heere, 30

That are of spirit, and fashion flocke, vnto her,

As to their President; their *Law*; their *Canon*;

More then they euer did, to *Oracle-Foreman*.

Such rare receipts shee has, Sir, for the face;

Such *oyles*; such *tinctures*; such *pomatum*[n]'s; 35

Such *perfumes*; *medicines*; *quintessences*, &c.

And such a Mistresse of behauiour;

She knowes, from the *Dukes* daughter, to the Doxey,

What is their due iust: and no more! F I T. O Sir!

You please me i' this, more then mine owne greatnesse. 40

Where is shee? Let vs haue her. M E R. By your patience,

We must vse meānes; cast how to be acquainted——

F I T. Good, S<sup>r</sup>, about it. M E R. We must think how,  
first. F I T. O!

I doe not loue to tarry for a thing,

When I haue a mind to't. You doe not know me, 45

If you doe offer it. M E R. Your wife must send

Some pretty token to her, with a complement,

And pray to be receiu'd in her good graces,

II. viii. 28 shee's] she is W 'cause] cause F 29 and om. 1641  
31 fashion flocke,] fashion, flock F3 36 medicines] med'cines F  
43 Good,] Good 1641 45 me, F3: me. F, 1641 48 good om. 1641

All the great *Ladies* do't, F I T. She shall, she shall,  
 50 What were it best to be? M E R. Some little toy,  
 I would not haue it any great matter, Sir :  
 A *Diamant* ring, of *forty* or *fifty* pound,  
 Would doe it handsomely : and be a gift  
 Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

Fitz-  
dottrel  
goes out.

F I T. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, streight. M E R.

Why this

Is well ! The clothes we'haue now : But, where's this *Lady* ?  
 If we could get a witty boy, now, *Ingine* ;  
 That were an excellent cracke. I could instruct him,  
 To the true height. For any thing takes this *dottrel*.

60 I N G. (Why, Sir, your best will be one o' the players !

M E R. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talke on't,  
 And tell their *Poets*. I N G. What if they doe ? the iest  
 Will brooke the Stage.) But, there be some of 'hem  
 Are very honest Lads. There's *Dicke Robinson*,

65 A very pretty fellow, and comes often  
 To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had  
 The merriest supper of it there, one night,  
 The Gentlemans Land-lady invited him  
 To'a Gossips feast. Now, he, Sir, brought *Dick Robinson*,

70 Drest like a Lawyers wife, amongst 'hem all ;  
 (I lent him cloathes) but, to see him behaue it ;  
 And lay the law ; and carue ; and drinke vnto 'hem ;  
 And then talke baudy : and send frolicks ! o !

It would haue burst your buttons, or not left you

75 A seame. M E R. They say hee's an ingenious youth !

I N G. O Sir ! and dresses himselfe, the best ! beyond  
 Forty o' your very *Ladies* ! did you ne'r see him ?

M E R. No, I do seldome see those toyes. But thinke you,  
 That we may haue him ? I N G. Sir, the young Gentleman

80 I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it ?

Enters  
againe.

M E R. Yes, doe it. F I T. S'light, I cannot get my wife

11. viii. 52 *Diamant*] Diamond F<sub>3</sub> 60 Sir,] Sir F 63 Will]  
 will F 64 *Robinson*,] *Robinson* F 66 friends] friend W  
 69 feast.] feast, F, 1641: Feast: F<sub>3</sub> he, Sir,] he Sir F 74  
 buttons] bottoms 1641 77 very om. G

To part with a ring, on any termes : and yet,  
The sollen *Monkey* has two. M E R. It were 'gainst reason,  
That you should vrge it ; Sir, send to a Gold-smith,  
Let not her lose by't. F I T. How do's she lose by't? 85  
Is't not for her? M E R. Make it your owne bounty,  
It will ha' the better successe ; what is a matter  
Of fifty pound to you, S<sup>r</sup>? F I T. I'haue but a hundred  
*Pieces*, to shew here ; that I would not breake—

M E R. You shall ha' credit, Sir. I'll send a ticket 90  
Vnto my Gold-smith. Heer, my man comes too, Traines  
To carry it fitly. How now, *Traines*? What birds? enters.

T R A. Your Cousin *Euer-ill* met me, and has beat mee,  
Because I would not tell him where you were :  
I thinke he has dogd me to the house too. M E R. Well— 95  
You shall goe out at the back-doore, then, *Traines*.  
You must get *Guilt-head* hither, by some meanes :

T R A. 'Tis impossible ! F I T. Tell him, we haue *venison*,  
I'll g<i>' him a piece, and send his wife a *Phesant*.

T R A. A Forrest moues not, till that *forty* pound, 100  
Yo' had of him, last, be pai'd. He keepes more stirre,  
For that same petty summe, then for your bond  
Of *sixe* ; and *Statute* of *eight* hundred ! M E R. Tell him  
Wee'll hedge in that. Cry vp *Fitz-dottrell* to him,  
Double his price : Make him a man of mettall. 105

T R A. That will not need, his bond is currant enough.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

GVILT-HEAD. PLVTARCHVS.

Al this is to make you a Gentleman :  
I'll haue you learne, Sonne. Wherefore haue I plac'd you  
With S<sup>r</sup>. *Poul* Either-side, but to haue so much Law

ii. viii. 83 sollen] sullen F3 88 S<sup>r</sup> ?] S<sup>r</sup>. F 95 MER. W :  
FIT. F, 1641, F3 99 Exit. add G 102 summe] some 1641  
103 MER. W: FIT. F, 1641, F3 106 Exeunt. add G III. i] A  
Room in Fitzdottrel's House. | Enter Thomas Gilthead and Plutarchus. G  
3 Poul] Pould 1641 to om. F3

- To keepe your owne? Besides, he is a *Iustice*,  
 5 Here i' the Towne; and dwelling, Sonne, with him,  
 You shal learne that in a yeere, shall be worth twenty  
 Of hauing stay'd you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,  
 Or sending you to the *Innes of Court*, or *France*.  
 I am call'd for now in haste, by Master *Meere-craft*,  
 10 To trust Master *Fitz-dottrel*, a good man:  
 I haue inquir'd him, eightene hundred a yeere,  
 (His name is currant) for a diamant ring  
 Of forty, shall not be worth thirty (that's gain'd)  
 And this is to make you a Gentleman!
- 15 P L V. O, but good father, you trust too much! G V I.  
 Boy, boy,  
 We liue, by finding fooles out, to be trusted.  
 Our shop-bookes are our pastures, our corn-grounds,  
 We lay 'hem op'n, for them to come into:  
 And when wee haue 'hem there, wee driue 'hem vp  
 20 In t'one of our two Pounds, the *Compters*, streight,  
 And this is to make you a Gentleman!  
 Wee Citizens neuer trust, but wee doe coozen:  
 For, if our debtors pay, wee coozen them;  
 And if they doe not, then we coozen our selues.
- 25 But that's a hazard euery one must runne,  
 That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman!  
 P L V. (I doe not wish to be one, truely, Father.  
 In a descent, or two, wee come to be  
 Iust i' their state, fit to be coozend, like 'hem.
- 30 And I had rather ha' tarried i' your trade:  
 For, since the *Gentry* scorne the Citty so much,  
 Me thinkes we should in time, holding together,  
 And matching in our owne tribes, as they say,  
 Haue got an *Act of Common Councell*, for it,  
 35 That we might coozen them out of *rerum natura*.)  
 G V I. I, if we had an *Act* first to forbid

III. i. 9 *Meere-craft*,] *Meere-craft* F      11 I haue] I'haue F      13  
 that's] that's F      15 father,] *The comma faint or missing in F*      boy]  
 by F3      20 two om. F3      29 i' their] 'theire F

(The marrying of our wealthy heyres vnto 'hem :  
And daughters, with such lauish portions.  
That confounds all. P L V. And makes a *Mungril* breed,  
Father.  
And when they haue your money, then they laugh at you: 40  
Or kick you downe the stayres. I cannot abide 'hem.  
I would faine haue 'hem coozen'd, but not trusted.)

ACT III. SCENE II.

MERE-CRAFT. GVILT-HEAD. FITZ-  
DOTTRELL. PLVTARCHVS.

O, is he come ! I knew he would not faile me.  
Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I must ha' you doe  
A noble Gentleman, a courtesie, here :  
In a mere toy (some pretty Ring, or Jewell)  
Of fifty, or threescore pound (Make it a hundred, 5  
And hedge in the last forty, that I owe you,  
And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, S<sup>r</sup>,  
And you may hap' see him a great one ! Hee,  
Is likely to bestow hundreds, and thousands,  
Wi' you ; if you can humour him. A great prince 10  
He will be shortly. What doe you say ? G V I. In truth,  
Sir,

I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,

F I T. (Of what, I pray thee ? of wit ? or honesty ?  
Those are your Citizens long vacations.)

P L V. Good Father, do not trust 'hem. M E R. Nay, 15  
*Thom. Guilt-head.*

Hee will not buy a courtesie and begge it :

Hee'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,

You must doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,

Is not yet prostitute ! Who's this ? thy sonne ?

A pretty youth, what's his name ? P L V. *Plutarchus*, Sir. 20

III. ii.] Enter *Meercraft*. G, continuing the scene Query, Enter  
*Meercraft*, with *Fitz-dottrel*. 7 After 'Ring' *Aside to Guilt-head*. G  
11 Sir,] Sir F 13 FIT.] *Meer*. G After 14 Query, Exit *Fitz-dottrel*.  
15 Father,] Father F

- M E R. (*Plutarchus!* How came that about? G v i.  
That yeere S<sup>r</sup>,  
That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch's* liues,  
And fell s<o>' in loue with the booke, as I call'd my sonne  
By'his name; In hope he should be like him:  
25 And write the liues of our great men! M E R. I' the City?  
And you do breed him, there? G v i. His minde, Sir, lies  
Much to that way. M E R. Why, then, he is i' the right way.)  
G v i. But, now, I had rather get him a good wife,  
And plant him i' the countrey; there to vse  
30 The blessing I shall leaue him. M E R. (Out vpon't!  
And lose the laudable meanes, thou hast at home, heere,  
T<o>'aduance, and make him a young *Alderman*?  
Buy him a Captaines place, for shame; and let him  
Into the world, early, and with his plume,  
35 And Scarfes, march through *Cheapside*, or along *Cornehill*,  
And by the vertue'of those, draw downe a wife  
There from a windo', worth ten thousand pound!  
Get him the posture booke, and's leaden men,  
To set vpon a table, 'gainst his Mistresse  
40 Chance to come by, that hee may draw her in,  
And shew her *Finsbury* battells.) G v i. I haue plac'd him  
With Iustice *Eytherside*, to get so much law—  
M E R. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost  
wrong  
Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name,  
45 For nothing: but was borne to traine the youth  
Of *London*, in the military truth—  
That way his *Genius* lies. My Cousin *Everill*!

III. ii. 30 him.] him: F (?) vpon't] vpont't 1641 45-6 to traine  
... truth italicized by G 47 After 'lies.' Enter *Everill*. G

ACT III. SCENE IIJ.

EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS. GVILT-HEAD.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZDOTTRELL.

O, are you here, Sir? 'pray you let vs whisper.

PLV. Father, deare Father, trust him if you loue mee.

GV I. Why, I doe meane it, boy; but, what I doe,  
Must not come easily from mee: Wee must deale  
With *Courtiers*, boy, as *Courtiers* deale with vs. 5  
If I haue a *Businesse* there, with any of them,  
Why, I must wait, I'am sure on't, Son: and though  
My *Lord* dispatch me, yet his worshipfull man——  
Will keepe me for his sport, a moneth, or two,  
To shew mee with my fellow Cittizens. 10  
I must make his traine long, and full, one quarter;  
And helpe the spectacle of his greatnesse. There,  
Nothing is done at once, but iniuries, boy:  
And they come head-long! all their good turnes moue not,  
Or very slowly. PLV. Yet sweet father, trust him. 15

GV I. Well, I will thinke. EV. Come, you must do't,  
Sir.

I'am vndone else, and your *Lady Tayle-bush*  
Has sent for mee to dinner, and my cloaths  
Are all at pawne. I had sent out this morning,  
Before I heard you were come to towne, some twenty 20  
Of my epistles, and no one returne——

MER. (Why, I ha' told you o' this. This comes of wear-  
ing  
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works! your fine gartring!  
With your blowne roses, Cousin! and your eating  
*Phesant*, and *Godwit*, here in *London*! haunting 25  
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides*! wedging in with *Lords*,

Mere-  
craft tells  
him of his  
faults.

III. iii.] *G continues the Scene* 1 [*takes Meer. aside. add G* 15  
slowly.] slowly F 16 After 'thinke.' *They walk aside. G* 17  
and] aud F. 26 wedging] and wedging 164r



Still at the table ! and affecting lechery,  
 In veluet ! where could you ha' contented your selfe  
 With cheese, salt-butter, and a pickled hering,  
 30 I' the Low-countries ; there worne cloth, and fustian !  
 Beene satisfied with a leape o' your Host's daughter,  
 In garrison, a wench of a stoter ! or,  
 Your *Sutlers* wife, i' the leaguer, of two blanks !  
 You neuer, then, had runne vpon this flat,  
 35 To write your letters missiue, and send out  
 Your priuy seales, that thus haue frighted off  
 All your acqu(a)intance ; that they shun you at distance,  
 Worse, then you do the Bailies ! E v. Pox vpon you.

*Hee re-  
pines,*

I come not to you for counsell, I lacke money.  
 40 M E R. You doe not thinke, what you owe me already ?  
 E v. I ?

*and  
threatens  
him.*

They owe you, that meane to pay you. I'll be sworne,  
 I neuer meant it. Come, you will proiect,  
 I shall vndoe your practice, for this moneth else :  
 You know mee. M E R. I, yo'are a right sweet nature !  
 E v. Well, that's all one ! M E R. You'll leaue this Em-  
 pire, one day ?

You will not euer haue this tribute payd,  
 Your scepter o' the sword ? E v. Tye vp your wit,  
 Doe, and prouoke me not—— M E R. Will you, Sir, helpe,  
 To what I shall prouoke another for you ?

50 E v. I cannot tell ; try me : I thinke I am not  
 So vtterly, of an ore vn-to-be-melted,  
 But I can doe my selfe good, on occasions.

*They  
ioyne.*

M E R. Strike in then, for your part. M<sup>r</sup>. *Fitz-dottrel*,  
 If I transgresse in point of manners, afford mee

55 Your best construction ; I must beg my freedome

*Mere-  
craft  
pretends  
businessse.*

From your affayres, this day. F I T. How, S<sup>r</sup> ? M E R. It is  
 In succour of this Gentlemans occasions,

iii. iii. 32 stoter] Storer 1716: storer W, G 33 *Sutlers*] *Sutlers*  
 1641 41 be sworne] besworne F After 52 Enter *Fitzdottrel*.  
 G 53 After 'part.' [They go up to *Fitzdottrel*.] G *Fitz-dottrel*,]  
*Fitz-dottrel* F 56 S<sup>r</sup> ?] S<sup>r</sup>. F St. dir. 56 *pretends*] The p has  
 dropped out in some copies of F

My kins-man—— F I T. You'll not do me that affront, S<sup>r</sup>.

M E R. I am sory you should so interpret it,

But, Sir, it stands vpon his being inuested

60

In a new *office*, hee has stood for, long :

*Master of the Dependances* ! A place

Mere-  
craft  
describes  
the office  
of De-  
pend-  
ancy.

Of my proiection too, Sir, and hath met

Much opposition ; but the State, now, sees

That great necessity of it, as after all

Their writing, and their speaking, against *Duells*,

They haue erected it. His booke is drawne——

For, since there will be differences, daily,

'Twixt Gentlemen ; and that the roaring manner

Is growne offensive ; that those few, we call

70

The ciuill men o' the sword, abhorre the vapours ;

They shall refer now, hither, for their *processe* :

And such as trespassse 'gainst the rule of *Court*,

Are to be fin'd—— F I T. In troth, a pretty place !

M E R. A kinde of arbitrary *Court* 'twill be, Sir.

75

F I T. I shall haue matter for it, I beleeeue,

Ere it be long : I had a distast. M E R. But now, Sir,

My learned councell, they must haue a feeling,

They'll part, Sir, with no bookes, without the hand-gout

Be oyld, and I must furnish. If 't be money,

80

To me streight. I am Mine, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,

To supply all. What is't ? a hundred pound ?

E v e. No, th'*Harpey*, now, stands on a hundred pieces.

M E R. Why, he must haue 'hem, if he will. To morrow,

Sir,

Will equally serue your occasions,——

85

And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld

To timing a poore Gentlemans distresses,

In termes of hazard.—— F I T. By no meanes ! M E R. I

must

Get him this money, and will.—— F I T. Sir, I protest,

III. iii. 64 sees] see's F      66 *Duells*] *Divells* 1641      68 since]  
since, F      75 arbitrary] arbitr ary F      85 occasions] occasion's  
F, 1641, F3      89 him] him him 1641

90 I'd rather stand engag'd for it my selfe :

Then you should leaue mee. M E R. O good S<sup>r</sup>. do you thinke  
So courselly of our manners, that we would,  
For any need of ours, be prest to take it :

Though you be pleas'd to offer it. F I T. Why, by heauen,  
95 I meane it ! M E R. I can neuer beleeeue lesse.

*Hee offers* But wee, Sir, must preserue our dignity,  
*to be gone.* As you doe publish yours. By your faire leaue, Sir.

F I T. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer  
To leaue mee now, or if you doe refuse mee,  
100 I will not thinke you loue mee. M E R. Sir, I honour you.  
And with iust reason, for these noble notes,  
Of the nobility, you pretend too ! But, Sir——  
I would know, why ? a motiue (he a stranger)  
You should doe this ? (E V E. You'll mar all with your  
finenesse)

105 F I T. Why, that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.  
But I haue a *Businessse*, that perhaps I'd haue  
Brought to his *office*. M E R. O, Sir ! I haue done, then ;  
If hee can be made profitable, to you.

F I T. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions  
110 To haue it the first *Businessse* ? May I not ?

E V E. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect *Businessse*.

F I T. Nay, I'll doe that, assure you : shew me once.

M E R. S<sup>r</sup>, it concernes, the first be a perfect *Businessse*,  
For his owne honour ! E V E. I, and th' reputation  
115 Too, of my place. F I T. Why, why doe I take this course,  
else ?

I am not altogether, an *Asse*, good Gentlemen,  
Wherefore should I consult you ? doe you thinke ?  
To make a song on't ? How's your manner ? tell vs.

M E R. Doe, satisfie him : giue him the whole course.

120 E V E. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer  
Your *Businessse* to the *Court* : wherein you craue  
The iudgement of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.

F I T. Well, that's done, now, what doe you vpon it ?

iii. iii. 104 EVE.] *Ever.* [*Aside to Meer.*] G 121 craue] craue : F

E v E. We streight S<sup>r</sup>, haue recourse to the spring-head ;  
Visit the ground ; and, so disclose the nature : 125  
If it will carry, or no. If wee doe finde,  
By our proportions it is like to proue  
A sullen, and blacke *Bus'nesse* : That it be  
Incorrigible ; and out of treaty ; then,  
We file it, a *Dependance* ! F I T. So, 'tis fil'd. 130  
What followes ? I doe loue the order of these things.

E v E. We then aduise the party, if he be  
A man of meanes, and hauings, that forth-with,  
He settle his estate : if not, at least  
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world 135  
Takes notice, that it now is a *Dependance*.  
And this we call, Sir, *Publication*.

F I T. Very sufficient ! After *Publication*, now ?

E v E. Then we grant out our *Processe*, which is diuers ;  
Eyther by *Chartell*, Sir, or *ore-tenus*, 140  
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee  
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Prouocador*,  
And *Prouocado*, haue their seuerall courses——

F I T. I haue enough on't ! for an hundred pieces ?  
Yes, for two hundred, vnder-write me, doe. 145  
Your man will take my bond ? M E R. That he will,  
sure,

But, these same Citizens, they are such sharks !

There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my word

For one is runne away, to the *Bermudas*,

And he will hooke in that, or he wi' not doe.

*He  
whispers  
Fitz-  
dottrell  
aside.*

F I T. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hundred  
pieces,

Will all but make two hundred ? M E R. No, no more, Sir.

What ready *Ariithmetique* you haue ? doe you heare ?

A pretty mornings worke for you, this ? Do it,

You shall ha' twenty pound on't. G v I. Twenty pieces ?

*And then  
Guilt-  
head.*

III. iii. 127 our] your 164r 128 *Bus'nesse*] *Bus'nesse* F 129  
Incorrigible corr. F: In corrigible F originally of] of, F, 164r  
130 So.] So F 136 that it now] thatt inow 164r 149 to] into  
164r 153 *St. dir.* Guilt-head.] Guilt-head F

(P L V. Good Father, do't) M E R. You will hooke still ?  
well,

Shew vs your ring. You could not ha' done this, now  
With gentlenesse, at first, wee might ha' thank'd you ?  
But groane, and ha' you <r> courtesies come from you

160 Like a hard stoole, and stinke ? A man may draw

Your teeth out easier, then your money ? Come,

Were little *Guilt-head* heere, no better a nature,

*Hee pulls* I should ne'r loue him, that could pull his lips off, now !  
*Plu-*

*tarchus* Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman ? P L V. Yes, Sir.

*by the*  
*lips.*

M E R. And went to the Court at *Christmas*, and S<sup>t</sup>.

*Georges-tide* ?

And lent the Lords-men, chaines ? P L V. Of gold, and  
pearle, S<sup>r</sup>.

M E R. I knew, thou must take, after some body !

Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-looke !

I'll ha' thee Captaine *Guilt-head*, and march vp,

170 And take in *Pimlico*, and kill the bush,

At euery tauerne ! Thou shalt haue a wife,

*Hee turns* If smocks will mount, boy. How now ? you ha' there now  
*to old*

*Guilt-* Some *Bristo-stone*, or *Cornish* counterfeit

*head.* You'd put vpon vs. G V I. No, Sir, I assure you :

175 Looke on his luster ! hee will speake himselfe !

I'le gi' you leaue to put him i' the Mill,

H'is no great, large stone, but a true *Paragon*,

H'has all his corners, view him well. M E R. H'is yellow.

G V I. Vpo' my faith, S<sup>r</sup>, o' the right black-water,

180 And very deepe ! H'is set without a foyle, too.

Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll sell cheape.

M E R. And what do you valew this, at ? thirty pound ?

G V I. No, Sir, he cost me forty, ere he was set.

M E R. Turnings, you meane ? I know your *Equiuocks* :

185 You're growne the better Fathers of 'hem o' late.

Well, where't must goe, 'twill be iudg'd, and, therefore,

Looke you't be right. You shall haue fifty pound for't.

Not a deneer more ! And, because you would  
 Haue things dispatch'd, Sir, I'll goe presently,  
 Inquire out this *Lady*. If you thinke good, Sir,  
 Hauing an hundred pieces ready, you may  
 Part with those, now, to serue my kinsmans turnes,  
 That he may wait vpon you, anon, the freer ;  
 And take 'hem when you ha' seal'd, againe, of *Guilt-head*.

Now to  
 Fitz-  
 dottrel.  
 190

F I T. I care not if I do ! M E R. And dispatch all,  
 Together. F I T. There, th<ey>'are iust : a hundred pieces !  
 I' ha' told 'hem ouer, twice a day, these two moneths.

195

M E R. Well, go, and seale then, S<sup>r</sup>, make your returne  
 As speedy as you can. E v E. Come gi' mee. M E R. Soft,  
 Sir,

Hee  
 turnes  
 'hem out  
 together.  
 And  
 Euerill  
 and hee  
 fall to  
 share.

E v E. Mary, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.

M E R. But, you will heare ? E v. Yes, when I haue my  
 diuident.

M E R. There's forty pieces for you. E v E. What is this  
 for ?

M E R. Your halfe. You know, that *Guilt-head* must ha'  
 twenty.

E v E. And what's your ring there ? shall I ha' none o'  
 that ?

M E R. O, that is to be giuen to a *Lady* !

205

E v E. Is't so ? M E R. By that good light, it is. E v.  
 Come, gi' me

Ten pieces more, then. M E R. Why ? E v. For *Guilt-  
 head* ? Sir,

Do'you thinke, I'll 'low him any such share ? M E R.  
 You must.

E v E. Must I ? Doe you your musts, Sir, I'll doe mine,  
 You wi' not part with the whole, Sir ? will you ? Goe too. 210

III. iii. 188 deneer] dencer 164r 190 Sir.] Sir. F, 164r, F3  
 194 againe] a gaine F 196 There om. 164r th'are iust: a] they're  
 just a W 199 After 'can.' Exeunt Fitzdottrel, Gilthead, and  
 Plutarchus. G 201 diuident] Diuidend 1716 202 There's]  
 Theres F 205 that is G : that's F 207 Guilthead ? Sir,]  
 Guilt, head ? Sir ? 164r : Gilthead, sir ! G 208 Do'you] Doe you  
 164r 'low] allow F3 share ? F3: share : F: share. 164r  
 209 you om. F3 210 will] Will F

Gi' me ten pieces ! M E R. By what law, doe you this ?

E v E. E'<e>n Lyon-law, Sir, I must roare else. M E R.  
Good !

E v E. Yo' haue heard, how th' *Asse* made his diuisions,  
wisely ?

M E R. And, I am he : I thanke you. E v. Much good do  
you, S<sup>r</sup>.

215 M E R. (I shall be rid o' this tyranny, one day ? E v E.  
Not,

While you doe eate, and lie, about the towne, here ;

And coozen i' your bullions ; and I stand

Your name of credit, and compound your businesse ;

Adiourne your beatings cuery terme ; and make

220 New parties for your projects. I haue, now,

A pretty tasque, of it, to hold you in

Wi' your *Lady Tayle-bush* : but the toy will be,

How we shall both come off ) M E R. Leau<sup>e</sup> you your  
doubting.

And doe your portion, what's assign'd you : I

225 Neuer fail'd yet. E v E. With reference to your aydes ?

You'll still be vnthankfull. Where shall I meete you, anon ?

You ha' some feate to doe alone, now, I see ;

You wish me gone, well, I will finde you out,

And bring you after to the audit. M E R. S'light !

230 There's *Ingines* share too, I had forgot ! This raigne

Is too-too-vnsup(p)ortable ! I must

Quit my selfe of this vassalage ! *Engine* ! welcome.

III. iii. 215 day ?] day. W 216 eate, 1641: eate ; F 219  
your om. 1641 223 you om. 1641 227 doe] be done 1641  
229 After ' audit.' Exit. G 232 After ' vassalage !' Enter Engine,  
followed by Wittipol. G

ACT IIJ. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT. INGINE. WITTIPOL.

How goes the cry? IN G. Excellent well! MER. Wil't do?

Where's *Robinson*? IN G. Here is the Gentleman, Sir, Will vndertake 't himselfe. I haue acquainted him.

MER. Why did you so? IN G. Why, *Robinson* would ha' told him,

You know. And hee's a pleasant wit! will hurt 5

Nothing you purpose. Then, he's of opinion,

That *Robinson* might want audacity,

She being such a gallant. Now, hee has beene

In *Spaine*, and knowes the fashions there; and can

Discourse; and being but mirth (hee saies) leaue much, 10

To his care. MER. But he is too tall! IN G. For that, He ex-  
He has the brauest deuce! (you'll loue him for't) cepts at  
his

To say, he weares *Cioppinos*: and they doe so stature.

In *Spaine*. And *Robinson's* as tall, as hee.

MER. Is he so? IN G. Euery iot. MER. Nay, I had rather 15

To trust a Gentleman with it, o' the two.

IN G. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and salute him.

MER. Sir, my friend *Inginie* has acquainted you

With a strange *businessse*, here. WIT. A merry one, Sir.

The *Duke of Drown'd-land*, and his *Dutchesse*? MER. Yes, Sir. 20

(Now, that the *Coniurers* ha' laid him by,  
I ha' made bold, to borrow him a while;

WIT. With purpose, yet, to put him out, I hope,

To his best vse } MER. Yes, Sir. WIT. For that small  
part,

III. iv] INGINE. WITTIPOL.] *Wittipol. Ingine.* 1641: *G continues the scene* 2 Sir, F3: Sir. F, 1641 3 't himselfe] t'himselſe F, 1641 him. 1641, F3: him, F 7 want] have 1641 8 beene] beene, F 11 care. F3: care: F, 1641 23 out, I hope,] out I hope F



25 That I am trusted with, put off your care :

I would not lose to doe it, for the mirth,  
Will follow of it ; and well, I haue a fancy.

M E R. Sir, that will make it well. W I T. You will  
report it so.

Where must I haue my dressing ? I N G. At my house, Sir.

30 M E R. You shall haue caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,  
To six pence. W I T. You shall pardon me. I will share, Sir,  
I' your sports, onely : nothing i' your purchase.

But you must furnish mee with complements,  
To th' manner of *Spaine* ; my coach, my *guarda duenna's*.

35 M E R. *Ingine's* your *Proue'dor*. But, Sir, I must  
(Now I'haue entred trust wi' you, thus farre)

Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you  
With somewhat, beyond this. The place, design'd  
To be the *Scene*, for this our mery matter,

40 Because it must haue countenance of women,

To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,  
At the *Lady Taile-bushes*. W I T. I know her, Sir,  
And her Gentleman *huisher*. M E R. M<sup>r</sup> *Ambler* ? W I T.  
Yes, Sir.

M E R. (Sir, it shall be no shame to mee, to confesse

45 To you, that wee poore Gentlemen, that want acres,  
Must for our needs, turne fooles vp, and plough *Ladies*  
Sometimes, to try what glebe they are : and this

Is no vnfruitefull piece. She, and I now,  
Are on a proiect, for the fact, and venting

50 Of a new kinde of *fucus* (paint, for *Ladies*)  
To serue the kingdome : wherein shee her selfe  
Hath trauell'd, specially, by way of seruice  
Vnto her sexe, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,  
As the reward, of her inuention.)

55 W I T. What is her end, in this ? M E R. (Merely ambition,  
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret :  
Though shee pretend some other.) For, she's dealing,

Already, vpon caution for the shares,  
 And M<sup>r</sup>. *Ambler*, hee is nam'd *Examiner* .  
 For the ingredients ; and the *Register* 60  
 Of what is vented ; and shall keepe the *Office*.  
 Now, if shee breake with you, of this (as I  
 Must make the leading thred to your acquaintance,  
 That, how experience gotten i' your being  
 Abroad, will helpe our businesse) thinke of some 65  
 Pretty additions, but to keepe her floting :  
 It may be, shee will offer you a part,  
 Any strange names of—— WIT. S<sup>r</sup>, I haue my'instructions.  
 Is it not high time to be making ready ?  
 M<sup>ER</sup>. Yes, Sir. ING. The foole's in sight, *Dottrel*.  
 M<sup>ER</sup>. Away, then. 70

# ACT IIJ. SCENE V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PVG.

**R**eturn'd so soone ? FIT. Yes, here's the ring : I ha'  
 seal'd.  
 But there's not so much gold in all the row, he saies——  
 Till 't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane vp for the gamesters.  
 M<sup>ER</sup>. There's a shop-shift ! plague on 'hem. FIT. He  
 do's sweare it.  
 M<sup>ER</sup>. He'll sweare, and forswear too, it is his trade, 5  
 You should not haue left him. FIT. S'lid, I can goe backe,  
 And beat him, yet. M<sup>ER</sup>. No, now let him alone.  
 FIT. I was so earnest, after the maine *Businesse*,  
 To haue this ring, gone. M<sup>ER</sup>. True, and 'tis time.  
 I'haue learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her *Ladi-ship* eats 10  
 With the *Lady Tail-bush*, here, hard by. FIT. I' the lane  
 here ?  
 M<sup>ER</sup>. Yes, if you had a seruant, now of presence,  
 Well cloth'd, and of an aëry voluble tongue,  
 Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,  
 III. iv. 59 hee is] is hee F 70 Sir.] Sir, F III. v. 12 you had]  
 you'had F

15 That could deliuer your wiues complement ;  
 To send along withall. F I T. I haue one Sir,  
 A very handsome, gentleman-like-fellow,  
 That I doe meane to make my *Dutchesse Vsher*—  
 I entertain'd him, but this morning, too :

20 I'll call him to you. The worst of him, is his name !

*Hee  
shewes  
him his  
Pug.*

M E R. She'll take no note of that, but of his message.

F I T. *Diuell* ! How like you him, Sir ? Pace, go a little.

Let's see you moue. M E R. He'll serue, S<sup>r</sup>, giue it him :  
 And let him goe along with mee, I'll helpe

25 To present him, and it. F I T. Looke you doe, sirah,  
 Discharge this well, as you expect your place.

Do'you heare, goe on, come off with all your honours.

*Giues him  
instruc-  
tions.*

I would faine see him, do it. M E R. Trust him, with it.

F I T. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering

30 With the *French*-time, in flexure of your body.

I could now, so instruct him—and for his words—

M E R. I'll put them in his mouth. F I T. O, but I haue  
 'hem

O' the very *Academies*. M E R. Sir, you'll haue vse for 'hem,  
 Anon, your selfe, I warrant you : after dinner,

*He longs  
to see the  
play.*

When you are call'd. F I T. S'light, that'll be iust *play*-time.

It cannot be, I must not lose the *play* !

M E R. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit.

*Because  
it is the  
Diuell.*

And, shee is president. F I T. S'lid, it is the *Diuell* !

M E R. And 'twere his Damme too, you must now apply

40 Your selfe, Sir, to this, wholly ; or lose all.

F I T. If I could but see a piece— M E R. S<sup>r</sup>. Neuer  
 think on't.

F I T. Come but to one act, and I did not care—

But to be seene to rise, and goe away,

To vex the Players, and to punish their *Poet*—

45 Keepe him in awe ! M E R. But say, that he be one,  
 Wi' not be aw'd ! but laugh at you. How then ?

III. v. 22 Sir ?] Sir. F 25 Looke . . . doe,] Looke, . . . doe F  
 28 with it. 1641, F3 : with it ; F 30 in] and W 31 now]  
 not 1641 38 shee is] shee's F: she is G 39 And 1641 : And, F

F I T. Then he shall pay for his dinner himselfe. M E R.

Perhaps,

He would doe that twice, rather then thanke you.

Come, get the *Diuell* out of your head, my *Lord*,

(I'll call you so in priuate still) and take

Your *Lord-ship* i' your minde. You were, sweete *Lord*,

In talke to bring a *Businesse* to the *Office*. F I T. Yes.

M E R. Why should not you, S<sup>r</sup>, carry it o' your selfe,

Before the *Office* be vp? and shew the world,

You had no need of any mans direction;

In point, Sir, of sufficiency. I speake

Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders

Your graces good. F I T. I thanke you; to proceed—

M E R. To *Publications*: ha' your *Deed* drawne presently,

And leaue a blancke to put in your *Feoffees*,

One, two, or more, as you see cause— F I T. I thank you

Heartily, I doe thanke you. Not a word more,

I pray you, as you loue mee. Let mee alone.

That I could not thinke o' this, as well, as hee?

O, I could beat my infinite blocke-head—!

M E R. Come, we must this way. P v G. How far is't?

M E R. Hard by here

Ouer the way. Now, to atchieue this ring,

From this same fellow, that is, to assure it;

Before hee giue it. Though my *Spanish Lady*,

Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and scorne

To share, as hee doth say, I doe not know

How such a toy may tempt his *Lady-ship*:

And therefore, I thinke best, it be assur'd.

P v G. Sir, be the *Ladies* braue, wee goe vnto?

M E R. O, yes. P v G. And shall I see 'hem, and speake

to 'hem?

50

He puts  
him in  
mind of  
his  
quarrell.

55

60

He is  
angry  
with him-  
selfe.

He  
thinke  
how to  
coozen the  
bearer, of  
the ring.

75

III. v. 47 Then] That F3 59 Publications] publication G pre-  
sently.] presently. F 60 leaue a] leave me a F3 Feoffees.] Feoffces

F 65 Exeunt. add G 66 SCENE II. | The Lane near the Lady

Tailbush's House. | Enter Meercraft followed by Pug. G is't?] is't. F

67 After 'way.' [They cross over.] G 68 is.] is F 73 Aside.

add G

Questions  
his man.

MER. What else? ha' you your false-beard about you,  
*Traines?*

TRA. Yes. MER. And is this one of your double  
Cloakes?

TRA. The best of 'hem. MER. Be ready then. Sweet  
*Pitfall!*

## ACT III. SCENE VI.

MERE-CRAFT. PITFALL. PUG.

- TRAINES.

Offers to  
kisse.

Come, I must busse—— PIT. Away. MER. I'll set  
thee vp again.

Neuer feare that: canst thou get ne'r a bird?

No *Thrushes* hungry? Stay, till cold weather come,

I'll help thee to an *Ousell*, or, a *Field-fare*.

She runs  
in, in  
haste: he  
followes.

Who's within, with Madame? PIT. I'll tell you straight.

MER. Please you stay here, a while Sir, I'll goe in.

PUG. I do so long to haue a little venery,

Pug leaps  
at Pit-  
fall's  
comming  
in.

While I am in this body! (I would tast

Of euery sinne, a little, if it might be

After the manner of man!) *Sweet-heart!* PIT. What  
would you, Sr?

PUG. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Black-bird,

My pretty pit (as the Gentleman said) your *Throstle*:

Lye tame, and taken with you; here is gold!

To buy you so much new stufes, from the shop,

Traines  
in his false  
cloak,  
brings a  
false  
message,  
and gets  
the ring.

As I may take the old vp—— TRA. You must send, Sir,

The Gentleman the ring. PUG. There 'tis. Nay looke,

Will you be foolish, *Pit*? PIT. This is strange rudenesse.

PUG. Deare *Pit*. PIT. I'll call, I sweare. MER.

Where are you, Sr?

III. v. 76 After 'else?' Enter *Traines*. G you, *Traines*? you?  
*Traines*. F 77 Yes.] Yes, F 78 After 'then.' *Exeunt*. G (ending the  
scene) III. vi.] SCENE III. | A Hall in Lady Tailbush's House. | Enter  
*Meercraft* and *Pug*, met by *Pitfall*. G 13 here is] here 'is F 15  
Sir, 164r: Sir. F St. dir. *Traines*] *Traines*'s F and gets] and gets F  
16 After 'tis.' [Exit *Traines*.] G 17 *Pit*? *Pit*, F: *Pit*. 164r  
18 I'll call] I'll call F

Is your ring ready? Goe with me. P v G. I sent it you.

M E R. Me? When? by whom? P v G. A fellow here,  
e'en now,

Mere-  
craft  
followes  
presently,  
and askes  
for it.

Came for it i' your name. M E R. I sent none, sure.

My meaning euer was, you should deliuer it,

Your selfe: So was your Masters charge, you know.

What fellow was it, doe you know him? P v G. Here,

But now, he had it. M E R. Saw you any, *Traines*?

Ent.  
Train's as  
himselfe  
again.

T R A. Not I. P v G. The Gentle<wo>man saw him.

M E R. Enquire.

P v G. I was so earnest vpon her, I mark'd not!

My diuellish *Chiefe* has put mee here in flesh,

To shame mee! This dull body I am in,

I perceiue nothing with! I offer at nothing,

That will succeed! T R A. Sir, she saw none, she saies.

The  
Diuell  
confesseth  
himselfe  
coozen'd.  
30

P v G. (*Satan* himselfe, has tane a shape t<o>'abuse me.

It could not be else! M E R. This is aboue strange!

That you should be so retchlesse.) What'll you do, Sir?

How will you answer this, when you are question'd?

Mere-  
craft  
accuseth  
him of  
negli-  
gence.

P v G. Run from my flesh, if I could: put off mankind!

This's such a scorne! and will be a new exercise,

For my *Arch-Duke*! Woe to the seuerall cudgells,

Must suffer, on this backe! Can you no succours? Sir?

He asketh  
ayde.

M E R. Alas! the vse of it is so present. P v G. I aske,

Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow?

M E R. There is not so much time, Sir. But how euer,

The lady is a noble Lady, and will

(To saue a Gentleman from check) be intreated

To say, she ha's receiu'd it. P v G. Do you thinke so?

Will shee be won? M E R. No doubt, to such an office,

It will be a Lady's brauery, and her pride.

Mere-  
craft  
promiseth  
fainly,  
yet com-  
forts him.

P v G. And not be knowne on't after, vnto him?

M E R. That were a treachery! Vpon my word,

Be confident. Returne vnto your master,

30

III. vi. 25 any.] any? F 26 Gentlewoman 1716: Gentleman  
F, 1641, F3 29 I am] I am F 31 After 'succeed!' *Aside* G  
33 After 'else!' *Aside*. G 39 After 'backe!' *Aside*. G 40 the  
om. 1641 present.] present, F

My *Lady President* sits this after-noone,  
 Ha's tane the ring, commends her seruices  
 Vnto your *Lady-Dutchesse*. You may say  
 She's a ciuill *Lady*, and do's giue her  
 55 All her respects, already : Bad you, tell her  
 She lues, but to receiue her wish'd commandements,  
 And haue the honor here to kisse her hands :  
 For which shee'll stay this houre yet. Hasten you  
 Your *Prince*, away. P v G. And Sir, you will take care  
 Th' excuse be perfect ? M E R. You confesse your feares,  
 Too much. P v G. The shame is more. <M E R.> I'll quit  
 you of either.

*The  
 Diuel is  
 doubtfull.*

## ACT IIIJ. SCENE I.

T A I L E - B V S H. M E R E - C R A F T. M A N L Y.

A Pox vpo' referring to *Commissioners*,  
 I'had rather heare that it were past the seales :  
 Your *Courtiers* moue so Snaile-like i' your *Businesse*.  
 W<ould I had not begun wi' you. M E R. We must moue,  
 5 *Madame*, in order, by degrees : not iump.

T A Y. Why, there was S<sup>r</sup>. *Iohn Monie-man* could iump  
 A *Businesse* quickly.) M E R. True, hee had great friends,  
 But, because some, sweete *Madame*, can leape ditches,  
 Wee must not all shunne to goe ouer bridges.  
 10 The harder parts, I make account, are done :

Now, 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound  
*He flatters  
 her.* Vnto the *Ladies*, they ha' so cri'd it vp !

T A Y. Doe they like it then ? M E R. They ha' sent the  
*Spanish-Lady*,  
 To gratulate with you——T A Y. I must send 'hem thanks  
 15 And some remembrances. M E R. That you must, and visit  
 'hem.

III. vi. 60 feares,] feares. F, 1641, F3 61 more. MER. I'll W:  
 more, I'll F, 1641, F3 IV. i] Act. vi. Scene. 1. 1641: ACT IV. |  
 SCENE 1. | A room in lady Tailbush's House. | Enter lady Tailbush and  
 Meercraft. G 10 account F

Where's *Ambler*? T A Y. Lost, to day, we cannot heare of him.

M E R. Not, *Madam*? T A Y. No in good faith. They say he lay not

At home, to night. And here has fall'n a *Businessse*

Betweene your Cousin, and Master *Manly*, has

Vnquieted vs all. M E R. So I heare, *Madame*. 20

Pray you, how was it? T A Y. Troth, it but appears

Ill o' your Kinsmans part. You may haue heard,

That *Manly* is a sutor to me, I doubt not :

M E R. I guess'd it, *Madame*. T A Y. And it seemes, he trusted

Your Cousin to let fall some faire reports 25

Of him vnto mee. M E R. Which he did ! T A Y. So farre

From it, as hee came in, and tooke him rayling

Against him. M E R. How ! And what said *Manly* to him ?

T A Y. Inough, I doe assure you : and with that scorne  
Of him, and the iniury, as I doe wonder 30

How *Euerill* bore it ! But that guilt vndoes

Many mens valors. M E R. Here comes *Manly*. M A N.

*Madame*,

I'll take my leaue—— T A Y. You sha'not goe, i' faith. *Manly offers to be gone.*

I'll ha' you stay, and see this *Spanish* miracle,

Of our *English Ladie*. M A N. Let me pray your *Ladiship*, 35

Lay your commands on me, some other time.

T A Y. Now, I protest : and I will haue all piec'd,

And friends againe. M A N. It will be but ill solder'd !

T A Y. You are too much affected with it. M A N. I cannot,

*Madame*, but thinke on't for th' iniustice. T A Y. Sir, 40

His kinsman here is sorry. M E R. Not I, *Madam*,

I am no kin to him, wee but call Cousins,

And if wee were, Sir, I haue no relation *Mere-craft denies him.*

Vnto his crimes. M A N. You are not vrged with 'hem.

iv. i. 17 Not, F3: Not F 21 you,] you F 31 vndoes] vndoe's F  
32 valors. 1641: valors F After 'valors'] Enter *Manly*. G 39  
cannot,] cannot F 43 wee] he G Sir, om. 1641.



- 45 I can accuse, Sir, none but mine owne iudgement,  
 For though it were his crime, so to betray mee :  
 I'am sure, 'twas more mine owne, at all to trust him.  
 But he, therein, did vse but his old manners,  
 And sauour strongly what hee was before.
- 50 T A Y. Come, he will change ! M A N. Faith, I must  
 neuer think it.  
 Nor were it reason in mee to expect  
 That for my sake, hee should put off a nature  
 Hee suck'd in with his milke. It may be, *Madam*,  
 (Deceiuing trust, is all he has to trust to :
- 55 If so, I shall be loath, that any hope  
 Of mine, should bate him of his meanes.) T A Y. Yo' are  
 sharp, Sir.  
 This act may make him honest ! M A N. If he were  
 To be made honest, by an act of *Parliament*,  
 I should not alter, i' my faith of him. T A Y. *Eyther-side !*  
*She spies* Welcome, deare *Either-side !* how hast thou done, good  
*the Lady* wench ?  
*Eyther-* Thou hast beene a stranger ! I ha' not seene thee, this  
*side.* weeke.

## ACT IIIJ. SCENE II.

EITHERSIDE. {*To them.*

- E Ver your seruant, *Madame*. T A Y. Where hast'hou  
 beene ?  
 I did so long to see thee. E I T. Visiting, and so tyr'd !  
 I protest, *Madame*, 'tis a monstrous trouble !  
 T A Y. And so it is. I sweare I must, to morrow,  
 5 Beginne my visits (would they were ouer) at *Court*.  
 It tortures me, to thinke on 'hem. E I T. I doe heare  
 You ha' cause, *Madam*, your sute goes on. T A Y. Who told  
 thee ?

iv. i. 53 be.] be F      57 MAN.] MAN F      59 After 'him.' Enter Lady  
*Either-side.* G      iv. ii.] G continues the scene. SCEN. EII F      *To them.*  
*To them* F      i 'hou] thou F3      4 must,] must F

E Y T. One, that can tell : M<sup>r</sup>. *Eyther-side*. T A Y. O,  
thy husband !

Yes, faith, there's life in't, now : It is referr'd.  
If wee once see it vnder the seales, wench, then, 10  
Haue with 'hem for the great *Carroch*, sixe horses,  
And the two *Coach-men*, with my *Ambler*, bare,  
And my three women : wee will liue, i' faith,  
The examples o' the towne, and gouerne it.  
I'll lead the fashion still. E I T. You doe that, now, 15  
Sweet *Madame*. T A Y. O, but then, I'll euery day  
Bring vp some new deuice. Thou and I, *Either-side*,  
Will first be in it, I will giue it thee ;  
And they shall follow vs. Thou shalt, I sweare,  
Weare euery moneth a new gowne, out of it. 20

E I T H. Thanke you, good *Madame*. T A Y. Pray thee  
call mee *Taile-bush*,  
As I thee, *Either-side* ; I not loue this *Madame*.

E Y T. Then I protest to you, *Taile-bush*, I am glad  
Your *Businesse* so succeeds. T A Y. Thanke thee, good  
*Eyther-side*.

E Y T. But Master *Either-side* tells me, that he likes 25  
Your other *Businesse* better. T A Y. Which ? E I T. O'  
the Tooth-picks.

T A Y. I neuer heard on't. E I T. Aske M<sup>r</sup>. *Mere-craft*.

M E R. *Madame*? H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his malice,  
With any mans credit, I would haue abus'd !

M A N. Sir, if you thinke you doe please mee, in this,  
You are deceiu'd ! M E R. No, but because my *Lady*  
Nam'd him my kinsman ; I would satisfie you,  
What I thinke of him : and pray you, vpon it  
To iudge mee ! M A N. So I doe : that ill mens friendship,  
Is as vnfaithfull, as themselues. T A Y. Doe you heare ? 35  
Ha' you a *Businesse* about Tooth-picks ? M E R. Yes,  
*Madame*.

Mere-  
craft hath  
whisper'd  
with  
<him> the  
while.

iv. ii. 9 Yes.] Yes F there's] their's 1641 21 you,] you F  
*Taile-bush*,] *Taile-bush* F 22 this] this, F 26 O'] O, 1641  
27 on't] of it G 27 *Mere-craft*] Hyphen faint or missing in F  
29 St. dir. him F3 31 *Lady*] *Lady*, F

Did I ne'r tell 't you ? I meant to haue offer'd it  
Your *Lady-ship*, on the perfecting the pattent.

*The  
Proiect  
for  
Tooth-  
picks.*

T A Y. How is't ! M E R. (For seruing the whole state  
with Tooth-picks ;

(Somewhat an intricate *Businesse* to discourse) but——

I shew, how much the Subiect is abus'd,  
First, in that one commodity ? then what diseases,  
And putrefactions in the gummies are bred,  
By those are made of adultrate, and false wood ?

45 My plot, for reformation of these, followes.  
To haue all Tooth-picks, brought vnto an *office*,  
There seal'd ; and such as counterfait 'hem, mulcted.  
And last, for venting 'hem to haue a booke  
Printed, to teach their vse, which euery childe

50 Shall haue throughout the kingdome, that can read,  
And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning  
Earely to practice, with some other rules,  
Of neuer sleeping with the mouth open, chawing  
Some graines of *masticke*, will preserue the breath

*Traines  
his man  
whispers  
him.*

Pure, and so free from taynt—ha, what is't ? sai'st thou ?

T A Y. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty *Bus'nesse* !

E I T. So M<sup>r</sup>. *Either-side* saies, *Madame*. M E R. The  
*Lady* is come.

T A Y. Is she ? Good, waite vpon her in. My *Ambler*  
Was neuer so ill absent. *Either-side*,

*She looks  
in her  
glasse.*

How doe I looke to day ? Am I not drest,  
Spruntly ? E I T. Yes, verily, *Madame*. T A Y. Pox o' *Madame*,  
Will you not leaue that ? E I T. Yes, good *Taile-bush*.

T A Y. So ?

Sounds not that better ? What vile *Fucus* is this,  
Thou hast got on ? E I T. 'Tis *Pearle*. T A Y. *Pearle* ?  
*Oyster-shells* :

65 As I breath, *Either-side*, I know't. Here comes  
(They say) a wonder, sirrah, has beene in *Spaine* !

iv. ii. 40 an] in 1641 55 After 'taynt—' Enter Trains. G ha,] ha' F  
58 After 'in.' Exit Meercraft. G 61 Err.] Err. F, 1641, F3 St. dir.  
glasse.] glasse F

Will teach vs all ! shee's sent to mee, from *Court*,  
 To gratulate with mee ! Pr'y thee, let's obserue her,  
 What faults she has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,  
 When she is gone. E I T. That we will heartily, *Tail-bush.* Wittipol  
 T A Y. O, mee ! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants* ! enters.

ACT IIIJ. SCENE IIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. WITTIPOL. {to them.

MER. Here is a noble *Lady, Madame*, come, Wittipol  
 From your great friends, at *Court*, to see your *Ladi-* is drest  
*ship :* like a  
 Spanish  
 Lady.

And haue the honour of your acquaintance. T A Y. Sir,  
 She do's vs honour. W I T. Pray you, say to her *Ladiship*, Excuses  
 It is the manner of *Spaine*, to imbrace onely, him selfe  
 Neuer to kisse. She will excuse the custome ! for not  
 kissing.

T A Y. Your vse of it is law. Please you, sweete *Madame*,  
 To take a seate. W I T. Yes, *Madame*. I haue had  
 The fauour, through a world of faire report,  
 To know your vertues, *Madame* ; and in that 10  
 Name, haue desir'd the happinesse of presenting  
 My seruice to your *Ladiship* ! T A Y. Your loue, *Madame*,  
 I must not owne it else. W I T. Both are due, *Madame*,  
 To your great vndertakings. T A Y. Great ? In troth, *Madame*,  
 They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing : 15  
 If I can doe my sexe (by 'hem) any seruice,  
 I'haue my ends, *Madame*. W I T. And they are noble ones,  
 That make a multitude beholden, *Madame* :

The common-wealth of *Ladies*, must acknowledge from you.  
 E I T. Except some enuious, *Madame*. W I T. Yo' are  
 right in that, *Madame*, 20  
 Of which race, I encountred some but lately,

iv. ii. 67 *Court*, F3 : *Court*. F, 1641. 70 gone. 1641 : gone, F  
 After 70 Re-enter Meercraft, introducing Wittipol dressed as a Spanish  
 Lady. G iv. iii.] SCENE. 1J1. F G continues the scene 3 the  
 honour] thehonour F Sir.] Sir, 1641, F3 7 sweete 1641 :  
 sweete, F 8 I haue] I'haue F 9 report.] report F 21 lately,]  
 lately. F

Who (<i>)t seemes) haue studyed reasons to discredit  
Your *businessse*. T A Y. How, sweet *Madame*? W I T. Nay,  
the parties

Wi' not be worth your pause—— Most ruinous things,  
*Madame*,

25 That haue put off all hope of being recouer'd  
To a degree of handsomenesse. T A Y. But their reasons,  
*Madame*?

I would faine heare. W I T. Some, *Madame*, I remember.  
They say, that painting quite destroyes the face——

E I T. O, that's an old one, *Madame*. W I T. There are  
new ones, too.

30 Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetnesse  
In kissing, as 'tis now vs'd, but for fashion:  
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.  
Decayes the fore-teeth, that should guard the tongue;  
And suffers that runne riot euer-lasting!

35 And (which is worse) some *Ladies* when they meete

Manly  
begins to  
know him.

Cannot be merry, and laugh, but they doe spit

In one anothers faces! M A N. I should know

This voyce, and face too. W I T. Then they say, 'tis  
dangerous

To all the falne, yet well dispos'd *Mad-dames*,

40 That are industrious, and desire to earne  
Their liuing with their sweate! For any distemper  
Of heat, and motion, may displace the colours;  
And if the paint once runne about their faces,  
Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-fauour'd,

45 Their seruants run away, too, and leaue the pleasure  
Imperfect, and the reckoning als<o>' vnpay'd.

E I T. Pox, these are *Poets* reasons. T A Y. Some old  
*Lady*

That keepe a *Poet*, has deuis'd these scandales.

E I T. Faith we must haue the *Poets* banish'd, *Madame*,

50 As Master *Either-side* saies. M E R. Master *Fitz-dottrel*?

And his wife : where ? *Madame*, the Duke of Drown'd-land,  
That will be shortly. WIT. Is this my Lord ? MER. The  
same.

ACT IIIJ. SCENE IV.

FITZ-DOTTREL. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-  
TRELL. PUG. {to them.

YOur seruant, *Madame* ! WIT. How now ? Friend ? Wittipol  
offended, *whispers*  
That I haue found your haunt here ? MAN. No, but *with* Manly.  
wondring

At your strange-fashion'd venture, hither. WIT. It is  
To shew you what they are, you so pursue.

MAN. I thinke 'twill proue a med'cine against marriage ; 5  
To know their manners. WIT. Stay, and profit then.

MER. The *Lady*, *Madame*, whose *Prince* has brought her, *Hee pre-*  
here, *sents*  
To be instructed. WIT. Please you sit with vs, *Lady*. *Mistresse*  
*Fitz-*  
*dottrel.*

MER. That's *Lady-President*. FIT. A goodly woman !  
I cannot see the ring, though. MER. Sir, she has it. 10

TAY. But, *Madame*, these are very feeble reasons !

WIT. So I vrg'd, *Madame*, that the new complexion,  
Now to come forth, in name o' your *Ladiship's fucus*,  
Had no *ingredient*—— TAY. But I durst eate, I assure  
you.

WIT. So do they, in *Spaine*. TAY. Sweet *Madam*, be  
so liberall, 15  
To giue vs some o' your *Spanish Fucuses* !

WIT. They are infinit, *Madame*. TAY. So I heare.

<WIT.> They haue

Water of *Gourdes*, of *Radish*, the white *Beanes*,

iv. iii. 51 wife : where ? *Madame*] wife ! Wit. Where ? | Enter Mr.  
and Mrs. Fitzdottrel, followed by Pug. | Meer [to Wit.] Madam G  
iv. iv. G continues the scene 1 WIT.] Wit. [Takes Manly aside.] G  
3 strange-fashion'd] strange fashion'd F 12 vrg'd.] vrg'd F 14  
Had] Has W 15 Madam,] Madam F 17 heare. Wit. They]  
hear. Wit. They G : heare, they F

- Flowers of *Glasse*, of *Thistles*, *Rose-marine*,  
 20 Raw *Honey*, *Mustard-seed*, and Bread dough-bak'd,  
 The crums o' bread, *Goats-milke*, and whites of *Egges*,  
*Campheere*, and *Lilly-roots*, the fat of *Swannes*,  
 Marrow of *Veale*, white *Pidgeons*, and pine-kernells,  
 The seedes of *Nettles*, *perseline*, and *hares gall*,  
 25 *Limons*, thin-skind—— EIT. How her *Ladiship* has  
 studied

Al excellent things ! WIT. But ordinary, *Madame*.  
 No, the true rarities, are th' *Aluagada*,  
 And *Argentata* of *Queene Isabella* !

- TAY. I, what are their *ingredients*, gentle *Madame* ?  
 30 WIT. Your *Allum Scagliola*, or *Pol di pedra* ;  
 And *Zuccarino* ; *Turpentine* of *Abezso*,  
 Wash'd in nine waters : *Soda di leuante*,  
 Or your *Ferne* ashes ; *Beniamin di gotta* ;  
*Grasso di serpe* ; *Porcelletto marino* ;  
 35 Oyles of *Lentisco* ; *Zucche Mugia* ; make  
 The admirable *Vernish* for the face,  
 Giues the right luster ; but two drops rub'd on  
 With a piece of scarlet, makes a *Lady* of sixty  
 Looke at sixteen. But, aboue all, the water  
 40 Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Estifanias* !

- TAY. O, I, that same, good *Madame*, I haue heard of :  
 How is it done ? WIT. *Madame*, you take your *Hen*,  
 Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards :  
 Then chop it, bones and all : adde to foure ounces  
 45 Of *Carraucins*, *Pipitas*, *Sope* of *Cyprus*,  
 Make the decoction, streine it. Then distill it,  
 And keepe it in your galley-pot well glidder'd :  
 Three drops preserues from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,  
 Blemish, or Sun-burnings, and keepes the skin

iv. iv. 19 -marine.] -marine. F 24 seedes] seed 1641 perseline]  
 perse'line F gall.] gall. F 25 thin-skind] thine skind 1641 How]  
 How, F, 1641, F3 30 Pol di pedra] pol di pedra G: Pol-di-pedra  
 F: Pol di-pedra 1641 31 Abezzo, corr. F: Abezzo. F originally  
 32-3 leuante . . . Beniamin di om. 1641 34 Grasso] Grosia 1641  
 Zucche] Zucchi 1641 45 Carraucins corr. F: Carrnuacins F  
 originally, 1641 47 well corr. F: well, F originally

*In decimo sexto*, euer bright, and smooth, 50  
 As any looking-glasse ; and indeed, is call'd  
 The Virgins milke for the face, *Oglia reale* ;  
 A Ceruse, neyther cold or heat, will hurt ;  
 And mixt with oyle of *myrrhe*, and the red *Gilli-flower*  
 Call'd *Cataputia* ; and flowers of *Rouistico* ; 55  
 Makes the best *muta*, or dye of the whole world.

T A Y. Dear *Madame*, will you let vs be familiar ?

W I T. Your *Ladships* seruant. M E R. How do you like  
 her ? F I T. Admirable !

But, yet, I cannot see the ring. P v G. Sir. M E R. I must *Hee is*  
 Deliuier it, or marre all. This foole's so iealous. *iealous*  
*about his*  
*ring, and*  
*Madame*—Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take know- *Mere-*  
 ledge, *craft*  
 'Twas sent you by his wife. And giue her thanks. *deliuers*  
 Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare vp. P v G. I thanke you, *it.*  
 Sir.

T A Y. But for the manner of *Spaine* ! Sweet *Madame*,  
 let vs

Be bold, now we are in : Are all the *Ladies*, 65  
 There, i' the fashion ? W I T. None but *Grandee's*, *Madame*,  
 O' the clasp'd traine, which may be worne at length, too,  
 Or thus, vpon my arme. T A Y. And doe they weare  
*Cioppino's* all ? W I T. If they be drest in *punto*, *Madame*.

E I T. Guilt as those are ? *madame* ? W I T. Of Gold-  
 smiths work, *madame* ; 70

And set with diamants : and their *Spanish* pumps  
 Of perfum'd leather. T A I. I should thinke it hard  
 To go in 'hem, *madame*. W I T. At the first, it is, *madame*.

T A I. Do you neuer fall in 'hem ? W I T. Neuer. E I.  
 I sweare, I should

Six times an houre. T A I. But you haue men at hand, still, 75  
 To helpe you, if you fall ? W I T. Onely one, *madame*,

iv. iv. 58 her ?] her. F, 1641, F3 60 *Aside*. add G 61 After  
 'Madame' [whispers Wit.] G 62 thanks.] thanks, F 63 After 'vp.'  
*Aside to Pug*. G you, Sir.] you, Sir, F 64 Sweet] Sweet, F, 1641  
 65 the om. 1641 70 EIT.] Lady T. G 71 diamants] Diamonds  
 F3 75 TAI. 1716: Wit. F, 1641, F3 76 Wit. 1716: EIT. F, 1641, F3



The *Guarda-duennas*, such a little old man,  
As this. E I T. Alas ! hee can doe nothing ! this !

W I T. I'll tell you, *madame*, I saw i' the *Court of Spaine*  
once,

80 A *Lady* fall i' the Kings sight, along.

And there shee lay, flat spread, as an *Vmbrella*,  
Her hoope here crack'd ; no man durst reach a hand  
To helpe her, till the *Guarda-duennas* came,  
Who is the person onel<y>' allow'd to touch

85 A *Lady* there : and he but by this finger.

E I T. Ha' they no seruants, *madame*, there ? nor friends ?

W I T. An *Escudero*, or so, *madame*, that wayts

Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at distance,  
And when they walke, or daunce, holds by a hand-kercher,

90 Neuer presumes to touch 'hem. E I T. This's sciruy !

And a forc'd grauity ! I doe not like it.

I like our owne much better. T A Y. 'Tis more *French*,  
And *Courtly* ours. E I T. And tasts more liberty.

We may haue our doozen of visiters, at once,

95 Make loue t(o)'vs. T A Y. And before our husbands. E I T.  
Husband ?

As I am honest, *Tayle-bush*, I doe thinke

If no body should loue mee, but my poore husband,

I should e'<e>n hang my selfe. T A Y. Fortune forbid,  
wench :

So faire a necke should haue so foule a neck-lace.

100 E I T. 'Tis true, as I am handsome ! W I T. I receiu'd,  
*Lady*,

A token from you, which I would not bee

Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

(F I T. O, I am satisfied now ! M E R. Do you see it, Sir ?)

W I T. But since you come to know me, neerer, *Lady*,

I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for mee,

Wittipol  
giues it  
Mistresse  
Fitz-  
dottrel.

iv. iv. 77 *Guarda-duennas* W: *Guardo-duennas* F, 1641 78 After  
'this.' Points to Trains. G 83 *Guarda-duennas* 1716: *Guarda-*  
*duenn*'as F: *Guarda-duenna's* F3 87 so.] so F 95 husbands.]  
husbands? F 96 *Tayle-bush*,] *Tayle-bush* F 99 -lace.] -lace, F  
103 After 'now!' *Aside to Meer*. G Sir ?] Sir. F 104 come] come, F

- It must be so. M<sup>r</sup>. F I T. Sure I haue heard this tongue. Mere-  
M E R. What do you meane, S<sup>r</sup>? W I T. Would you ha' craft  
me mercenary? mures.  
We'll recompence it anon, in somewhat else. He is  
F I T. I doe not loue to be gull'd, though in a toy. satisfied,  
Wife, doe you heare? yo' are come into the Schole, wife, now he  
Where you may learne, I do perceiue it, any thing! sees it.  
How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,  
Or what you will, indeed, wife; heere 'tis taught.  
And I am glad on't, that you may not say,  
Another day, when honours come vpon you, 115  
You wanted meanes. I ha' done my parts: beene,  
To day, at fifty pound charge, first, for a ring,  
To get you entred. Then left my new *Play*,  
To wait vpon you, here, to see't confirm'd. He vp-  
That I may say, both to mine owne eyes, and eares, brads  
Senses, you are my witnesse, she'hath inioy'd her, with  
All helps that could be had, for loue, or money— his *Bull* of  
M<sup>r</sup>. F I T. To make a foole of her. F I T. Wife, that's costs.  
your malice,,  
The wickednesse o' you<r> nature to interpret  
Your husbands kind<n>esse thus. But I'll not leaue 125  
Still to doe good, for your depraue'd affections:  
Intend it. Bend this stubborne will; be great.  
T A V. Good *Madame*, whom do they vse in messages?  
W I <T>. They commonly vse their slaues, *Madame*.  
T A I. And do's your *Ladiship*  
Thinke that so good, *Madame*? W I T. No, indeed, 130  
*Madame*; I,  
Therein preferre the fashion of *England* farre,  
Of your young delicate Page, or discreet Vsher.  
F I T. And I goe with your *Ladiship*, in opinion,  
iv. iv. 106 Sure! Surely 1641 *Aside*. add G 107 After 'S<sup>r</sup>?  
*Aside* to Wit. G murmures.] murmures, F 108 else. 1641: else,  
F. *Exeunt Meer. and Trains.* add G 110 After 'heare?' Takes  
Mrs. Fitz. *aside*. G into] in 1641 118 left] let 1641 120 own  
om. G 121 she' F3: sha' F 124 your 1641 125 kindnesse  
1641 leaue F3: leaue; F 129 *Ladiship* F3; *Ladiship*. F, 1641  
130 No 1641; no F 132 Vsher. 1641; Vsher, F

Directly for your Gentleman-vsher,

135 There's not a finer *Officer* goes on ground.

WIT. If hee be made and broken to his place, once.

FIT. Nay, so I presuppose him. WIT. And they are fitter  
Managers too, Sir, but I would haue 'hem call'd

Our *Escudero's*. FIT. Good. WIT. Say, I should send

140 To your *Ladiship*, who (I presume) has gather'd

All the deare secrets, to know how to make

*Pastillos* of the *Dutchesse* of *Braganza*,

*Coquettas*, *Almoiauana's*, *Mantecada's*,

*Alcoreas*, *Mustaccioli* ; or say it were

145 The *Peladore* of *Isabella*, or balls

Against the itch, or *aqua nanfa*, or *oyle*

Of *Iessamine* for gloues, of the *Marquesse Muja* ;

Or for the head, and hayre : why, these are *offices*

FIT. Fit for a gentleman, not a slaue. <WIT.> They  
onely

150 Might aske for your *piueti*, *Spanish-cole*,

To burne, and sweeten a roome ; but the *Arcana*

Of *Ladies* Cabinets—— FIT. Should be else-where trusted.

He enters  
himselfe  
with the  
Ladies. Yo' are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,

Let mee fall in wi' you. I ha' my female wit,

As well as my male. And I doe know what sutes

A *Lady* of spirit, or a woman of fashion !

WIT. And you would haue your wife such. FIT. Yes,  
*Madame*, aërie,

Light ; not to plaine dishonesty, I meane :

But, somewhat o' this side. WIT. I take you, Sir.

160 H'has reason, *Ladies*. I'll not giue this rush

For any *Lady*, that cannot be honest

Within a thred. TAY. Yes, *Madame*, and yet venter

As far for th'other, in her Fame—— WIT. As can be ;

Coach it to *Pimlico* ; daunce the *Saraband* ;

165 Heare, and talke bawdy ; laugh as loud, as a larum ;

iv. iv. 147 *Muja* *Muja* F 148 *offices* *offices*. 1641 149  
FIT. F, 1641, F3, G: *Eith.* 1716, W WIT. G 153 *St. dir.* *Ladies*.  
1641; *Ladie's* F I ha' I'ha' F 160 reason,] reason F 162 venter]  
venture F3

Squeake, spring, do any thing. E I T. In young company,  
Madame.

T A Y. Or afore gallants. If they be braue, or *Lords*,  
A woman is ingag'd. F I T. I say so, *Ladies*,  
It is ciuility to deny vs nothing.

P v G. You talke of a *Vniuersity*! why, *Hell* is  
A Grammar-schoole to this! E I T. But then,  
Shee must not lose a looke on stufes, or cloth, *Madame*. The  
Diuell  
admires  
him.

T A Y. Nor no course fellow. W I T. She must be guided,  
Madame,

By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;  
Whom to salute, how farre—— F I T. I ha' told her this. 175  
And how that bawdry too, vpo' the point,  
Is (in it selfe) as ciuill a discourse——

W I T. As any other affayre of flesh, what euer.

F I T. But shee will ne'r be capable, shee is not  
So much as comming, *Madame*; I know not how, 180  
She loses all her opportunities

With hoping to be forc'd. I'haue entertain'd  
A gentleman, a younger brother, here, He shews  
his Pug.

Whom I would faine breed vp, her *Escudero*,  
Against some expectations that I haue, 185  
And she'll not countenance him. W I T. What's his name?

F I T. *Diuel*, o' *Darbi-shire*. E I T. Blesse vs from him!

T A Y. *Diuell*?

Call him *De-uile*, sweet *Madame*. M<sup>r</sup>. F I. What you  
please, *Ladies*.

T A Y. *De-uile*'s a prettier name! E I T. And sounds, me  
thinks,

As it came in with the *Conquerour*—— M A N. Ouer smocks! 190  
What things they are! That nature should be at leasure  
Euer to make 'hem! my woing is at an end.

W I T. What can he do? E I T. Let's heare him. T A Y. Manly  
goes out  
with in-  
dignation.  
Can he manage?

iv. iv. 171 After 'this!' *Aside*. G St. dir. admires him 1641;  
admire him F 173 *Madame*,] *Madame* F 180 how,] how F  
184 *Escudero*] *Eseudero* 1641 185 expectations] expectation's F  
189 *De-uile*'s] *De-uile*'s F 191 are!] are? F

F I T. Please you to try him, *Ladies*. Stand forth, *Diuell*.  
 195 P v G. Was all this but the p̄face to my torment?

F I T. Come, let their *Ladiships* see your honours.

E I T. O,

Hee makes a wicked leg. T A Y. As euer I saw!

W I T. Fit for a *Diuell*. T A Y. Good *Madame*, call him  
*De-uile*.

*They be-  
gin their  
Cate-  
chisme.* W I T. *De-uile*, what property is there most required  
 I' your conceit, now, in the *Escudero*?

F I T. Why doe you not speake? P v G. A setled discreet  
 pase, *Madame*.

W I T. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,  
 To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—

F I T. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, *Madame*,  
 205 And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.

Dulnesse vpon you! Could not you hit this?

*He strikes  
him.* P v G. Good Sir— W I T. He then had had no barren  
 head.

You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. F I T. I must walke  
 With the *French* sticke, like an old vierger, for you.

*The  
Diuell  
prays.* P v G. O, *Chiefe*, call mee to *Hell* againe, and free mee.

F I T. Do you murmur now? P v G. Not I, S<sup>r</sup>. W I T.

What do you take,

M<sup>r</sup>. *Deuile*, the height of your employment,

In the true perfect *Escudero*? F I T. When?

What doe you answer? P v G. To be able, *Madame*,

215 First to enquire, then report the working,

Of any *Ladies* physicke, in sweete phrase.

W I T. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.

But what about? F I T. O, that I had a goad for him.

P v G. To find out a good *Corne-cutter*. T A Y. Out on  
 him!

220 E I T. Most barbarous! F I T. Why did you doe this,  
 now?

rv. iv. 195 *Aside*. add G 201 pase] pause 164r 209 vierger,  
 164r; vierger F you. 164r; you, F 210 *Aside*. add G 211  
 take,] take F 216 phrase.] phrase, F

Of purpose to discredit me? you damn'd *Diuell*.

P v G. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All  
My daies in *Hell*, were holy-daies to this!

T A Y. 'Tis labour lost, *Madame*? E I T. H'is a dull  
fellow

Of no capacity! T A I. Of no discourse! 225

O, if my *Ambler* had beene here! E I T. I, *Madame*;  
You talke of a man, where is there such another?

W I T. M<sup>r</sup>. *Deuile*, put case, one of my *Ladies*, heere,  
Had a fine brach: and would imploy you forth  
To treat 'bout a conuenient match for her. 230

What would you obserue? P v G. The color, and the size,  
*Madame*.

W I T. And nothing else? F I T. The Moon, you calfe,  
the Moone!

W I T. I, and the Signe. T A I. Yes, and receipts for prone-  
nesse.

W I T. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you  
doe?

P v G. Get their natiuities cast! W I T. This's wel.  
What more? 235

P v G. Consult the *Almanack-man* which would be least?  
Which cleaneliest? W I T. And which silentest? This's  
wel, *madame*!

[W I T.] And while she were with puppy? P v G. Walke  
her out,

And ayre her euery morning! W I T. Very good!

And be industrious to kill her fleas? 240

P v G. Yes! W I T. He will make a pretty proficient.

P v G. Who,  
Comming from *Hell*, could looke for such Catechising?  
The *Diuell* is an *Ass*. I doe acknowledge it.

F I T. The top of woman! All her sexe in abstract!  
I loue her, to each syllable, falls from her.

Fitz-  
dottrel  
admires  
Wittipol.

iv. iv. 223 *Aside*. add G 238 WIT. F, 1641; om. F3 (*A speech*  
*headed 'FIT.' may be lost*) 243 *Aside*. add G 244 St. dir. *admires*]  
*amires* 1641 245 *Aside*, and looking at Wittipol. add G

T A I. Good *madame*, giue me leaue to goe aside with him !  
And try him a little ! W I T. Do, and I'll with-draw,  
*Madame,*

With this faire *Lady*: read to her, the while.

*The Diuell  
praies  
again.*

T A I. Come, S<sup>r</sup>. P V G. Deare *Chiefe*, relieue me, or I  
perish.

250 W I T. *Lady*, we'll follow. You are not iealous, Sir ?

F I T. O, *madame* ! you shall see. Stay wife, behold,

I giue her vp heere, absolutely, to you,

*He giues  
his wife to  
him,  
taking  
him to be  
a Lady.*

She is your owne. Do with her what you will !

Melt, cast, and forme her as you shall thinke good !

Set any stamp on ! I'll receiue her from you

As a new thing, by your owne standard ! W I T. Well, Sir !

## ACT IIIJ. SCENE V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PIT-FAL.

EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS.

B Vt what ha' you done i' your *Dependance*, since ?  
F I T. O, it goes on, I met your Cousin, the *Master*——

M E R. You did not acquaint him, S<sup>r</sup> ? F I T. Faith, but  
I did, S<sup>r</sup>.

And vpon better thought, not without reason !

5 He being chiefe *Officer*, might ha' tane it ill, else,

As a *Contempt* against his Place, and that

In time Sir, ha' drawne on another *Dependance*.

No, I did finde him in good termes, and ready

To doe me any seruice. M E R. So he said, to you ?

10 But S<sup>r</sup>, you do not know him. F I T. Why, I presum'd,

Because this *bus'nesse* of my wiues, requir'd mee,

I could not ha' done better : And hee told

Me, that he would goe presently to your *Councill*,

iv. iv. 246 *madame*.] *madame* F 249 *Aside*. add G 250  
iealous,] iealous F 256 *Exit*. add G After 256 *Exeunt Wittipol*  
with Mrs. Fitz. and Tailbush and Eitherside with Pug. G iv. v.]  
Act. iv. Scene III. 1641: SCENE II. | *Another Room in the same.* | Enter  
Meercraft and Fitzdottrel. G 9 seruice] seruice F 10 presum'd,]  
presum'd F

A Knight, here, i' the Lane—— M E R. Yes, *Iustice Eitherside*.

F I T. And get the *Feoffment* drawne, with a letter of *Attorney*, 15

For *liuerie* and *seisen* ! M E R. That I knowe's the course.  
But Sir, you meane not to make him *Feoffee* ?

F I T. Nay, that I'll pause on ! M E R. How now, little *Pit-fall* ?

P I T. Your Cousin Master *Euer-ill*, would come in——  
But he would know if Master *Manly* were heere. 20

M E R. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his peace !  
Hee's one, Sir, has no State, and a man knowes not,  
How such a trust may tempt him. F I T. I conceiue you. *Merecraft whispers against him.*

E V E. S<sup>r</sup>. this same deed is done here. M E R. Pretty *Plutarchus* !

Art thou come with it ? and has Sir *Paul* view'd it ? 25

P L V. His hand is to the draught. M E R. Will you step  
in, S<sup>r</sup>.

And read it ? F I T. Yes. E V E. I pray you a word wi' you. *Eueril whispers against Merecraft.*  
Sir *Paul Eitherside* will'd mee gi' you caution,  
Whom you did make *Feoffee* : for 'tis the trust  
O' your whole State : and though my Cousin heere 30

Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his valour has  
At the tall board bin question'd ; and we hold  
Any man so impeach'd, of doubtfull honesty !

I will not iustifie this ; but giue it you  
To make your profit of it : if you vtter it, 35  
I can forswear it ! F I T. I beleeeue you, and thanke you,  
Sir.

iv. v. 15 F I T.] F I T: F 17 meane not] meanenot F 18 After  
'on !' Enter *Pitfall*. G now,] now F *Pit-fall*? 1641: *Pit-fall*. F  
21 Exit *Pitfall*. add G After 23 Enter *Everill* and *Plutarchus*. G  
24 *Plutarchus* [ ] *Plutarchus*? F 25, 28 *Paul*] *Poul* F3 28 gi']  
give 1641 36 *Exeunt*. add G



## ACT IIIJ. SCENE VI.

WITTIPOL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL.

MANLY. MERE-CRAFT.

**B**E not afraid, sweet *Lady* : yo' are trusted  
 To loue, not violence here ; I am no rauisher,  
 But one, whom you, by your faire trust againe,  
 May of a seruant make a most true friend.

- 5 M<sup>rs</sup>. F I. And such a one I need, but not this way :  
 Sir, I confesse me to you, the meere manner  
 Of your attempting mee, this morning tooke mee,  
 And I did hold m(y)'invention, and my manners,  
 Were both engag'd, to giue it a requittall ;  
 10 But not vnto your ends : my hope was then,  
 (Though interrupted, ere it could be vtter'd)  
 That whom I found the Master of such language,  
 That braine and spirit, for such an enterprise,  
 Could not, but if those succours were demanded  
 15 To a right vse, employ them vertuously !  
 And make that profit of his noble parts,  
 Which they would yeeld. S<sup>r</sup>, you haue now the ground,  
 To exercise them in : I am a woman,  
 That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,  
 20 Then you can read ; match'd to a masse of folly ;  
 That euery day makes haste to his owne ruine ;  
 The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent ;  
 And (through my friends neglect) no ioyniture made me.  
 My fortunes standing in this precipice,  
 25 'Tis *Counsell* that I want, and honest aides :  
 And in this name, I need you, for a friend !  
 Neuer in any other ; for his ill,  
 Must not make me, S<sup>r</sup>, worse. M A N. O friend ! forsake not  
 The braue occasion, vertue offers you,  
 To keepe you innocent : I haue fear'd for both ;

Manly,  
 conceal'd  
 this while,  
 shews  
 himselfe.

IV. vi.] SCENE III. | *Another Room in the same.* | Enter Wittipol, and  
 Mrs. Fitzdottrel. G After 4 Manly enters behind. G 18  
 woman, 1641 : woman ; F

And watch'd you, to preuent the ill I fear'd.  
But, since the weaker side hath so assur'd mee,  
Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,  
Or be the lesse a friend, 'cause vertue needs him.

WIT. Vertue shall neuer aske my succours twice ; 35  
Most friend, most man ; your *Counsells* are commands :

Lady, I can loue *goodnes* in you, more  
Then I did *Beauty* ; and doe here intitle  
Your vertue, to the power, vpon a life

You shall engage in any fruitfull seruice,  
Euen to forfeit. MER. *Madame* : Do you heare, Sir,  
We haue another leg strain'd, for this *Dottrel*.

He ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd  
A deed of *Feoffment*, of his whole estate,  
To be drawne yonder ; h'has't within : And you,  
Onely, he meanes to make *Feoffee*. H'is falne

So desperatly enamour'd on you, and talkes  
Most like a mad-man : you did neuer heare  
A *Phrentick*, so in loue with his owne fauour !

Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity 50  
In your name, as you stand ; Therefore aduise him  
To put in me. (h'is come here :) You shall share Sir.

40  
Mere-  
craft  
takes  
Wittipol  
aside, and  
moues a  
proiect for  
himselfe.

## ACT IV. SCENE VIJ.

WITTIPOL. *Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL.*

MANLY. MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOT-  
TRELL. EVERILL. PLVTARCHVS.

FIT. *Madame*, I haue a suit to you ; and afore-hand,  
I doe bespeake you ; you must not deny me,  
I will be graunted. WIT. Sir, I must know it, though.

FIT. No *Lady* ; you must not know it : yet, you must too.

iv. vi. 34 'cause] cause F 40 fruitfull] faithfull r64r 41  
After 'forfeit.' Enter Meercraft, G St. dir. takes] takes 1641 moues]  
meues 1641 42 leg strain'd F3: leg-strain'd F 43 He ha's]  
He'ha's F 44 estate,] estate F 45 h'has't] h'ha'st F: ha'st r64r  
52 After 'me.' Enter Fitzdottrel, Everill, and Plutarchus. G iv. vii.  
G continues the scene

5 For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,  
Which else were lost me. I would vse your name,  
But in a *Feoffment* : make my whole estate  
Ouer vnto you : a trifle, a thing of nothing,  
Some eighteene hundred. WIT. Alas ! I vnderstand not  
10 Those things Sir. I am a woman, and most loath,  
To embarque my selfe—— FIT. You will not slight me,  
*Madame ?*

WIT. Nor you'll not quarrell me ? FIT. No, sweet  
*Madame*, I haue

Already a *dependance* ; for which cause  
I doe this : let me put you in, deare *Madame*,

15 I may be fairely kill'd. WIT. You haue your friends, Sir,  
*Hee hopes* About you here, for choice. EVE. She tells you right, Sir.  
*to be the* FIT. Death, if she doe, what do I care for that ?  
*man.*

Say, I would haue her tell me wrong. WIT. Why, Sir,  
If for the trust, you'll let me haue the honor

20 To name you one. FIT. Nay, you do me the honor,  
*Madame :*

Who is't ? WIT. This Gentleman. FIT. O, no, sweet  
*She* *designes* *Manly.* *Madame*,

H'is friend to him, with whom I ha' the *dependance*.

WIT. Who might he bee ? FIT. One *Wittipol* : do you  
know him ?

WIT. Alas, Sir, he, a toy : This Gentleman

25 A friend to him ? no more then I am, Sir !

FIT. But will your *Ladyship* vndertake that, *Madame ?*

WIT. Yes, and what else, for him, you will engage me.

FIT. What is his name ? WIT. His name is *Eustace*  
*Manly*.

FIT. Whence do's he write himselfe ? WIT. Of *Middle-*  
*sex*,

30 *Esquire*. FIT. Say nothing, *Madame*. *Clerke*, come  
hether,

iv. vii. 20 the om. 1641 21 Gentleman. 1641, F3: Gentleman: F  
23 Who] O, 1641 25 am,] am F 29 Of] of F 30 hether,]  
hether F; hither F3 To Plutarchus. add G

Write *Eustace Manly*, Squire o' *Middle-sex*.

M E R. What ha' you done, Sir ? W I T. Nam'd a gentleman,

That I'll be answerable for, to you, Sir.

Had I nam'd you, it might ha' beene suspected :

This way, 'tis safe. F I T. Come Gentlemen, your hands, 35

For witnes. M A N. What is this ? E V E. You ha' made *Eueril applauds it.*

*Election*  
Of a most worthy *Gentleman* ! M A N. Would one

Of worth had spoke it : whence it comes, it is

Rather a shame <vn>to me, then a praise.

E V E. Sir, I will giue you any Satisfaction. 40

M A N. Be silent then : " falshood commends not truth.

P L V. You do deliuer this, Sir, as your deed.

To th'vse of M<sup>r</sup>. *Manly* ? F I T. Yes : and Sir——

When did you see yong *Wittipol* ? I am ready,

For processe now ; Sir, this is *Publication*. 45

He shall heare from me, he would needes be courting

My wife, Sir. M A N. Yes : So witnesseth his Cloake there.

F I T. Nay good Sir,—*Madame*, you did vndertake—— *Fitzdottrel is suspicious of Manly still.*

W I T. What ? F I T. That he was not *Wittipol's* friend.

W I T. I heare

S<sup>r</sup>. no confession of it. F I T. O she know's not ;

Now I remember, *Madame* ! This yong *Wittipol*,

Would ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me *Cuckold*,

Th<o>rough a casement ; he did fly her home

To mine owne window : but I thinke I sou<s>t him,

And rauish'd her away, out of his pownces. 55

I ha' sworne to ha' him by the eares : I feare

The toy, wi' not do me right. W I T. No ? that were pitty !

What right doe you aske, Sir ? Here he is will do't you ! *Wittipol discovers himselfe.*

F I T. Ha ? *Wittipol* ? W I T. I, Sir, no more *Lady* now, 60  
Nor *Spaniard* ! M A N. No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol*.

iv. vii. 32 After ' Sir ? ' *Aside to Wit.* G 37-8 Would one |  
Of worth had] Would one of worth | Had F 38 whence] but now  
whence W, G (following F in l. 37) 39 vnto W 43 To Manly.  
add G 52 and] aud F 53 Thorough] Thorow F3 54 sous't]  
sous'd G; fou't F3; fought 1716 58 you!] you ? F 59 I,] I F

F I T. Am I the thing I fear'd ? W I T. A *Cuckold* ? No Sir,

But you were late in possibility,

I'll tell you so much. M A N. But your wife's too vertuous !

W I T. Wee'll see her, Sir, at home, and leaue you here,

65 To be made *Duke o' Shore-ditch* with a proiect.

F I T. Theeues, rauishers. W I T. Crie but another note, Sir,

*He would haue his deed again.* I'll marre the tune, o' your pipe ! F I T. Gi' me my deed, then.

W I T. Neither : that shall be kept for your wiues good, Who will know, better how to vse it. F I T. Ha !

70 To feast you with my land ? W I T. Sir, be you quiet, Or I shall gag you, ere I goe ; consult

Your Master of dependances, how to make this

*Witipol baffles him, and goes out.* A second businesse, you haue time Sir. F I T. Oh !

What will the ghost of my wise Grandfather,

My learned *Father*, with my worshipfull *Mother*,

Thinke of me now, that left me in this world

In state to be their *Heire* ? that am become

A *Cuckold*, and an *Ass*, and my wiues Ward ;

Likely to loose my land ; ha' my throat cut :

80 All, by her practice ! M E R. Sir, we are all abus'd !

F I T. And be so still ! Who hinders you, I pray you,

Let me alone, I would enioy my selfe,

And be the *Duke o' Drown'd-Land*, you ha' made me.

M E R. Sir, we must play an *after-game* o' this.

85 F I T. But I am not in case to be a *Gam-ster* :

I tell you once againe—— M E R. You must be rul'd

And take some counsell. F I T. Sir, I do hate counsell,

As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife !

M E R. But we may thinke how to recouer all :

90 If you will act. F I T. I will not think ; nor act ;

Nor yet recouer ; do not talke to me !

iv. vii. 64 her,] her F 69 Ha ! F3: Ha' F, 1641 71 goe:]  
goe, F 72 dependances,] dependances; F St. dir. baffles 1641;  
baffles F: Baffles him, and exit with Manly. G out. 1641; out F  
84 this. F3: this F 91 me!] me? F

I'll runne out o' my witts, rather then heare ;  
I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz-Dottrel*,  
Though all the world say nay to't. M E R. Let's follow him.

ACT V. SCENE I.

AMBLER. PITFALL. MERE-CRAFT.

B Vt ha's my Lady mist me? P I-T. Beyond telling !  
Here ha's been that infinity of strangers !  
And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you  
With one within, that they are now a teaching ;  
And do's pretend to your ranck. A M B. Good fellow *Pit-* 5  
*fall,*

Tel M<sup>r</sup>. *Mere-craft*, I intreat a word with him.

Pitfall  
goes out.

This most vnlucky accident will goe neare  
To be the losse o' my place ; I am in doubt !

M E R. With me ? what say you M<sup>r</sup> *Ambler*? A M B. Sir,  
I would beseech your worship stand betweene 10  
Me, and my *Ladies* displeasure, for my absence.

M E R. O, is that all ? I warrant you. A M B. I would  
tell you, Sir,

But how it happened. M E R. Briefe, good Master *Ambler*,

Put your selfe to your rack : for I haue tasque  
Of more importance. A M B. Sir, you'll laugh at me !

Mere-  
craft  
seemes  
full of  
businessse.

But (so is *Truth*) a very friend of mine,  
Finding by conference with me, that I liu'd

Too chast for my complexion (and indeed  
Too honest for my place, Sir) did aduise me

If I did loue my selfe (as that I do, 20

I must confesse) M E R. Spare your *Parenthesis*.

A M B. To gi' my body a little euacuation——

IV. vii. 94 After 'to't.' Exit. G Exeunt. add G v. i.] Act v.  
SCENE. I. | A Room in Tailbush's House. | Enter Ambler and Pitfall. G  
4 With corr. F: With, F originally, 1641 After 8 Enter Meercraft. G  
9 With corr. F: With F originally 12 that] this 1641 you, Sir,]  
you Sir F 14 tasque] a tasque 1641 15 Sir,] Sir F 16  
a very] avery F

M E R. Well, and you went to a whore? A M B. No, S<sup>r</sup>.

I durst not

(For feare it might arriue at some body's eare,

Ambler  
tels this  
with ex-  
traordin-  
ary speed.

It should not) trust my selfe to a common house;

But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,

And carry her bedding to a *Conduit-head*,

Hard by the place toward *Tyborne*, which they call

My L. Majors *Banqueting-house*. Now Sir, this morning

30 Was *Execution*; and I ne're dream't on't,

Till I heard the noise o' the people, and the horses;

And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman

Durst stirre, till all was done and past: so that

He flags I' the *Interim*, we fell a sleepe againe.

35 M E R. Nay, if you fall from your gallop, I am gone S<sup>r</sup>.

A M B. But, when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a sute,

I made new for the action, it was gone,

And all my money, with my purse, my seales,

My hard-wax, and my table-bookes, my studies,

40 And a fine new deuise, I had to carry

My pen, and inke, my ciuet, and my tooth-picks,

All vnder one. But, that which greiu'd me, was

The Gentlewoman's shoes (with a paire of roses,

And garters, I had giuen her for the businesse)

45 So as that made vs stay, till it was darke,

For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke

In a rug, by her, barefoote, to Saint *Giles's*.

M E R. A kind of Irish penance! Is this all, Sir?

A M B. To satisfie my *Lady*. M E R. I will promise you,  
S<sup>r</sup>.

50 A M B. I ha' told the true *Disaster*. M E R. I cannot stay  
wi' you

Sir, to condole; but gratulate your returne.

A M B. An honest gentleman, but he's neuer at leisure

To be himselfe: He ha's such tides of businesse.

v. i. 29 this F3: This F, 1641 30 ne're] ner'e F 34 St. dir.  
flags.] flags F: stags 1641 35 fall F3: fall, F 38 my seales]  
and seales 1641 47 Giles's] Giles'es F 51 Exit. add G

ACT V. SCENE II.

P V G. A M B L E R.

O, Call me home againe, deare *Chiefe*, and put me  
 To yoaking foxes, milking of Hee-goates,  
 Pounding of water in a mortar, lauing  
 The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all  
 The leaues are falne this *Autumne*, drawing farts 5  
 Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,  
 Catching the windes together in a net,  
 Mustring of ants, and numbring atomes ; all  
 That hell, and you thought exquisite torments, rather  
 Then stay me here, a thought more : I would sooner 10  
 Keepe fleas within a circle, and be accomptant  
 A thousand yeere, which of 'hem and how far  
 Out-leap'd the other, then endure a minute  
 Such as I haue within. There is no hell  
 To a *Lady* of fashion. All your tortures there 15  
 Are pastimes to it. 'T would be a refreshing  
 For me, to be i' the fire againe, from hence.

A M B. This is my suite, and those the shoes and roses !

P v G. Th' haue such impertinent vexations,  
 A generall Councell o' *diuels* could not hit— 20  
 Ha ! This is hee, I tooke a sleepe with his *Wench*, Pug *per-*  
 And borrow'd his cloathes. What might I doe to balke him ? *ceives it,*  
 and starts.

A M B. Do you heare, S<sup>r</sup> ? P v G. Answer him, but not to  
 th'purpose.

A M B. What is your name, I pray you Sir ? P v G. Is't *He*  
 so late Sir ? *answers*  
*quite from*

A M B. I aske not o' the time, but of your name, Sir,

P v G. I thanke you, Sir. Yes, it dos hold Sir, certaine. *the pur-*  
*pose.*

v. ii] SCENE II. | *Another Room in the Same.* | Enter Pug. G 13 Out-  
 leap'd] Out leap'd F 17 St. dir. him. 1641: him F 18 *Aside.*  
 add G 21 a sleepe] asleep F3 *Stage direction omitted in 1641* 22  
*Aside.* add G 23 Answer] Ans. F him.] him F; om. 1641  
 purpose. 1641; purpose F *Aside.* add G 24 you Sir ? F3: you  
 Sir. F, 1641 26 Yes.] Yes F



A M B. Hold, Sir? What holds? I must both hold, and  
talke to you

About these clothes. P v G. A very pretty lace!

But the *Taylor* cossend me. A M B. No, I am cossend

30 By you! robb'd! P v G. Why, when you please Sir, I am  
For three peny *Gleeke*, your man. A M B. Pox o' your  
*gleeke*,

And three pence. Giue me an answer. P v G. Sir,

My master is the best at it. A M B. Your master!

Who is your Master? P v G. Let it be friday night. ~

35 A M B. What should be then? P v G. Your best song's  
*Thom. o' Bel'lem.*

A M B. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow,  
from purpose?

Or do not I speake to him, what I meane?

Good Sir, your name. P v G. Only a couple o' *Cocks* Sir,

If we can get a *Widgin*, 'tis in season.

*For* A M B. He hopes to make on o' these *Scripticks* o' me  
*Scepticks* (I thinke I name 'hem right) and do's not fly me.

I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!

I'll prooue another way, to draw his answer.

## ACT V. SCENE IIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL.

EVERILL. P V G.

IT is the easiest thing Sir, to be done. .

As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eyes,

And foame at th' mouth. A little castle-soape

Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutshell,

5 With toe, and touch-wood in it to spit fire.

v. ii. 30 robb'd!] robb'd. F 31 man. 1641; man F 34  
Master? F3: Master. F, 1641 35 song's] songs F Thom.] Tom  
1641 Bel'lem. F3: Bel'lem F, 1641 38 Sir, F3: Sir F, 1641 o' F3:  
a' F, 1641 40 on] one 1641, F3 43 Exeunt severally. add G  
v. iii] SCENE III. | A Room in Fitzdottrel's House. | Enter Meercraft,  
Fitzdottrel, and Everill. G 2 roule] Roll F3 5 toe] Tow F3  
fire.] fire, F 1641

Did you ne're read, Sir, little *Darrels* tricks,  
With the boy o' *Burton*, and the 7. in *Lancashire*,  
*Sommers* at *Nottingham*? All these do teach it.

And wee'll giue out, Sir, that your wife ha's bewitched you : *They*  
E v E. And practised with those two, as *Sorcerers*. *repaire*  
*their old*

M E R. And ga' you potions, by which meanes you were *plot*  
Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *feoffment*.

There's no recouery o' your state, but this :

This, Sir, will sting. E v E. And moue in a Court of equity.

M E R. For, it is more then manifest, that this was *15*  
(A plot o' your wiues, to get your land). F I T. I thinke it.

E v E. Sir, it appeares. M E R. Nay, and my cossen has  
knowne

These gallants in these shapes. E v E. T<o>'haue don  
strange things, Sir.

One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*.

M E R. How a mans honesty may be fool'd ! I thought  
him *20*

A very *Lady*. F I T. So did I : renounce me else.

M E R. But this way, Sir, you'll be reueng'd at height.

E v E. Vpon 'hem all. M E R. Yes faith, and since your  
Wife

Has runne the way of woman thus, e'en giue her——

F I T. Lost by this hand, to me ; dead to all ioyes *25*  
Of her deare *Dottrell*, I shall neuer pittie her :

That could <not> pittie her selfe. M E R. Princely resolu'd  
Sir,

And like your selfe still, in *Potentiâ*.

v. iii. 6 ne're] ner'e F, 1641 9 you:] you. F3 st. dir. plot. 1641:  
plot F 13 state] estate 1641 17 Sir.] Sir F 20 How F3:  
How, F, 1641 27 could not W: could, F, 1641: could F3

## ACT V. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT, & C. *to them.* GVILT-HEAD.

SLEDGE. PLVTARCHVS. SERIEANTS.

Fitz-dottrel  
ashes for  
his  
money.

GVilt-head, what newes? FIT. O Sir, my hundred peices :

Let me ha' them yet. GVI. Yes Sir, officers

Arrest him. FIT. Me? SER. I arrest you. SLE.

Keepe the peace,

I charge you gentlemen. FIT. Arrest me? Why?

5 GVI. For better security, Sir. My sonne *Plutarchus*

Assures me, y'are not worth a groat. PLV. Pardon me,

Father,

(I said his worship had no foote of Land left :)

And that I'll iustifie, for I writ the deed.

FIT. Ha' you these tricks i' the citty? GVI. Yes, and more.

Meaning  
Mere-  
craft.

Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suite.

SLE. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging

Two yeere and a quarter. MER. Why M. *Guilt-head*,

Land-Lord,

Thou art not mad, though th(ou)'art *Constable*,

Puft vp with th' pride of the place? Do you heare, Sirs?

15 Haue I deseru'd this from you two? for all

My paines at *Court*, to get you each a patent.GVI. For what? MER. Vpo' my proiect o' the *forkes*.The  
Project  
of forks.SLE. *Forkes*? what be they? MER. The laudable vse of forks,Brought into custome here, as they are in *Italy*,20 To th' sparing o' *Napkins*. That, that should haue made

Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the fornace.

I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,

v. iv.] *Enter Gilthead, Plutarchus, Sledge, and Serjeants.* G, continuing the scene 1 *Guilt-head.*] *Guilt-head* F newes?] newes? F 3 SER.] 1 *Serj.* G 6 *Father*] *Father* F 10 *St. dir.* Mere-craft. F3: Mere-craft F 13 *Constable.*] *Constable* F 14 *Sirs?*] *Sirs.* F, 1641, F3 16 patent. 1641: patent F 17 *forkes.* 1641: *forkes,* F 18 *St. dir.* *forks.* 1641: *forks* F 21 *fornace*] *furnace* 1641

Dealt with the *Linnen-drapers*, on my priuate,  
 By cause, I fear'd, they were the likeliest euer  
 To stirre against, to crosse it : for 'twill be 25  
 A mighty sauer of *Linnen* through the kingdome  
 (As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing)  
 Now, on you two, had I layd all the profits.  
*Guilt-head* to haue the making of all those  
 Of gold and siluer, for the better personages ; 30  
 And you, of those of *Steele* for the common sort.  
 And both by *Pattent*. I had brought you your seales in.  
 But now you haue preuented me, and I thanke you. Sledge is  
 S L E. Sir, I will bayle you, at mine owne ap-perill. brought  
 M E R. Nay choose. P L V. Do you so too, good Father. about.  
 G V I. I like the fashion o' the proiect, well, And  
 The forkes ! It may be a lucky one ! and is not guilt-  
 Intricate, as one would say, but fit for head  
 Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare, comes.  
*Officers*, we discharge you. M E R. Why this shewes 40  
 A little good nature in you, I confesse,  
 But do not tempt your friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,  
 Aduise your sire, great *Guilt-head*, from these courses :  
 And, here, to trouble a great man in reuersion,  
 For a matter o' fifty on a false *Alarme*, 45  
 Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces  
 And bring 'hem. Yo'll heare more else. P L V. *Father*.

## ACT V. SCENE V.

AMBLER. <P V G.> {To them.

O Master *Sledge*, are you here ? I ha' been to seeke you.  
 You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one  
 That I do charge with *Felony*, for the suite

v. iv. 23-4 priuate, By cause] private Bie, 'cause F3, 1716 27 to]  
 so 1641 32 *Pattent*. F3 : *Pattent*, F, 1641 36 fashion] fashin  
 1641 37-8 is not | Intricate] is | Not intricate G 39 heare,]  
 heare F 40 After 'you.' *Exeunt Serjeants*. G 43 *Guilt-head*.]  
*Guilt-head* F *Exeunt Gilt. and Plut.* add G v. v.] *Enter*  
*Ambler*, dragging in Pug. G, continuing the scene

He weares, Sir. M E R. Who? M. *Fitz-Dottrels* man?

5 Ware what you do, M. *Ambler*. A M B. Sir, these clothes,  
I'll sweare, are mine: and the shooes the gentlewomans  
I told you of: and ha' him afore a *Iustice*,  
I will. P v G. My master, Sir, will passe his word for me.

Fitz-  
dottrel  
disclaimes  
him.

A M B. O, can you speake to purpose now? F I T. Not I,  
If you be such a one Sir, I will leaue you

To your *God-fathers* in Law. Let twelue men worke.

P v G. Do you heare Sir, pray, in priuate. F I T. Well,  
what say you?

Briefe, for I haue no time to loose. P v G. Truth is, Sir,  
I am the very *Diuell*, and had leaue

15 To take this body, I am in, to serue you:  
Which was a *Cutpurses*, and hang'd this Morning.

And it is likewise true, I stole this suite  
To cloth me with. But Sir, let me not goe  
To prison for it. I haue hitherto

20 Lost time, done nothing; showne, indeed, no part  
O' my *Diuels* nature. Now, I will so helpe  
Your malice, 'gainst these parties: so aduance  
The businesse, that you haue in hand of *witchcraft*,  
And your *possession*, as my selfe were in you.

25 Teach you such tricks, to make your belly swell,  
And your eyes turne, to foame, to stare, to gnash  
Your teeth together, and to beate your selfe,  
Laugh loud, and faine six voices—— F I T. Out you.  
Rogue!

You most infernall counterfeit wretch! Auaunt!

30 Do you thinke to gull me with your *Æsops Fables*?

Here take him to you, I ha' no part in him. P v G. Sir.

And  
sends him  
away.

F I T. Away, I do disclaime, I will not heare you.

M E R. What said he to you, Sir? F I T. Like a lying  
raskall

Told me he was the *Diuel*. M E R. How! a good iest!

v. v. 5 clothes,] clothes F 6 gentlewomans] gentlewomans F  
11 *God-fathers*] the hyphen faint or lost in F 12 After 'priuate.'  
Takes him aside. G Well] well F 18 Sir,] Sir F 32 Exit  
Sledge with Pug. add G

F I T. And that he would teach me, such fine *diuels* tricks 35  
For our new resolution. E V E. O, pox on him,  
'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him.

M E R. Why, if he were the *Diuel*, we sha' not need him,  
If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your selfe on a bed, Sir,  
And faine you ill. Wee'll not be seene wi' you,  
Till after, that you haue a fit : and all

Mere-  
craft  
gives the  
instruc-  
tions to  
him and  
the rest.

Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two *Ladies*,  
And perswade them. I'll to *Iustice Either-side*,  
And possesse him with all. *Traines* shall seeke out *Ingine*,  
And they two fill the towne with't, euery cable 45

Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all  
Our *emissaries* now ; Sir, I will send you  
*Bladders* and *Bellows*. (Sir, be confident,  
'Tis no hard thing t<0>'out doe the *Deuill* in :

A Boy o' thirteene yeere old made him an *Asse* 50  
But t'other day.) F I T. Well, I'll beginne to practice ;  
And scape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,  
By mine owne act. M E R. Yo' are right. E V E. Come,  
you ha' put

Your selfe to a simple coyle here, and your freinds,  
By dealing with new *Agents*, in new plots. 55

M E R. No more o' that, sweet cousin. E V E. What had  
you

To doe with this same *Wittipol*, for a *Lady* ?

M E R. Question not that : 'tis done. E V E. You had  
some straine

'Boue *E-la* ? M E R. I had indeed. E V E. And, now, you  
crack for't.

M E R. Do not vpbraid me. E V E. Come, you must be  
told on't ; 60

You are so couetous, still, to embrace  
More then you can, that you loose all. M E R. 'Tis right.  
What would you more, then Guilty ? Now, your succours.

v. v. 36 O.] O' F, 1641, F3 42 Ladies.] Ladies F [to Everill.  
add G 45 two] to 1641 46 Is] It is 1641 51 t'other]  
t'toher F, 1641: t't other F3 53 Yo' 1641: yo' F After 'right.'  
*Exit Fils. G*

## ACT V. SCENE VJ.

SHAKLES. PVG. INIQUITY. DIVEL.

Pug is  
brought to  
New-  
gate.

**H**ERE you are lodg'd, Sir, you must send your garnish,  
If you'll be priuat. P v g. There it is, Sir, leaue me.  
To *New-gate*, brought? How is the name of *Deuill*  
Discredited in me! What a lost fiend

5 Shall I be, on returne? My *Cheife* will roare  
In triumph, now, that I haue beene on earth,  
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought  
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.  
Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew  
10 My vtmost. I thinke Time be drunke, and sleepes;  
He is so still, and moues not! I doe glory  
Now i' my torment. Neither can I expect it,

Enter In-  
iquity the  
Vice.

I haue it with my fact. I N I. *Child* of hell, be thou merry:  
Put a looke on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.

15 Cast care at thy posternes; and firke i' thy fetters,  
They are ornaments, *Baby*, haue graced thy betters:  
Looke vpon me, and hearken. Our *Cheife* doth salute thee,  
And least the cold yron should chance to confute thee,  
H'hath sent thee *grant-paroll* by me, to stay longer  
20 A moneth here on earth, against cold, *Child*, or honger.

P v g. How? longer here a moneth? I N G. Yes, boy,  
till the *Session*,

That so thou mayest haue a triumphall egression.

P v g. In a cart, to be hang'd. I N G. No, *Child*, in a  
Carre,

The charriot of Triumph, which most of them are.

25 And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,  
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and louzy,  
With damn me, renounce me, and all the fine phrases;

v. vi] SCENE IV. | *A Cell in Newgate.* | Enter Shackles, with Pug in  
chains. G PVG.] PVG F After 2 Exit Shackles. G 13 St. dir.  
in F at l. 9 18 the] our F3 cold yron] coldyron F chance to]  
chanceto F 19 thee] thee, F me,] me F 20 cold, F3: cold  
F, 164r honger. F3: honger F, 164r 26 ragged,] ragged F 27  
damn] dam'n F

That bring, vnto *Tiborne*, the plentifull gazes.

P v g. He is a *Diuell* ! and may be our *Cheife* !

The great Superiour *Diuell* ! for his malice :

30

*Arch-diuel* ! I acknowledge him. He knew

What I would suffer, when he tie'd me vp thus

In a rogues body : and he has (I thanke him)

His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me

To the vnlucky carkasse of a *Cutpurse*,

35

Wherein I could do nothing. D i v. Impudent fiend,

Stop thy lewd mouth. Doest thou not shame and tremble

To lay thine owne dull damn'd defects vpon

An innocent case, there ? Why thou heauy slaue !

The spirit, that did possesse that flesh before,

Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumbe,

Then thou in the whole Masse. Yet thou rebell'st

And murmur'st ? What one profer hast thou made,

(Wicked inough, this day, that might be call'd

Worthy thine owne, much lesse the name that sent thee ?)

45

First, thou did'st helpe thy selfe into a beating

Promptly, and with't endangered'st too thy tongue :

A *Diuell*, and could not keepe a body intire

One day ! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it,

Hinderd'st (for ought thou know'st) a deed of darknesse :

50

Which was an act of that egregious folly,

As no one, to'ard the *Diuel*, could ha' thought on.

This for your acting ! but for suffering ! why,

Thou hast beene cheated on, with a false beard,

And a turn'd cloake. Faith, would your predecessour,

55

The *Cutpurse*, thinke you, ha' been so ? Out vpon thee,

The hurt th'hast don, to let men know their strength,

And that the(y)'are able to out-doe a *diuel*

Put in a body, will for euer be

A scarre vpon our Name ! whom hast thou dealt with,

60

Woman or man, this day, but haue out-gone thee

v. vi. 40 The spirit] The spirit F before,] before F 53 why,]  
why F 55 predecessour,] predecessour F 58 the'are] they  
are 1641 : the'are F, F3

The great  
Deuill  
enters,  
and  
vpbraids  
him with  
all his  
dayes  
worke.



Some way, and most haue prou'd the better fiendes ?  
Yet, you would be imploy'd ? Yes, hell shall make you  
*Prouinciall o' the Cheaters ! or Bawd-ledger,*

65 For this side o' the towne ! No doubt you'll render  
A rare accompt of things. Bane o' your itch,  
And scratching for imployment. I'll ha' brimstone  
To allay it sure, and fire to sindge your nayles off.  
But that I would not such a damn'd dishonor

70 Sticke on our state, as that the *diuell* were hang'd ;  
(And could not saue a body, that he tooke  
From *Tyborne*, but it must come thither againe :)

Iniquity takes him on his back. You should e'en ride. But, vp away with him—  
I N I. Mount, dearling of darkenesse, my shoulders are  
broad :

75 He that caries the fiend, is sure of his loade.  
The *Diuell* was wont to carry away the euill ;  
But, now, the Euill out-carries the *Diuell*.

## ACT V. SCENE VIJ.

SHACKLES. KEEPERS.

*A great noise is heard in Newgate, and the Keepers come out affrighted.*

O mee ! KEE. I. What's this ? 2. A piece of *Iustice*  
*Hall*

Is broken downe. 3. Fough ! what a steeme of brimstone  
Is here ? 4. The prisoner's dead, came in but now !

SHA. Ha ? where ? 4. Look here. KEE. S'lid, I  
sh<0>uld know his countenance !

5 It is *Gill-Cut-purse*, was hang'd out, this morning !

SHA. 'Tis he ! 2. The *Diuell*, sure, has a hand in this !

3. What shall wee doe ? SHA. Carry the newes of it  
Vnto the *Sherifes*. I. And to the *Iustices*.

v. vi. 64 *Cheaters* corr. F: *heaters* F originally, 1641 66  
accompt] account 1641 68 allay] al lay F off.] off, F 69  
But] But, F 73 st. dir. takes him] the s and h variously deranged in F  
77 Exeunt. add G v. vii. A loud explosion, smoke, etc. | Enter  
*Shackles and the Underkeepers, affrighted*. G, continuing the scene 2  
a steeme of corr. F, 1641: esteem e of F originally 4 should 1641

4. This('s) strange! 3. And sauours of the *Diuell*,  
strongly!  
2. (I ha' the *sulphure* of *Hell-coale* i' my nose.) 10  
1. Fough. SHA. Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How  
ranke it is!

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Sir POVLE. MERE-CRAFT. EVER-ILL.  
(EITHER-SIDE. TAILBVSH. AMBLER.)  
TRAINES. PITFALL. FITZ-DOTTREL.

{To them}

WITTIPOL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-  
TREL. INGINE.

To them} GVILT-HEAD. SLEDGE.

to them} SHACKLES.

THIS was the notablist Conspiracy,  
That ere I heard of. MER. Sir, they had giu'n him  
potions,

*The  
Iustice  
comes out  
wondring,  
and the  
rest in-  
forming  
him.*

That did enamour him on the counterfeit Lady—

EVE. Iust to the time o' deliuey o' the deed—

MER. And then the witchcraft 'gan t(o)'appeare, for  
streight

He fell into his fit. EVE. Of rage at first, Sir, 5

Which since, has so increased. TAY. Good Sr. Poule, see  
him,

And punish the impostors. POV. Therefore I come,  
*Madame.*

EIT. Let Mr. *Eitherside* alone, *Madame*. POV. Do you  
heare?

v. vii. 9 This 's] Cf. III. vi. 37, IV. iv. 90, 235, 237. 10 I ha']  
I'ha' F 11 Exeunt with the body. add G v. viii.] SCENE V. | A  
Room in Fitzdottrel's House. | Fitzdottrel discovered in bed; Lady Eitherside, Tailbush, Ambler, Traines, and Pitfall, standing by him. | Enter Sir Paul Eitherside, Meercraft, and Everill. G 1 St. dir. and] at F3  
2 they 164r: They F 5 'gan t(o)'appeare.] 'gan't' appeare F  
9 Eitherside] Eitherside F

10 Call in the Constable, I will haue him by :

H'is the Kings *Officer* ! and some Cittizens,  
Of credit ! I'll discharge my conscience clearly.

M E R. Yes, Sir, and send for his wife. E v E. And the  
two *Sorcerers*,

By any meanes ! T A Y. I thought one a true *Lady*,  
15 I should be sworne. So did you, *Eyther-side* ?

E I T. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r stir else,  
*Tailbush*.

T A Y. And the other a ciuill Gentleman. E v E. But,  
*Madame*,

You know what I told your *Ladyship*. T A Y. I now see it :  
I was prouiding of a banquet for 'hem,

20 After I had done instructing o' the fellow

*De-uile*, the Gentlemans man. M E R. Who's found a  
thiefe, *Madam*,

And to haue rob'd your Vsher, Master *Ambler*,

This morning. T A Y. How ? M E R. I'll tell you more,  
anon.

*He  
beginnes  
his fit.*

F I T. Gi'me some *garlicke, garlicke, garlicke, garlicke*.

M E R. Harke the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented !

F I T. *My wife is a whore, I'll kisse her no more : and why ?  
Ma'st not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I ?*

*Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.*

*The  
Iustice  
inter-  
pret(s)  
all.*

P o v. That is the *Diuell* speakes, and laughes in him.

M E R. Do you thinke so, S<sup>r</sup> ? P o v. I discharge my  
conscience.

F I T. *And is not the Diuell good company ? Yes, wis.*

E v E. How he changes, Sir, his voyce ! F I T. *And a  
Cuckold is,*

*Where ere hee put <out> his head, with a Wanion,*

*If his hornes be forth, the Diuells companion !*

35 Looke, looke, looke, else. M E R. How he foames ! E v E.

And swells !

v. viii. 14 After 'meanes !' Exit *Ambler*. G 19 'hem,] 'hem. F: 'hem  
1641 21 *Madam*,] *Madam*. F 24 Gi' 1641: Gi F 29 St.  
dir. interprets F3 all. 1641: all: F 30 S<sup>r</sup> ?] S<sup>r</sup>. F: Sir. 1641: Sir ?  
F3 32 is,] is F 33 out Editor a *Wanion* 1641: a a *Wanion* F

TAY. O, me! what's that there, rises in his belly!

EIT. A strange thing! hold it downe. TRA. PIT.

We cannot, *Madam*.

POV. 'Tis too apparent this! FIT. *Wittipol, Wittipol.* Wittipol, *and*

WIT. How now, what play ha' we here? MAN. What *Manly,*  
fine, new matters? *and*

WIT. The *Cockscomb*, and the *Couerlet*. MER. O strang *Mistr.*  
impudence! *Fitz-*  
*dottrel*  
*enter.*

That these should come to face their sinne! EVE. And  
out-face

*Iustice*, they are the parties, Sir. POV. Say nothing.

MER. Did you marke, Sir, vpon their comming in,  
How he call'd *Wittipol*? EVE. And neuer saw 'hem.

POV. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while. 45

FIT. *Buz, buz, buz, buz.* TAY. 'Lasse poore Gentleman!

How he is tortur'd! MR. FI. Fie, Master *Fitz-dottrel*!

What doe you meane to counterfait thus? FIT. O, *His wife*  
*goes to*  
*him.*

*Shee comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,*

*Shee pulls out that, and shee puts in a pinne,*

*And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where,*

*But shee pricks mee heere, and shee pricks me there: Oh, Oh:*

POV. Woman, forbear. WIT. What, S<sup>r</sup>? POV. A

practice foule

For one so faire. WIT. Hath this, then, credit with you?

MAN. Do you beleeeue in't? POV. Gentlemen, I'll dis-

charge 55

My conscience. 'Tis a cleare conspiracy!

A darke, and diuellish practice! I detest it!

WIT. The *Iustice* sure will proue the merrier man!

MAN. This is most strange, Sir! POV. Come not to

confront

Authority with impudence: I tell you, 60

v. viii. 37 downe.] downe: F, 1641 38 St. dir. *Manly*, 1641:  
*Manly*. F 39 here?] here. F, 1641 41 EVE.] EVE: F 44  
*Wittipol*? F3: *Wittipol*. F, 1641 46 'Lasse] *Lasse* F FIT.] FIT: F  
53 Woman.] Woman F 54 faire.] faire: F, 1641 58 the  
merrier man corr. F: to be the merrier F originally, 1641 59 Sir!  
corr. F: Sir. F originally, 1641 60 impudence corr. F: insolence  
F originally, 1641

I doe detest it. Here comes the Kings *Constable*,  
 And with him a right worshipfull *Commoner* ;  
 My good friend, Master *Guilt-head* ! I am glad  
 I can before such witnesses, professe

65 My conscience, and my detestation of it.

Hor<r>ible ! most vn<n>aturall ! abominable !

*They  
 whisper  
 him,*

E V E. You doe not tumble enough. M E R. Wallow, gnash.

T A Y. O, how he is vexed ! P O V. 'Tis too manifest.

*and giue  
 him soape  
 to act  
 with.*

E V E. Giue him more soap to foame with, now lie still.

M E R. And act a little. T A Y. What do's he now, S<sup>r</sup> ?

P O V. Shew

The taking of *Tabacco*, with which the *Diuell*

Is so delighted. F I T. *Hum* ! P O V. And calls for *Hum*.

You takers of strong *Waters*, and *Tabacco*,

Marke this. F I T. *Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c.*

75 P O V. That's *Starch* ! the *Diuelles* Idoll of that colour.

He ratifies it, with clapping of his hands.

The proofes are pregnant. G V I. How the *Diuell* can act !

P O V. He is the Master of *Players* ! Master *Guilt-head*,  
 And *Poets*, too ! you heard him talke in rime !

80 I had forgot to obserue it to you, ere while !

*Sir Poule  
 interprets  
 Figgum  
 to be a  
 Iuglers  
 game.*

T A Y. See, he spits fire. P O V. O no, he plaies at *Figgum*,

The *Diuell* is the Author of wicked *Figgum*—

M A N. Why speake you not vnto him ? W I T. ¶ If I had

All innocence of man to be indanger'd,

85 And he could saue, or ruine it : I'd not breath

A syllable in request, to such a *foole*,

He makes himselfe) F I T. *O they whisper, whisper, whisper.*

*Wee shall haue more, of Diuelles a score,*

v. viii. 61 After 'it.' Re-enter *Ambler*, with *Sledge*, and *Gilt-head*. G  
 66 abominable] Abominable F 67 gnash.] gnash: F St. dir. *whisper*  
*whisper* some copies of F him.] him. F 69 After 'with,' [To Meer.] G  
 St. dir. *and giue him soape* corr. F: *And giue soape* F originally: *And*  
*giue sope* 1641 70 S<sup>r</sup> ?] s<sup>r</sup>. F 73 strong om. 1641 *Tabacco*  
*Tobacco* 1641 74 *Yellow . . . yellow* corr. F: *Yellow . . . yellow* F  
 originally, 1641 76 with corr. F: om. F originally, 1641 81  
 St. dir. *to be* corr. F: om. F originally, 1641 86-7 *foole*, He makes  
 himselfe corr. F: fellow, I'd rather fall F originally, 1641 87 O  
*they whisper . . . whisper.* corr. F: *o they whisper . . . whisper.* F  
 originally, 1641

To come to dinner, in mee the sinner.

E v t. Alas, poore Gentleman! P o v. Put 'hem asunder. 90  
Keepe 'hem one from the other. M A N. Are you phrenticke,  
Sir,

Or what graue dotage moues you, to take part  
With so much villany? wee are not afraid  
Either of law, or triall; let vs be  
Examin'd what our ends were, what the meanes, 95  
To worke by; and possibility of those meanes.  
Doe not conclude against vs, ere you heare vs.

P o v. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude  
Out of the circumstances. M A N. Will you so, Sir?

P o v. Yes, they are palpable: M A N. Not as your folly. 100

P o v. I will discharge my conscience, and doe all  
To the Meridian of Iustice. G v i. You doe well, Sir.

F i t. Prouide mee to eat, three or foure dishes o' good meat,  
I'll feast them, and their traines, a Iustice head and braines  
Shall be the first. P o v. The Diuell loues not Iustice, 105  
There you may see. F i t. A spare-rib o' my wife,  
And a whores purt'nance! a Guilt-head whole.

P o v. Be not you troubled, Sir, the Diuell speakes it.

F i t. Yes, wis, Knight, shite, Poule, ioule, owle, foule,  
troule, boule.

P o v. Crambe, another of the Diuell's games! 110

M E R. Speake, Sir, some Greeke, if you can. Is not the  
Iustice

A solemne gamester? E v e. Peace. F i t. Οἱμοι κακο-  
δαίμων,

Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετράκις, καὶ πεντάκις,

Καὶ δωδεκάκις, καὶ μυριάκις. P o v. Hee curses

In Greeke, I thinke. E v e. Your Spanish, that I taught you. 11

v. viii. 95 meanes, F originally, miscorrected to 'meanes?' Probably  
'meanes?' was intended to be the correction in line 96 100  
folly.] folly: F 101 Pov.] Pov: F 102 Iustice.] Iustice: F  
Sir. corr. F: Sir: F originally, 1641 104 I'll] I ll F 105 first]  
fir st F 109 ioule] Ioule F 110 Crambe] Cramb F3: Crambo W  
111 After 'can.' Aside to Fitz. G 112 Οἱμοι] Οι μοι F, 1641, F3  
κακοδαίμων] κακοδαμων F3 113 τρισκακοδαίμων] τισκακοδαίμων F3  
114 δωδεκάκις] δωδεκάκις F: δωδεκάκις 1641 115 Aside to Fitz. add G

F I T. *Quebrémos el ojo de burlas*, E V E. How? your rest——

Let's breake his necke in iest, the *Diuell* saies.

F I T. *Di grátia*, Signòr mio *se haüete dendri fataméne parte*.

M E R. What, would the *Diuell* borrow money? F I T.

*Ouy*,

120 *Ouy Monsieur, un pauvre Diable ! Diabletin !*

P O V. It is the *diuell*, by his seuerall languages.

Enter the Keeper of Newgate. S H A. Where's S<sup>r</sup>. *Poule E<i>ther-side*? P O V. Here, what's the matter?

S H A. O! such an accident falne out at *Newgate*, Sir :

A great piece of the prison is rent downe !

125 The *Diuell* has beene there, Sir, in the body

Of the young *Cut-purse*, was hang'd out this morning,

But, in new clothes, Sir, euery one of vs know him.

These things were found in his pocket. A M B. Those are mine, S<sup>r</sup>.

S H A. I thinke he was committed on your charge, Sir,

130 For a new felony. A M B. Yes. S H A. Hee's gone, Sir, now,

And left vs the dead body. But withall, Sir,

Such an infernall stincke, and steame behinde,

You cannot see S<sup>t</sup>. *Pulchars Steeple*, yet.

They smell't as farre as *Ware*, as the wind lies,

By this time, sure. F I T. Is this vpon your credit, friend?

S H A. Sir, you may see, and satisfie your selfe.

F I T. Nay, then, 'tis time to leaue off counterfeiting.

Sir, I am not bewitch'd, nor haue a *Diuell* :

No more then you. I doe defie him, I,

140 And did abuse you. These two Gentlemen

Put me vpon it. (I haue faith against him)

They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,

And shame the *Feind*. See, here, Sir, are my bellowes,

v. viii. 117 saies.] saies, F 119 F I T. *Ouy* F3 takes over to l. 120  
 120 *Diabletin*] *Diablet* in F: *diabletin* G After 121] Enter *Shackles*,  
 with the things found on the body of the *Cut-purse*. G 122 *Either-side*  
 1641: *Ether-side* F 125 body] body— F 129 Sir.] Sir. F,  
 1641, F3 130 felony.] felony F, 1641 131 withall] with all  
 1641 135 F I T.] *Fitz.* [starts up.] G 138 Sir.] Sir F

Enter the  
Keeper of  
New-  
gate.

Fitz-  
dottrel  
leaves  
counter-  
feiting.

And my false belly, and my *Mouse*, and all  
That should ha' come forth! M A N. Sir, are not you  
asham'd 145

Now of your solemne, serious vanity?

P o v. I will make honorable amends to truth.

F I T. And so will I. But these are *Coozeners*, still;  
And ha' my land, 'as plotters, with my wife:  
Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore. 150

M A N. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste, and vertuous,  
And we are honest. I doe know no glory  
A man should hope, by venting his owne follies,  
But you'll still be an *Asse*, in spite of prouidence.  
Please you goe in, Sir, and heare truths, then iudge 'hem: 155  
And make amends for your late rashnesse; when,  
You shall but heare the paines and care was taken,  
To saue this foole from ruine (his *Grace of Drown'd-land*)

F I T. My land is drown'd indeed—— P o v. Peace.

M A N. And how much  
His modest, and too worthy wife hath suffer'd 160  
By mis-construction, from him, you will blush,  
First, for your owne beliefe, more for his actions!  
His land is his: and neuer, by my friend,  
Or by my selfe, meant to another vse,  
But for her succours, who hath equall right. 165  
If any other had worse counsells in't,  
(I know I speake to those can apprehend mee)  
Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.  
It is not manly to take ioy, or pride  
In humane errorrs (wee doe all ill things, 170  
They doe 'hem worst that loue 'hem, and dwell there,  
Till the plague comes) The few that haue the seeds  
Of goodnesse left, will sooner make their way  
To a true life, by shame, then punishment.

*The End.*



## The Epilogue.

**T***Hus, the Proiecter, here, is ouer-throwne.*  
*But I haue now a Proiect of mine owne,*  
*If it may passe : that no man would inuite*  
 5     *The Poet from vs, to sup forth to night,*  
*If the play please. If it displeasant be,*  
        *We doe presume, that no man will : nor wee.*

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## THE STAPLE OF NEWS

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## THE TEXT

The comedy of *The Staple of News* was printed in folio by John Beale for Robert Allot in 1631. It differs in one important point from its companion plays, *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*. It was entered on the Stationers' Register. John Waterson registered it on 14 April 1626, soon after its performance by the King's Men. For the first time since 1616, when the Folio appeared, Jonson had decided to publish a play. But no more is heard of it till 1631, when Waterson transferred his rights to Robert Allot on 7 September. It was included in the 1640 Folio. Meanwhile Allot's widow Mary had parted with all her husband's copyrights to John Legatt and Andrew Crooke on 1 July 1637.<sup>1</sup>

The original entries in the Register are as follows:

14 April 1626.

John Waterson	Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Doctor Worrall and Master Islip Warden A booke Called <i>The Staple of Newes</i> being A Comedie. <span style="float: right;">vj<sup>d</sup></span>
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Arber, *Transcript*, iv. 156.

7<sup>o</sup> September <1631>.

Master Allott	Assigned cuer vnto him by a note vnder the hand of Master John Waterson a booke called <i>The stapell of Newes</i> written by Master Ben: Johnson <span style="float: right;">vj<sup>d</sup></span>
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This note was subscribed by Master Islip  
and master Smithwicke Wardens. Ibid. 260.

The collation of the play is as follows :—Aa 1 recto, the title-page ; Aa 1 verso, the persons of the play ; Aa 2, the induction ; Aa 3 recto, the prologue for the public performance ; Aa 3 verso, the prologue for the Court performance ; Aa 4, Bb–Cc<sup>4</sup> (with the signature Cc changed to C on the third leaf), D–H<sup>4</sup>, I<sup>6</sup>, the text of the play, with the Epilogue on I 6 verso. Pages 1–76, with pages 19, 22, and

<sup>1</sup> See p. 3, above.

63 misnumbered. The signature 'Aa' must have been adopted because *The Devil is an Ass* ended on Y4, and it was thought better to begin on a new alphabet; but to revert to a single-letter signature in the middle of Cc without adjusting the early two and a half sheets is an extraordinary aberration on the part of the printer. Further, the 'Aa' is even printed in small letters at the foot of the title-page—a very unusual proceeding—as if to guide the binder to place it after *The Devil is an Ass*, which he failed to do.

John Beale's printing of the play is no advance on his previous efforts; he left in the text such stupid and obvious blunders as 'miny' for 'mine' (I. i. 19), 'cemmit' for 'commit' in the first Intermean, l. 25, 'it' for 'in' (II. ii. 66), 'angryr' (ib. v. 26, side-note), 'Aand' (ib. 80), 'oe' for 'of' (III. ii. 155, side-note), 'my in mouth' (3rd Intermean, 18), and 'ti' for 'it' (IV. iv. 17); he misnumbers Act I, scene ii, and Act v, scene v, and misassigns a number of speeches.<sup>1</sup> The punctuation is as lax as usual, but such a passage as the following faithfully reproduces Jonson's normal system :

'Tis the house of *fame*, Sir,  
Where both the curious, and the negligent ;  
The scrupulous, and carelesse ; wilde, and stay'd ;  
The idle, and laborious ; all doe meet,  
To tast the *Cornu copiæ* of her rumors,  
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter  
Among the vulgar : Baites, Sir, for the people !  
(III. ii. 116-22.)

The metrical apostrophe is confused with elision, as usual. In I. i. 33 'T'aboue two thousand a yeere' should be 'To'aboue' ; and so probably Jonson pointed  
To see me'at best aduantage, and augment (I. i. 7).  
And there be'examin'd, and then registred (I. ii. 34).  
*The Taylor makes the man* : I speake by'experience (ib. 111).  
Hee may be'in time, hee is his *Agent*, now (II. iv. 40).  
Here the Folio omits the stop.

<sup>1</sup> II. iv. 132, v. 26, 103 ; IV. ii. 117, 122, 123, iv. 23.

There are changes due to derangement of type, of which only one is important—the side-note at Act III, scene ii, line 124, which should run ‘1. *Cust.* | *A she Ana-* | *baptist.*’ Originally it was ‘An-baptist’, but the type was disturbed and the ‘*st*’ of ‘*Cust.*’ dropped, displacing the ‘An-’ below.<sup>1</sup>

In two passages we have been driven to adopt a conjecture. In the coarse reference to Gondomar (III. ii. 207–14) the final lines are—

Since when, he liues condemn'd to his share, at *Bruxels*.  
And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,  
To hang the *States* on, h'has heau'd off the hookes.

What does ‘condemn'd to his share’ mean? The Yale editor, Dr. de Winter, conjectures ‘chair’, which we have accepted. Gondomar, who suffered from fistula, had a special chair to enable him to sit with comfort.<sup>2</sup> The other passage is in the lyrical description of Pecunia's charms (IV. ii. 64–6):

A haire,  
Large as the *Mornings*, and her breath as sweete,  
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne!

Jonson must have written ‘An aire’, just as in the *Underwoods* (II. v. 13–15) he mentioned among the charms of Charis:

So hath *Homer* prais'd her haire;  
So, *Anacreon* drawne the Ayre  
Of her face . . .<sup>3</sup>

Two slighter changes in the text are the use of ‘your bodies’ for ‘our bodies’ in IV. iii. 40, proposed by the poet Coleridge, and ‘*Hawke*’ for ‘*Hawkes*’ in V. v. 57.

Did Jonson read the proofs? There is no parallel in this play to the spasmodic but very definite correction of a few formes such as we find in *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*. The variants in *The Staple of News* are very few

<sup>1</sup> She is described as ‘a she *Anabaptist*’ in I. 152.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Wilson, *The Life and Reign of James the First*, 1653, p. 146.

<sup>3</sup> The misprint in the first edition of Tennyson's *Princess*, ‘And followed by a hundred hairy does’, may be cited as a parallel.

indeed, and none of them alter the text ; they affect only punctuation, spelling, and type. Thus on F 4 recto ' moyetie ' is italicized to ' *moyety* ' (III. iv. 27), and a comma is inserted after ' paths ' (ib. 32) ; on F 4 verso ' tyssues ' is corrected to ' tissues ' (ib. 49) ; on H 3 verso ' *iealous* ? ' is changed to ' *iealous* ! ' in the fourth Intermean (l. 18) ; and on I 4 verso ' baile, or mainprise ' is italicized, ' *baile, or mainprise* ' (v. v. 5). This is scanty evidence of proof-reading by Jonson, but would Beale or his compositor have troubled to make such changes ?

The play was edited in 1905 for the Yale Studies in English, No. XXVIII, by Dr. de Winter from the copy in the Library of Yale University, collated with Professor J. M. Berdan's copy. It purports to be an exact reprint of the original text, but there are over sixty deviations from it.

THE STAPLE  
OF  
NEWES.

A COMEDIE  
ACTED IN THE  
YEARE, 1625.

BY HIS MAIESTIES  
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN : IONSON.

HOR. in ART. POET.

*Aus prodesse volunt, aut delectare poeta:  
Aus simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vita*



LONDON,  
Printed by I. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls  
Church-yard. 1631.

A a

The title-page of the Folio, 1631.



## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

	PENI-BOY.	<i>the Sonne, the heire and Suiter.</i>
	PENI-BOY.	<i>the Father. the Canter.</i>
	PENI-BOY.	<i>the Vncle. The Vsurer.</i>
	CYMBAL.	<i>Master of the Staple, and prime Ieerer.</i>
5	FITTON.	<i>Emissary Court, and Ieerer.</i>
	ALMANACH.	<i>Doctor in Physick, and Ieerer.</i>
	SHVN-FIELD.	<i>Sea-captaine, and Ieerer.</i>
	MADRIGAL.	<i>Poetaster, and Ieerer.</i>
	PICKLOCK.	<i>Man o' law, and Emissary Westminster.</i>
10	PYED-MANTLE.	<i>Pursiuant at armes, and Heraldet.</i>
	REGISTER.	<i>Of the Staple, or Office.</i>
	NATHANEEL.	<i>First Clerke of the Office.</i>
	THO: BARB(E)R.	<i>Second Clerke of the Office.</i>
	PECVNIA.	<i>Infanta of the Mynes.</i>
15	MORTGAGE.	<i>Her Nurse.</i>
	STATVTE.	<i>First Woman.</i>
	BAND.	<i>Second Woman.</i>
	WAXE.	<i>Chambermaid.</i>
	BROKER.	<i>Secretary, and Gentleman usher to her Grace.</i>
20	LICK-FINGER.	<i>A Master Cooke, and parcell Poet.</i>
	FASHIONER.	<i>The Taylor of the times.</i>
	LINENER.	HABERDASHER.
	SHOOMAKER.	SPVRRIER.
	CVSTOMERS.	{Male and Female.
25	PORTER. DOGGES.II.	{GROOMES. FIDDLERS.
	NICHOLAS,	<i>the Boy.&gt;</i>
	<CHORVS.	
	Gossip MIRTH.	Gossip TATTLE.
	Gossip EXPECTATION.	Gossip CENSURE.>

30

*The SCENE. London.*

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY] 3 PENI-BOY.] Penny boy, Richer G 6  
 ALMANACH.] ALMANACH F 7 and Ieerer] a Ieerer F3 13 THO: BARBER]  
 Thomas, Barber G 18 WAXE.] WAX, (Rose,) G 23 SHOOMAKER]  
 Leatherleg, shoemaker G 25 DOGGES.II] Block and Lollard, two dogs G  
 GROOMES] Buz, Ambler, grooms [query, emissaries]; fiddlers, singing-boy, atten-  
 dants, &c. G The Grooms are 'Pawne, and his fellow' (1. vi. 53) 26  
 CHORUS . . . CENSURE. added by G

## THE INDUCTION.

The PROLOGVE enters.

After him, Gossip MIRTH. Gos. TATLE. Gos. EX-  
PECTATION. and Gossip CENSURE.  
4. Gentlewomen LADY-like attyred.

PROLOGVE.

FOR your owne sake, not ours——

MIRTH. *Come Gossip, be not asham'd. The Play is the Staple of Newes, and you are the Mistresse, and Lady of Tatle, let's ha' your opinion of it: Do you heare Gentleman? what are you? Gentleman-usher to the Play? pray you helpe us to some stooles here.*

PROLOGVE. *Where? o' the Stage, Ladies?*

MIRTH. *Yes, o' the Stage; wee are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion; and come to see, and to be seene: My Gossip Tatle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrouetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet, I hope your Play will be a merry one!*

PROLOGVE. *Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a forme here, but what will the Noblemen thinke, or the graue Wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?*

MIRTH. *Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit vpon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their Poëts.*

THE INDUCTION. The PROLOGVE enters.] *The Stage. [Enter Prologue. G After . . . attyred. after l. 1 in G I sake, . . . ours] sakes, . . . his G (cf. Prologue, l. 1) 15 here,] here. [a bench is brought in.] G*

PROLOGVE. *O! Is that your purpose? Why, M<sup>r</sup>. Mirth, and Madame Tattle, enjoy your delights freely.*

TATTLE. *Looke your Newes be new, and fresh, M<sup>r</sup>. Prologue, and untainted, I shall find them else, if they be stale, or flye-blowne, quickly!*

PROLOGVE. *Wee aske no fauour from you, onely wee would entreate of Madame Expectation—*

EXPECTATION. *What, M<sup>r</sup>. Prologue?*

30 PROLOGVE. *That your Ladi-ship would expect no more then you understand.*

EXPECTATION. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

PROLOGVE. *I feare, too much, Lady, and teach others to do the like!*

35 EXPECTATION. *I can doe that too, if I haue cause.*

PROLOGVE. *Cry you mercy, you neuer did wrong, but with iust cause. What's this Lady?*

MIRTH. *Curiosity, my Lady Censure.*

PROLOGVE. *O Curiosity! you come to see, who weares  
40 the new sute to day? whose clothes are best penn'd, what euer the part be? which Actor has the best legge and foote? what King playes without cuffes? and his Queene without gloues? who rides post in stockings? and daunces in bootes?*

CENSURE. *Yes, and which amorous Prince makes loue  
45 in drinke, or doe's ouer-act prodigiously in beaten satten, and, hauing got the tricke on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of Counsell!*

*The Tiremen enter to mend the lights.* BOOK-HOLDER. *Mend your lights, Gentlemen. Master Prologue, beginne.*

TATTLE. *Ay me!*

EXPECTATION. *Who's that?*

PROLOGVE. *Nay, start not Ladies, these carry no fire-  
workes to fright you, but a Torch i' their hands, to giue light to  
the businesse. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within,  
55 in trauell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliuer'd*

33 feare,] fear, F3: feare F    34 like [ ] like? F    37 this] this, F  
48 BOOK-HOLDER.] Book-holder. [within.] G    51 EXPECTATION.]  
EXPECTATION, F    53 Torch i'] Torch' F

of it : and they haue intreated me to be their Man-Midwife, the Prologue ; for they are like to haue a hard labour on 't.

T A T L E. Then the Poet has abus'd himselfe, like an Asse, as hee is.

M I R T H. No, his Actors will abuse him enough, or I am 60 deceiu'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the Actors drest) rowling himselfe up and downe like a tun, i' the midst of 'hem, and spurges, neuer did vessel of wort, or wine worke so ! His sweating put me in minde of a good Shrouing dish (and I beleue would be taken vp for a 65 seruice of state somewhere, an't were knowne) a stew'd Poet ! He doth sit like an vnbrac'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out : For, that you must note, a Poet hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces : they may gather it vp i' the tiring- 70 house ; for hee hath torne the booke in a Poeticall fury, and put himselfe to silence in dead Sacke, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable Embleme of patience.

C E N S V R E. The Prologue, peace.

75

56 and] aud F      63 'hem] 'em F3 (et passim)      spurges] purges W  
69 has,] has ; F3      repeating.] repeating ; F3

THE  
PROLOGVE  
FOR  
THE STAGE.

- F**Or your owne sakes, not his, he bad me say,  
 Would you were come to heare, not see a Play.  
 Though we his *Actors* must prouide for those,  
 Who are our guests, here, in the way of shoues,  
 5 The maker hath not so ; he'ld haue you wise,  
 Much rather by your eares, then by your eyes :  
 And prayes you'll not preiudge his Play for ill,  
 Because you marke it not, and sit not still ;  
 But haue a longing to salute, or talke  
 10 With such a female, and from her to walke  
 With your discourse, to what is done, and where,  
 How, and by whom, in all the towne ; but here.  
 Alas ! what is it to his Scene, to know  
 How many Coaches in *Hide-parke* did show  
 15 Last spring, what fare to day at *Medleyes* was,  
 If *Dunstan*, or the *Phoenix* best wine has ?  
 They are things—But yet, the Stage might stand as wel,  
 If it did neither heare these things, nor tell.  
 Great noble wits, be good vnto your selues,  
 20 And make a difference 'twixt Poetique elues,  
 And Poets : All that dable in the inke,  
 And defile quills, are not those few, can thinke,  
 Conceiue, expresse, and steere the soules of men,  
 As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.  
 25 He must be one that can instruct your youth,  
 And keepe your *Acme* in the state of truth,  
 Must enterprize this worke ; marke but his wayes,  
 What flight he makes, how new ; And then he sayes,  
 If that not like you, that he sends to night,  
 30 'Tis you haue left to iudge, not hee to write.

THE  
PROLOGVE  
FOR  
THE COVRT.

*A Worke not smelling of the Lampe, to night,  
But fitted for your Maiesties disport,  
And writ to the Meridian of your Court,  
Wee bring ; and hope it may produce delight :  
The rather, being offered, as a Rite, 5  
To Schollers, that can iudge, and faire report  
The sense they heare, aboue the vulgar sort  
Of Nut-crackers, that onely come for sight.  
Wherein, although our Title, Sir, bē Newes,  
Wee yet aduenture, here, to tell you none ; 10  
But shew you common follies, and so knowne,  
That though they are not truths, th'innocent Muse  
Hath made so like, as Phant'sie could them state,  
Or Poetry, without scandall, imitate.*

PROLOGVE for the Court] 5 offered.] offered F3  
9 Newes.] Newes. F : News ; F3

Rite.] Rite F

# THE STAPLE OF NEWS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

PENI-BOY IV. LETHER-LEGGE.

*His Shooe-maker has pull'd on a new payre of booles ; and hee walks in his Gowne, wastcoate, and trouses, expecting his Taylor.*

**G**Ramercie *Letherleg* : Get me the Spurrier,  
And thou hast fitted me. **L E T.** I'll do't presently.

**P. I v.** Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, Land,  
That is, looke on me, and with all thine eyes,  
Male, Female, yea, *Hermaphroditicke* eyes,  
And those bring all your helpes, and perspicills,  
To see me at best aduantage, and augment  
My forme as I come forth, for I doe feele  
I will be one, worth looking after, shortly.

*\*He drawes forth his watch, and sets it on the Table.*

Now, by and by, that's shortly. \***<I>t** strikes ! One, two,  
Three, foure, fieve, six. Inough, inough, deare watch,  
Thy pulse hath beate inough. Now sleepe, and rest ;  
Would thou couldst make the time to doe so too :

*\*He throws off his gowne.*

I'll winde thee vp no more. The houre is come  
So long expected ! There, there, \*drop my wardship,  
My pupill age, and vassalage together.  
And Liberty, come throw thy selfe about me,  
In a rich suite, cloake, hat, and band, for now  
I'le sue out no mans Liurey, but mine owne,

**I. i.] ACT I. SCENE I.** *The Lodgings of Pennyboy, jun. [Enter Pennyboy, jun. and Leatherleg with a new pair of boots. G ACT . . . SCENE] ACT . . . SCENE. F here, and throughout the play. PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F St. dir. His] \*His F trouses] Trousers F3 2 And] An' W Exit. add G 15 St. dir. gowne.] gowne F 16 pupill age] Pupillage F3 19 mine F3 : miny F*

I stand on my owne feete, so much a yeere, 20  
 Right, round, and sound, the Lord of mine owne ground,  
 And (to ryme to it) threescore thousand Pound !  
 \*Not come ? Not yet ? Taylor, thou art a vermine,  
 Worse then the same thou prosecut'st, and prick'st  
 In subtill seame——(Go too, I say no more)  
 Thus to retard my longings : on the day  
 I doe write man, to beat thee. One and twenty,  
 Since the clock strooke, compleat ! and thou wilt feele it,  
 Thou foolish *Animall* ! I could pittie him,  
 (An' I were not heartily angry with him now) 30  
 For this one peece of folly he beares about him,  
 To dare to tempt the Furie of an heyre  
 T(o)'aboue two thousand a yeere ; yet hope his custome !  
 Well, Mr. *Fashioner*, there's some must breake——  
 A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir ? 35

\*He goes  
to the  
doore, and  
looks.

# ACT I. SCENE II.

FASHIONER. PENIBOY. THOMAS

BARBER. HABERDASHER.

G Od giue your worship ioy. P. I v. What ? of your  
 staying ?

And leauing me to stalke here in my trowes,  
 Like a tame *Her'n-sew* for you ? F A S. I but waited  
 Below, till the clocke strooke. P. I v. Why, if you had come  
 Before a quarter, would it so haue hurt you, 5  
 In reputation, to haue wayted here ?

F A S. No, but your worship might haue pleaded nonage,  
 If you had got 'hem on, ere I could make  
 Iust *Affidauit* of the time. P. I v. That iest  
 Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'st liu'd, condemn'd 10  
 To thine owne hell else, neuer to haue wrought

1. i. 23 Taylor,] Taylor F 28 strooke] struck F3 it,] it F  
 32 heyre] heyre, F 34 there's] theres F 35 After 'breaking.'  
 Enter Fashioner. G Sir ?] Sir, F I. ii. ACT I] ACT. II F  
 G continues the scene 10 liu'd,] liv'd F3



Stitch more for me, or any *Peniboy*,  
 I could haue hindred thee : but now thou art mine.  
 For one and twenty yeeres, or for three liues,

15 Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,

*He sayes  
 his sute.*

And thy first *Bill* vnquestion'd. Helpe me on.

F A S. Presently, Sir, I am bound vnto your worship.

P. I v. Thou shalt be, when I haue seal'd thee a *Lease* of  
 my *Custom*.

F A S. Your wor<sup>sh</sup>. *Barbar* is without. P. I v. Who? *Thom*?

20 Come in *Thom* : set thy things vpon the Boord

And spread thy clothes, lay all forth in *procinctu*,

And tell's what newes? T H O. O Sir, a staple of newes !

Or the *New Staple*, which you please. P. I v. What's that?

F A S. An *Office*, Sir, a braue young *Office* set vp.

25 I had forgot to tell your worship. P. I v. For what?

T H O. To enter all the *Newes*, Sir, o' the time,

F A S. And vent it as occasion serues ! A place

Of huge commerce it will be ! P. I v. Pray thee peace,

I cannot abide a talking Taylor : let *Thom*

30 (He's a Barber) by his place relate it,

What is't, an *Office*, *Thom*? T H O. Newly erected

Here in the house, almost on the same floore,

Where all the newes of all sorts shall be brought,

And there be examin'd, and then registred,

35 And so be issu'd vnder the Seale of the *Office*,

As *Staple Newes* ; no other newes be currant.

P. I v. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a braue busines, *Thom*.

F A S. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it S<sup>r</sup>——

P. I v. I know thee wel inough : giue him a loaf, *Thom*——

40 Quiet his mouth, that Ouen will be venting else.

Proceed—— T H O. He tels you true S<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>r</sup> *Cymbal*

Is Master of the *Office*, he projected it,

Hee lies here i'the house : and the great roomes

He has taken for the *Office*, and set vp

1. ii. 13 mine.] mine, F3  
 Enter Thomas, Barber. G  
 F3 : Cymbal, F

19 Iv.] In. F

35 so be] so to be F3

20 After 'Thom.:'

41 Cymbal

His Deskes and *Classes*, Tables and his Shelues, 45

F A s. He's my customer, and a *Wit* Sir, too.

But, h'has braue wits vnder him—— T H O. Yes, foure  
*Emissaries*,

P. I v. *Emissaries* ? stay, there's a fine new word, *Thom* !  
'Pray God it signifie any thing, what are *Emissaries* ?

T H O. Men imploy'd outward, that are sent abroad 50

To fetch in the commodity. F A s. From all regions

Where the best newes are made. T H O. Or vented forth.

F A s. By way of exchange, or trade. P. I v. Nay, thou wilt speak—— *Hee giues the Tay-  
lor leaue*

F A s. My share S<sup>r</sup>. there's enough for both. P. I v. Goe on then,

Speake all thou canst : me thinkes, the ordinaries 55

Should helpe them much. F A s. Sir, they haue ordinaries,

And extraordinaries, as many changes,

And variations, as there are points i' the compasse.

T H O. But the 4. Cardinall Quarters—— P. I v. I, those *Thom*——

T H O. The Court, Sir, *Pauls*, *Exchange*, and *Westminster-hall*. 60

P. I v. Who is the Chiefe ? which hath preceedencie ?

T H O. The gouernour o' the *Staple*, Master *Cymball*.

He is the Chiefe ; and after him the *Emissaries* :

First *Emissary Court*, one Master *Fitton*,

He's a leerer too. P. I v. What's that ? F A s. A *Wit*. 65

T H O. Or halfe a *Wit*, some of them are *Halfe-wits*,

Two to a *Wit*, there are a set of 'hem.

Then Master *Ambler*, *Emissary Paules*,

A fine-pac'd gentleman, as you shall see walke

The middle Ile : and then my *Froy Hans Buz*, 70

A *Dutch-man* ; he's *Emissary Ex(c)hange*.

F A s. I had thought M<sup>r</sup>. *Burst* the Marchant had had it.

T H O. No,

He has a rupture, hee has sprung a leake.

1. ii. 69 fine-pac'd] fine pac'd F see] see, F 71 Exchange F3  
73 leake.] leake, F

*Emissarie Westminster's* vndispos'd of yet ;

75 Then the *Examiner*, *Register*, and two *Clerkes*,  
They mannage all at home, and sort, and file,  
And seale the newes, and issue them. P. I v. *Thom*, deare  
*Thom*.

What may my meanes doe for thee ? aske, and haue it,  
I'd faine be doing some good. It is my *birth-day*.

80 And I'd doe it betimes, I feele a grudging  
Of bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.

I pray thee thinke, and speake, or wish for something.

T H O. I would I had but one o' the *Clerkes* places,  
I' this *Newes Office*. P. I v. Thou shalt haue it, *Thom*,

85 If siluer, or gold will fetch it ; what's the rate ?

At what is't set i'the Mercat ? T H O. Fiftie pound, Sir.

P. I v. An't were a hundred, *Thom*, thou shalt not want it.

*The Tay-  
lor leapes,  
and em-  
braceth  
him.* F A S. O Noble Master ! P. I v. How now *Æsops* Asse !  
Because I play with *Thom*, must I needes runne  
Into your rude embraces ? stand you still, Sir ;

Clownes fawnings, are a horses salutations.

How do'st thou like my suite, *Thom* ? T H O. M<sup>r</sup> *Fashioner*

Has hit your measures, Sir, h'has moulded you,

And made you, as they say. F A S. No, no, not I,

95 I am an Asse, old *Æsops* Asse. P. I v. Nay, *Fashioner*,

I can doe thee a good turne too, be not musty,

Though thou hast moulded me, as little *Thom* sayes,

*He drawes  
out his  
pockets.* (I thinke thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.) F A S. As  
good,

Right *Spanish* perfume, the *Lady Estifania's*,

100 They cost twelue pound a payre. P. I v. Thy bill will say so.

I pray thee tell me, *Fashioner*, what Authors

Thou read'st to helpe thy inuention ? *Italian* prints ?

Or *Arras* hangings ? They are Taylors *Libraries*.

F A S. I scorne such helps. P. I v. O, though thou art a  
silk-worme,

105 And deal'st in sattins and veluets, and rich plushes,

I. ii. 74 *Westminster's* ] *Westminster's* F 78 thee ?] thee, F  
84 *Office.*] *Office.*, F 104 -worme,] -worme ! F

Thou canst not spin all formes out of thy selfe ;  
 They are quite other things : I thinke this suite  
 Has made me wittier, then I was. F A S. Belieue it Sir,  
 That clothes doe much vpon the wit, as weather  
 Do's on the braine ; and thence comes your prouerbe ; 110  
*The Taylor makes the man* : I speake by experience  
 Of my owne Customers. I haue had Gallants,  
 Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you vp  
 In a new suite, with the best wits in being,  
 And kept their speed, as long as their clothes lasted 115  
 Han'some, and neate ; but then as they grew out  
 At the elbowes againe, or had a staine, or spot,  
 They haue sunke most wretchedly. P. I v. What thou  
 report'st,

Is but the common calamity, and seene daily ;  
 And therefore you'haue another answering prouerbe : 120  
*A broken sleeue keepes the arme backe*. F A S. 'Tis true, Sir.  
 And thence wee say, that such a one playes at *peepe-arme*.

P. I v. Doe you so ? it is wittily sayd. I wonder, Gentle-  
 men,

And men of meanes will not maintaine themselues  
 Fresher in wit, I meane in clothes, to the highest. 125  
 For hee that's out o' clothes, is out o' fashion,  
 And out of fashion, is out of countenance,  
 And out o' countenance, is out o' Wit.

Is not Rogue *Haberdasher* come ? H A B. Yes, here, Sir. *They are*  
 I ha' beene without this halfe houre. P. I v. Giue me my hat. *all about*  
 Put on my Girdle. Rascall, sits my Ruffe well ? *him,*  
*buste.*

L I N. In print. P. I v. Slaue. L I N. See your selfe.

P. I v. Is this same hat

O' the blocke passant ? Doe not answer mee,  
 I cannot stay for an answer. I doe feele  
 The powers of *one and twenty*, like a Tide, 135

1. ii. 110 thence] thence, sir, *G conj.* 111 *The*] *The F* 114 wits]  
 wits, *F* 121 *backe.*] *backe, F* 122 *peepe-arme*] *The hyphen faint*  
 or missing in *F* 129 *St. dir. They . . . buste.*] *They are all busie about*  
*him. F3: Enter Haberdasher, Linener, and Hatter and Shoemaker. G* 131  
*Girdle.*] *Girdle F3* 135 *and*] *and F* *Tide,*] *Tide F*

Flow in vpon mee, and perceiue an Heyre,  
 Can Coniure vp all spirits in all circles.  
 Rogue, Rascall, Slaue, giue tradesmen their true names,  
 And they appeare to 'hem presently. L I N. For profit.

140 P. I v. Come, cast my cloake about me, I'll goe see  
 This *Office, Thom*, and be trimm'd afterwards.  
 I'll put thee in possession, my prime worke !

*His  
 Spurrier  
 comes in.*

Gods so : my Spurrier ! put 'hem on boy, quickly,  
 I had like to ha' lost my Spurres with too much speed.

## ACT I. SCENE IIJ.

PENI-BOY, *Canter. to them singing.*

Good morning to my Ioy, My iolly Peni-boy !  
 The Lord, and the Prince of plenty !  
 I come to see what riches, Thou bearest in thy breeches,  
 The first of thy one and twenty :

5 What, doe thy pockets gingle ? Or shall wee neede to mingle  
 Our strength both of foote, and horses !  
 These fellows looke so eager, As if they would beleaguer  
 An Heyre in the midst of his forces !  
 I hope they be no Serieants ! That hang vpon thy margents.

10 This Rogue has the Ioulę of a Iaylor !

*The  
 young  
 Penny-boy  
 answers  
 in tune.*

P. I v. O Founder, no such matter, My Spurrier, and my  
 Hatter,  
 My Linnen-man, and my Taylor.

Thou should'st haue beene brought in too, *Shoomaker*,  
 If the time had beene longer, and *Thom Barber*.

15 How do'st thou like my company, old *Canter* ?  
 Doe I not muster a braue troupe ? all *Bill-men* ?  
 Present your Armes, before my *Founder* here,  
 This is my *Founder*, this same learned *Canter* !  
 He brought me the first newes of my fathers death,

I. ii. 137 circles. W: circles, F 140 see] see, F 141 Office,]  
 Office F 144 ha' F3: ha F I. iii.] Enter Pennyboy *Canter*, in a  
 patched and ragged cloke, singing. G, continuing the scene 6 horses]  
 of horses G

I thanke him, and euer since, I call him *Founder*,  
Worship him, boyes. I'll read onely the summes,  
And passe 'hem streight. S H O. Now Ale. R E S T. And  
strong Ale blesse him. *He takes  
the bills,  
and puts  
them vp in  
his  
pockets.*

P. I v. Gods so, some Ale, and Sugar for my *Founder* !  
Good Bills, sufficient Bills, these Bills may passe.

P. C A. I do not like those paper-squibs, good Master. 25  
They may vndoe your store, I meane, of Credit,  
And fire your *Arsenall*, if case you doe not  
In time make good those *outer workes*, your *pockets*,  
And take a *Garrison* in of some *two hundred*,  
To beat these *Pyoners* off, that carry a *Mine* 30  
Would blow you vp, at last. Secure your *Casamates*.  
Here Master *Picklocke*, Sir, your man o' Law,  
And learn'd Attorney, has sent you a Bag of *munition*.

P. I v. What is't? P. C A. Three hundred pieces. P. I v.  
I'll dispatch 'hem.

P. C A. Do, I would haue your strengths lin'd, and per-  
fum'd 35

With Gold, as well as Amber. P. I v. God a mercy,  
Come, *Ad soluendum*, boyes ! there, there, and there, &c. *He payes  
all.*  
I looke on nothing but *Totalis*. P. C A. See !

The difference 'twixt the couetous, and the prodigall !  
,,The Couetous man neuer has money ! and 40  
,,The Prodigall will haue none shortly ! P. I v. Ha,  
What saies my *Founder* ? I thanke you, I thanke you Sirs.

A L L. God blesse your worship, and your worships  
*Chanter*.

P. C A. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish Shop-keepers,  
And pay their Bills, without examining, thus. 45

P. I v. Alas ! they haue had a pittifull hard time on't,  
A long vacation, from their coozening.

1. iii. 21 boyes.] boyes, F summes.] summes. F 28 *outer  
workes*] *outerworkes* F 30 *Pyoners*] *Pioneers* F3 31 *Casa-  
mates*.] *Casamates*, F 34 P. Iv.] P. jun. [*takes the bag.*] G 41  
After 'shortly!' [*Aside* G 42 After '*Founder*?' [*they make legs to  
him.*] G After 43 *Exe. Shoemaker, Linener, Haber. and Hatter.* G  
43 *Chanter*] *Canter* G 45 examining.] examining F

Poore Rascalls, I doe doe it out of charity.

I would aduance their trade againe, and haue them

50 Haste to be rich, sweare, and forswear wealthily.

What doe you stay for, Sirrah? S P V. To my boxe Sir,

*He giues  
the  
Spurrier,  
to his  
boxe.* P. I v. Your boxe, why, there's an *angel*. If my Spurres  
Be not right *Rippon*—— S P V. Giue me neuer a penny,  
If I strike not thorow your bounty with the Rowells.

55 P. I v. Do'st thou want any money, *Founder*? P. C A.

Who, S<sup>r</sup>. I?

Did I not tell you I was bred i'the *Mines*,

Vnder Sir *Beuis Bullion*? P. I v. That is true,

I quite forgot, you *Myne-men* want no money,

Your streets are pau'd with 't: there, the molten siluer

60 Runns out like creame, on cakes of gold. P. C A. And  
Rubies

Doe grow like Strawberries. P. I v. 'Twere braue being  
there!

Come *Thom*, we'll go to the *Office* now. P. C A. What  
*Office*?

P. I v. *Newes Office*, the *New Staple*; thou shalt goe too,  
'Tis here i'the house, on the same floore, *Thom*. says.

65 Come, *Founder*, let vs trade in Ale, and nutmegges.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

REGISTER. CLERKE. WOMAN.

**W**Hat, are those Desks fit now? set forth the Table,  
The Carpet and the Chayre: where are the *Newes*  
That were examin'd last? ha' you fil'd them vp?

C L E. Not yet, I had no time. R E G. Are those newes  
registred,

1. iii. 50 wealthily.] wealthily, F 51 After 'Sirrah?'] [To the  
*Spurrier*. G 52 *angel*. If] *angel*, if F 53 *Rippon*——]  
*Rippon*. F penny.] penny F 54 *Exit*. add G 55 money,]  
money F I?] I, F 57 *Bullion*?] *Bullion*. F 64 says.] says, F:  
says. F3 65 *Exeunt*. add G 1. iv.] SCENE II. [Another part of the  
same. An outer Room of the Office. | Enter Register and Nathaniel. G  
4 C L E.] *Nath*. G (so ll. 6, 7, 14, 18) I had] I had F

That *Emissary Buz* sent in last night ? 5

Of *Spinola*, and *his Egges* ? C L E. Yes Sir, and fil'd.

R E G. What are you now vpon ? C L E. That our new  
*Emissary*

*Westminster*, gaue vs, of the *Golden Heyre*.

R E G. Dispatch, that's newes indeed, and of importance.

What would you haue, good woman ? W o. I would haue Sir, *A*  
*A groatsworth* of any *Newes*, I care not what, *country-*  
To carry downe this *Saturday*, to our *Vicar*. *woman*  
*wastes*  
*there.*

R E G. O ! You are a Butterwoman, aske *Nathaniel*  
The *Clerke*, there. C L E. Sir, I tell her, she must stay

Till *Emissary Exchange*, or *Pauls* send in, 15

And then I'll fit her. R E G. Doe good woman, haue  
patience,

It is not now, as when the *Captaine* liu'd.

C L E. You'll blast the reputation of the *Office*,

Now i' the Bud, if you dispatch these *Groats*,

So soone : let them attend in name of policie. 20

## ACT I. SCENE V.

PENIBOY <Iv>. CYMBAL. FITTON. THO: *To them.*

BARBER. CANTER.

I N troth they are dainty roomes ; what place is this ?

C Y M. This is the outer roome, where my *Clerkes* sit,  
And keepe their sides, the *Register* i'the midst,  
The *Examiner*, he sits priuate there, within,  
And here I haue my seuerall *Rowles*, and *Fyles* 5  
Of *Newes* by the *Alphabet*, and all put vp

Vnder their heads. P. I v. But those, too, subdiuided ?

C Y M. Into *Authenticall*, and *Apocryphall*.

F I T. Or *Newes* of doubtfull credit, as *Barbers newes*.

C Y M. And *Taylors Newes*, *Porters*, and *Watermens newes*. 10

1. iv. 10 you haue,] you haue F 1. v. Enter Cymbal and Fitton, intro-  
ducing Pennyboy, jun. G. continuing the scene 10 newes.] newes, F



F I T. Whereto, beside the *Coranti*, and *Gazetti*.

C Y M. I haue the *Newes* of the season. F I T. As *vacacion newes*,

*Terme-newes*, and *Christmas-newes*. C I M. And *newes* o' the *faction*.

F I T. As the *Reformed newes*, *Protestant newes*,

15 C Y M. And *Pontificiall newes*, of all which seuerall, The *Day-bookes*, *Characters*, *Precedents* are kept.

Together with the names of special friends——

F I T. And men of *Correspondence* i' the *Countrey*——

C Y M. Yes, of all ranks, and all Religions.——

20 F I T. *Factors*, and *Agents*—— C Y M. *Liegers*, that lie out

Through all the Shires o'the kingdome. P. I v. This is fine ! And beares a braue relation ! but what sayes

*Mercurius Britannicus* to this ?

C Y M. O Sir, he gaines by't halfe in halfe. F I T. Nay more,

25 I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get

In, hungry *Captaines*, obscure *Statesmen*. C Y M. Fellowes

To drinke with him in a darke roome in a Tauerne,

And eat a Sawsage. F I T. We ha' seen't. C Y M. As faine,

To keepe so many *politique pennes*

30 Going, to feed the presse. F I T. And dish out newes,

Were't true, or false. C Y M. Now all that charge is sau'd.

The publike *Chronicler*. F I T. How, doe you call him there ?

C Y M. And *gentle Reader*. F I T: He that has the maiden-head

Of all the *bookes*. C Y M. Yes, *dedicated to him*,

35 F I T. Or rather *prostituted*. P. I v. You are right, Sir.

C Y M. No more shall be abus'd, nor countrey-*Parsons*

O' the *Inquisition*, nor busie *Iustices*,

Trouble the *peace*, and both torment themselues,

I. v. 24 more,] more F 28 seen't.] seen't, F: seen it. G, prefixing  
'As fain' to l. 30 29 *politique*] Query, *politician* 31 sau'd.]  
sau'd F: sav'd. W 32 How,] How F3

And their poore ign'rant Neighbours with enquiries  
After the many, and most innocent *Monsters*, 40  
That neuer came i'th' Counties they were charg'd with.

P. I v. Why, me thinkes Sir, if the honest common people  
Will be abus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure,  
In the belieuing Lyes, are made for them ;  
As you i'th'*Office*, making them your selues ? 45

F I T. O Sir ! it is the printing we oppose.

C Y M. We not forbid that any *Newes*, be made,  
But that 't be printed ; for when *Newes* is printed,  
It leaues Sir to be *Newes*. While 'tis but written——

F I T. Though it be ne're so false, it runnes *Newes* still. 50

P. I v. See diuers mens opinions ! vnto some,  
The very printing of them, makes them *Newes* ;  
That ha' not the heart to beleue any thing,  
But what they see in print. F I T. I, that's an Error  
Ha's abus'd many ; but we shall reforme it, 55  
As many things beside (we haue a hope)  
Are crept among the *popular abuses*.

C Y M. Nor shall the *Stationer* cheat vpon the Time,  
By buttering ouer againe—— F I T. Once, in Seuen Yeares,  
As the age doates—— C Y M. And growes forgetfull o' them, 60  
His *antiquated Pamphlets*, with new dates.  
But all shall come from the *Mint*. F I T. Fresh and new  
stamp'd,

C Y M. With the *Office-Seale*, *Staple Commoditie*.

F I T. And if a man will assure his *Newes*, he may :  
Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted, 65  
And haue a *policie* for't. P. I v. Sir, I admire  
The method o' your place ; all things within't  
Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,  
As it shewes *Wit* had married *Order*. F I T. Sir.

C Y M. The best wee could to inuite the Times. F I T. It  
ha's 70

Cost sweat, and freesing. C Y M. And some broken sleepes,

Before it came to this. P. I v. I easily thinke it.

F I T. But now it ha's the shape—— C Y M. And is come forth.

P. I v. A most polite neat thing! with all the limbs,  
 75 As sense can tast! C Y M. It is Sir, though I say it,  
 As well-begotten a busines, and as fairely  
 Helpt to the World. P. I v. You must be a Mid-wife Sir!  
 Or els the sonne of a Mid-wife! (pray you pardon me)  
 Haue helpt it forth so happily! what *Newes* ha' you?  
 80 *Newes* o' this morning? I would faine heare some  
 Fresh, from the forge (as new as day, as they say.)

C Y M. And such we haue Sir. R E G. Shew him the last  
*Rowle*,

Of *Emissary West-minster's*, The *Heire*.

P. I v. Come nearer, *Thom*: C L A. There is a braue yong  
*Heire*

Peny Is come of age this morning, M<sup>r</sup>. *Peny-boy*. P. I v. That's I!  
 <boy> C L A. His Father dy'd on this day seuenth-night. P. I v.  
*reioyceth,* True!  
*that he is*  
*in.*

Tels Ere he was *One and Twenty*. P. I v. I am here, *Thom*!  
 Thom: Proceed, I pray thee. C L A. An old *Canting Begger*  
 of it.

90 Brought him first *Newes*, whom he has entertain'd,  
*Call in the* To follow him, since. P. I v. Why, you shall see him!  
*Canter.* *Founder*,

Come in; no *Follower*, but *Companion*,

*Hee giues* I pray thee put him in, Friend. There's an *Angell*——  
*the Clerke.* Thou do'st not know, hee's a wise old Fellow,

95 Though he seeme patch'd thus, and made vp o' peeces.  
*Founder*, we are in, here, in, i'the *Newes-Office*!

In this dayes *Rowle*, already! I doe muse

How you came by vs Sirs! C Y M. One Master *Pick-*  
*locke*,

A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a place,

i. v. After 83 Enter Barber. G 85-6 *Asidé*. add G 86  
 seuenth-] seven- F3 91 St. dir. Call] Calls F3 92 After 'in;'  
 Enter Pennyboy Canter. G 93 After 'Friend.' [to Nath.] G 95  
 Exit Nath. add G 98 Sirs] Sir's F *Pick-locke*,] *Pick-locke* F

This morning, of an *Emissary* vnder me. 100

F I T. *Emissarie Westminster*. C Y M. Gaue it into th'  
*Office*,

F I T. For his *Essay*, his peece. P. I v. My man o' Law !  
Hee's my Attorney, and Sollicitour too !

A fine *pragmaticke* ! what's his place worth ?

C Y M. A *Nemo-scit*, Sir. F I T. 'Tis as *Newes* come in, 105

C Y M. And as they are issued. I haue the iust *moyetie*

For my part : then the other *moyetie*

Is parted into seuen. The foure *Emissaries* ;

Whereof my Cozen *Fitton* here's for *Court*,

*Ambler* for *Pauls*, and *Buz* for the *Exchange*, 110

*Picklocke*, for *Westminster*, with the *Examiner*,

And *Register*, they haue full parts : and then one part

Is vnder-parted to a couple of *Clarks* ;

And there's the iust diuision of the profits !

P. I v. Ha' you those *Clarks* Sir ? C Y M. There is one  
Desk empty, 115

But it has many Suitors. P. I v. Sir, may I

Present one more, and carry it, if his parts

Or Gifts, (which you will, call 'hem) C Y M. Be sufficient Sir.

P. I v. What are your present *Clarks* habilities ?

How is he qualified ? C Y M. A decay'd *Stationer* 120

He was, but knowes *Newes* well, can sort and ranke 'hem.

F I T. And for a need can make 'hem. C Y M. True  
*Paules* bred,

I'the *Church-yard*. P. I v. And this at the West-dore,

O'th' other side, hee's my Barber *Thom*,

A pretty Scholler, and a *Master of Arts*, 125

Was made, or went out *Master of Arts* in a throng,

At the *Vniuersitie* ; as before, one *Christmas*,

He got into a *Masque* at *Court*, by his wit,

And the good meanes of his *Cythern*, holding vp thus

For one o'the *Musique*. Hee's a nimble Fellow ! 130

I. v. 105 come F3 : come, F in.] in. F3 106-7 moyetie . . .  
moyetie] meoytie . . . moeytie F 115 Sir ?] Sir. F 117 more,]  
more F 124 O'th'] O'th F 130 Musique.] Musique, F

And alike skil'd in euery *liberall Science*,  
 As hauing certaine snaps of all, a neat,  
 Quick-vaine, in forging *Newes* too. I doe loue him,  
 And promis'd him a good turne, and I would doe it.

135 What's your price? the value? C Y M. *Fifty pounds*, S<sup>r</sup>.

P. I v. Get in *Thom*, take possession, I install thee;

*Hee buyes Thom a* Here, tell your money; giue thee ioy, good *Thom*;

*Clerkes* And let me heare from thee euery minute of *Newes*,

*place.* While the *New Staple* stands, or the *Office* lasts,

140 Which I doe wish, may ne're be lesse for thy sake.

C L A. The *Emissaries*, Sir, would speake with you,

And Master *Fitton*, they haue brought in *Newes*,

Three *Bale* together. C Y M. S<sup>r</sup>, you are welcome, here.

*They take* F I T. So is your creature. C Y M. *Businesse* calls vs off,  
*leauē of* Sir,

*Peny-boy,* That may concerne the *Office*. P. I v. Keepe me faire, Sir,

*and* Still i' your *Staple*, I am here your friend,

*Canter.* On the same floore. F I T. We shall be your seruants.

P. I v. How dost thou like it, *Founder*? P. C A. All is  
 well,

But that your man o' law, me thinks, appeares not

150 In his due time. O! Here comes Masters worship.

## ACT I. SCENE VI.

PICKLOCK. PENI-BOY IV.

P. CANTER.

How do's the *Heyre*, bright Master *Peniboy*?

Is hee awake yet in his *One and Twenty*?

Why, this is better farre, then to weare *Cypresse*,

Dull smutting gloues, or melancholy blacks,

5 And haue a payre of twelue-peny broad ribbands

Laid out like *Labells*. P. I v. I should ha' made shift

i. v. 132 all,] all; F3 135 What's] Whats F After 140 Re-enter  
*Nathanicl. G* After 147 *Exeunt all but P. jun. and P. Cant. G*  
 149 law, me thinks,] law me thinks F i. vi] Enter *Picklock. G*,  
 continuing the scene PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F

To haue laught as heartily in my mourners hood,  
As in this Suite, if it had pleas'd my father  
To haue beene buried, with the Trumpeters :

P I c. *The Heralds of Armes*, you meane. P. I v. I meane, 10  
All noyse, that is superfluous ! P I c. All that idle pompe,  
And vanity of a Tombe-stone, your wise father  
Did, by his will, preuent. Your worship had——

P. I v. A louing and obedient father of him,  
I know it (<I>) : a right, kinde-natur'd man, 15  
To dye so opportunely. P I c. And to settle  
All things so well, compounded for your wardship,  
The weeke afore, and left your state entyre  
Without any charge vpon't. P. I v. (I must needes say,  
I lost an *Officer* of him, a good *Bayliffe*, 20  
And I shall want him ; but all peace be with him,  
I will not wish him aliue, againe ; not I,  
For all my Fortune ; giue your worship ioy  
O' your new place, your *Emissary-ship*,  
I'the *Newes Office*.) P I c. Know you, why I bought  
it S<sup>r</sup>? 25

P. I v. Not I. P I c. To worke for you, and carry a  
myne  
Against the Master of it, Master *Cymball* ;  
Who hath a plot vpon a Gentlewoman,  
Was once design'd for you, Sir. P. I v. Me ? P I c. Your  
father,  
Old Master *Peni-boy*, of happy memory, 30  
And wisdom too, as any i' the *County*,  
Carefull to finde out a fit match for you,  
In his owne life time (but hee was preuented)  
Left it in writing in a *Schedule* here,  
To be annexed to his *Will* ; that you, 35  
His onely Sonne, vpon his charge, and blessing,  
Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman,  
Soiourning with your vncle, *Richer Peni-boy*.

I. vi. 15 I G conj. 16 so opportunely] soopportunely F 17  
wardship, F originally: ward ship, or wardsh ip or ward shi p F later

- P. I v. A *Cornish* Gentlewoman, I doe know her,  
 40 *Mistresse Pecunia doe-all*. P I c. A great *Lady*,  
 Indeede, shee is, and not of mortall race,  
*Infanta* of the *Mines*; her Graces Grandfather,  
 Was *Duke*, and Cousin to the *King* of *Ophyr*,  
 The *Subterranean*, let that passe. Her name is,  
 45 Or rather, her three names are (for such shee is)  
*Aurelia Clara Pecunia*, a great *Princesse*,  
 Of mighty power, though shee liue in priuate  
 With a contracted family! Her *Secretary*——  
 P. C A. Who is her Gentleman-vsher too. P I c. One  
*Broker*,  
 50 And then two Gentlewomen; *Mistresse Statute*,  
 And *Mistresse Band*, with *Waxe* the Chambermaide,  
 And Mother *Mortgage*, the old Nurse, two Groomes,  
*Pawne*, and his fellow; you haue not many to bribe, Sir.  
 The worke is feizable, and th'approches easie,  
 55 By your owne kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymball* thinkes,  
 The Master here, and gouernor o'the *Staple*,  
 By his fine arts, and pompe of his great place  
 To draw her! He concludes, shee is a woman!  
 And that so soone as sh(e)'heares of the *New Office*,  
 60 Shee'll come to visit it, as they all haue longings  
 After new sights, and motions! But your bounty,  
 Person, and brauery must atchieue her. P. C A. Shee is  
 The talke o'the time! th'aduenture o'the age!  
 P I c. You cannot put your selfe vpon an action  
 65 Of more importance. P. C A. All the world are suiters to  
 her.  
 P I c. All sorts of men, and all professions!  
 P. C A. You shall haue stall-fed *Doctors*, cram'd *Diuines*  
 Make loue to her, and with those studied  
 And perfum'd flatteries, as no rome can stinke  
 70 More elegant, then where they are. P I c. Well chanted,  
 Old *Canter*, thou singst true. P. C A. And (by your leaue)

i. vi. 40 *Mistresse*] *Mistresse*, F: *Mistris* F<sub>3</sub> 41 *Indeede*,] *Indeede*  
 F 46 a] A F 70, 71 *chan*ted, . . . *Canter*,] *chan*ted . . . *Canter* F

Good *Masters worship*, some of your veluet coate  
Make corpulent curt'sies to her, till they cracke for't.

P I C. There's *Doctor Almanack* wooes her, one of the  
Ieerers,

A fine Physitian. P. C A. Your Sea-captaine, *Shun-field*, 75  
Giues out hee'll goe vpon the *Cannon* for her.

P I C. Though his lowd mouthing get him little credit.

P. C A. Young Master *Pyed-mantle*, the fine *Herald*,  
Professes to deriue her through all ages,  
From all the *Kings*, and *Queenes*, that euer were. 80

P I C. And Master *Madrigall*, the crowned *Poet*  
Of these our times, doth offer at her praises  
As faire as any, when it shall please *Apollo*,  
That wit and rime may meete both in one subiect.

P. C A. And you to beare her from all these, it will be—— 85

P I C. A work of fame. P. C A. Of honor. P I C. Cele-  
bration.

P. C A. Worthy your name. P I C. The *Peni-boyes* to  
liue in't.

P. C A. It is an action you were built for, Sir,

P I C. And none but you can doe it. P. I v. I'll vnder-  
take it,

P. C A. And carry it. P. I v. Feare me not, for since  
I came 90

Of mature age, I haue had a certaine itch  
In my right eye, this corner, here, doe you see?  
To doe some worke, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The first Intermeane after the first *Act*.

MIRTH. *How now Gossip! how doe's the Play please  
you?*

CENSURE. *Very scuruiely, me thinks, and sufficiently  
naught.*

EXPECTATION. *As a body would wish: here's nothing* 5

I. vi. 75 Sea-captaine] Sea Captaine some copies of F 77 credit.]  
credit, F 78 Herald,] Herral F 79 deriue] deriuer F: derive  
F3 87 in't.] in't, F 93 Exeunt. add G



*but a young Prodigall, come of age, who makes much of the Barber, buyes him a place in a new Office, i'the ayre, I know not where, and his man o' Law to follow him, with the Begger to boote, and they two helpe him to a wife.*

- 10 MIRTH. *I, shee is a proper piece ! that such creatures can broke for.*

TATLE. *I cannot abide that nasty fellow, the Begger ; if hee had beene a Court-Begger in good clothes, a Begger in veluet, as they say, I could haue endur'd him.*

- 15 MIRTH. *Or a begging scholler in blacke, or one of these beggerly Poets, gossip, that would hang vpon a young heyre like a horseleech.*

EXPEC. *Or a thred-bare Doctor of Physicke, a poore Quackesaluer.*

- 20 CENSURE. *Or a Sea-captaine, halfe steru'd.*

MIRTH. *I, these were tolerable Beggers, Beggers of fashion ! you shall see some such anon !*

- TATLE. *I would faine see the Foole, gossip, the Foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit :*  
 25 *Hee is the very Iustice o' Peace o'the Play, and can commit whom hee will, and what hee will, errour, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.*

- MIRTH. *But they ha' no Foole i' this Play, I am afraid,*  
 30 *gossip.*

TATLE. *It's a wise Play, then.*

EXPECTATION. *They are all fooles, the rather, in that.*

CENSURE. *Like enough.*

- TATLE. *My husband, (Timothy Tatle, God rest his poore*  
 35 *soule) was wont to say, there was no Play without a Foole, and a Diuell in't ; he was for the Diuell still, God blesse him. The Diuell for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the Diuell. And why would you so faine see the Diuell ? would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a*  
 40 *cuckold, as well as a Diuell, hee would answer : You are e'en*

THE FIRST INTERMEAN.

13 clothes,] clothes ; F : Clothes, F3

12 Begger:] Begger, F : Beggar ; F3

25 commit] commit F

*such another, husband, quoth I. Was the Diuell euer married ? where doe you read, the Diuell was euer so honorable to commit Matrimony ? The Play will tell vs that, sayes hee, wee'll goe see't to-morrow, the Diuell is an Asse. Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am fouly 45 deceiu'd, but hee can read too.*

MIRTH. *I remember it gossip, I went with you, by the same token, M<sup>rs</sup>. Trouble Truth diswaded vs, and told vs, hee was a prophane Poet, and all his Playes had Diuels in them. That he kept schole vpo' the Stage, could coniure there, aboue 50 the Schole of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too : not a Play he made, but had a Diuell in it. And that he would learne vs all to make our husbands Cuckolds at Playes : by another token, that a young married wife i' the company, said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o' the vanity through 55 her masque, and come practice at home.*

TATTLE. *O, it was, Mistresse——*

MIRTH. *Nay, Gossip, I name no body. It may be 'twas my selfe.*

EXPECTATION. *But was the Diuell a proper man, 60 Gossip ?*

MIRTH. *As fine a gentleman, of his inches, as euer I saw trusted to the Stage, or any where else : and lou'd the common wealth, as well as e're a Patriot of 'hem all : hee would carry away the Vice on his backe, quicke to Hell, in euery Play where 65 he came, and reforme abuses.*

EXPECTATION. *There was the Diuell of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.*

CENSURE. *The Coniurer coosen'd him with a candles end, hee was an Asse. 70*

MIRTH. *But there was one Smug, a Smith, would haue made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as they say.*

TATTLE. *O, but the poore man had got a shrewd mischance, one day.*

EXPECTATION. *How, Gossip ? 75*

INTERMEAN] 43 Matrimony ?] Matrimony ; F vs] vs, F 64 e're F3 : ere F

TATLE. *He had drest a Rogue Iade i'the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of 'hem himselfe, by noone, as they would not away all the Play time, doe what hee could, for his heart.*

80 MIRTH. *'Twas his part, Gossip, he was to be drunke, by his part.*

TATLE. *Say you so? I vnderstood not so much.*

EXPECTA. *Would wee had such an other part, and such a man in this play, I feare 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*

CENSURE. *Expect, intend it.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

PENI-BOY SEN. PECVNIA. MORTGAGE.

STATUTE. BAND. BROKER.

YOur Grace is sad, me thinks, and melancholy !  
 You doe not looke vpon me with that face,  
 As you were wont, my Goddesse, bright *Pecunia* :  
 Although your *Grace* be falne of, *two i'the hundred*,  
 5 In vulgar estimation ; yet am I,  
 You<r> *Graces* seruant still : and teach this body,  
 To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,  
 In adoration, and iust worship of you.  
 Indeed, I doe confesse, I haue no shape  
 10 To make a minion of, but I'm your *Martyr*,  
 Your *Graces Martyr*. I can heare the Rogues,  
 As I doe walke the streetes, whisper, and point,  
 There goes old *Peni-boy*, the slaue of money,  
 Rich *Peni-boy*, *Lady Pecunia's* drudge,  
 15 A sordid Rascall, one that neuer made  
 Good meale in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him,  
 Fish, Fowle, and venison, and preserues himselfe,

INTERMEAN] 76 *Rogue*] *Roguy* F3 79 *hee*] *hec* F 82 *so* ? F3 : *so*. F  
 11. i] *A Room in Pennyboy senior's House. Enter Pennyboy Sen. Pecunia,*  
*Mortgage, Estate, Band, and Broker.* G PENI-BOY SEN.] PENI-BOY. Sen. F  
 1 sad,] sad F 4 *falne of,*] *falne, of* F 6 *Your* F3 16 *Good*  
 . . . sells] *Good meale but in his sleep, sells Robert Nares conj.*

Like an old hoary Rat, with mouldy pye-crust.  
This I doe heare, reioycing, I can suffer  
This, and much more, for your good *Graces* sake. 20

P E C. Why do you so, my Guardian ? I not bid you,  
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too,  
Without your selfe-tormentings, and your watches,  
Your macerating of your body thus  
With cares, and scantings of your dyet, and rest ? 25

P. S E. O, no, your seruices, my *Princely Lady*,  
Cannot with too much zeale of *rites* be done,  
They are so sacred. P E C. But my Reputation  
May suffer, and the worship of my family,  
When by so seruile meanes they both are sought. 30

P. S E. You are a noble, young, free, gracious *Lady*,  
And would be euery bodies, in your bounty,  
But you must not be so. They are a few  
That know your merit, *Lady*, and can valew't.  
Your selfe scarce vnderstands your proper powers. 35  
They are *all-mighty*, and that wee, your seruants,  
That haue the honour here to stand so neere you,  
Know ; and can vse too. All this *Nether-world*  
Is yours, you command it, and doe sway it,  
The honour of it, and the honesty, 40  
The reputation, I, and the religion,  
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)  
Is Queene *Pecunia's*. For that stile is yours,  
If mortals knew your *Grace*, or their owne good.

M O R. Please your *Grace* to retire. B A N. I feare your *Grace* 45  
Hath ta'ne too much of the sharpe ayre. P E C. O no !  
I could endure to take a great deale more  
(And with my constitution) were it left  
Vnto my choice, what thinke you of it, *Statute* ?

S T A. A little now and then does well, and keepes 50  
Your *Grace* in your complexion. B A N. And true temper.

M O R. But too much *Madame*, may encrease cold rheumes,

11. i. 21 so,] so F 28 Reputation F3: Reputation. F 36 wee,]  
wee F 48 constitution) . . . left W: constitution, . . . left) F

- Nourish catarrhes, greene sicknesses, and agues,  
 And put you in consumption. P. S E. Best to take  
 55 Aduice of your graue women, Noble *Madame*,  
 They know the state o' your body, and ha' studied  
 Your *Graces* health. B A N. And honour. Here'll be visi-  
 tants,  
 Or Suitors by and by ; and 'tis not fit  
 They find you here. S T A. 'Twill make your *Grace* too  
 cheape  
 60 To giue them audience presently. M O R. Leaue your  
*Secretary*,  
 To answer them. P E C. Waite you here, *Broker*. B R O. I  
 shal *Madame*.  
 And doe your *Graces* trusts with diligence.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

P Y E D - M A N T L E. B R O K E R.

P E N I - B O Y S E N.

- W H a t luck's this ? I am come an inch too late.  
 Doe you heare Sir ? Is your worship o'the family  
 Vnto the *Lady Pecunia* ? B R O. I serue her *Grace*, Sir,  
*Aurelia Clara Pecunia*, the *Infanta*.  
 5 P Y E. Has she all those *Tittles*, and her *Grace* besides ?  
 I must correct that ignorance and ouer-sight,  
 Before I doe present. Sir, I haue drawne  
 A *Pedigree* for her *Grace*, though yet a Nouice  
 In that so noble study. B R O. A *Herald* at *Armes* ?  
 10 P Y E. No, Sir, a *Pursiuant*, my name is *Pyed-mantle*.  
 B R O. Good Master *Pyed-mantle*. P Y E. I haue deduc'd  
 her——  
 B R O. From all the *Spanish Mines* in the *West-Indies*,  
 I hope : for she comes that way by her mother,

II. i. 61 *Exeunt all but Broker*. add G II. ii] *Enter Piedmantle*. G, con-  
 tinuing the scene P E N I - B O Y ] P E N I - B O Y. F I late. F3 : late, F  
 5 besides ? F3 : besides, F 10 No.] No F 11 her——]  
 her.—— F 12 *Indies* F3 : *Indi'es* F

But, by her Grand-mother, she's *Dutches of Mines*.

P Y E. From mans creation I haue brought her. B R O.

No further ?

15

Before S<sup>r</sup>, long before, you haue done nothing else,

Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, search your *Office*,

Rowle *fiue* and *twenty*, you will finde it so,

I see you are but a Nouice, Master *Pyed-mantle*,

If you had not told mee so. P Y E. Sir, an *apprentise* 20

In *armoiry*. I haue read the *Elements*,

And *Accidence*, and all the leading bookes,

And I haue, now, vpon me a great ambition,

How to be brought to her *Grace*, to kisse her hands.

B R O. Why, if you haue acquaintance with Mistresse

*Statute*,

25

Or Mistresse *Band*, my *Ladies Gentlewomen*,

They can induce you. One is a *Iudges Daughter*,

But somewhat stately ; th'other, Mistresse *Band*,

Her father's but a *Scriuener*, but shee can

Almost as much with my *Lady*, as the other, 30

Especially, if *Rose Waxe* the Chambermaid

Be willing. Doe you not know her, Sir, neither ?

P Y E. No in troth Sir. B R O. She's a good plyant wench,

And easie to be wrought, Sir, but the Nurse,

Old mother *Mortgage*, if you haue a *Tenement*, 35

Or such a morsell ? though shee haue no teeth,

Shee loues a sweet meat, any thing that melts

In her warme gummes, she could command it for you

On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see,

How for your loue, and this so pure complexion, 40

(A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,

The straining of a ward, opening a doore

Into the secrets of our family.

P Y E. I pray you let mee know, Sir, vnto whom

I am so much beholden ; but your name. 45

B R O. My name is *Broker*, I am *Secretary*,

II. ii. 19 -*manile*, F3 : -*mantle*. F 28 th'other,] th'other F  
34 Nurse,] Nurse F 43 family.] family : F

And *Vsher*, to her *Grace*. P Y E. Good Master *Broker* !

B R O. Good M<sup>r</sup>. *Pyed-mantle*. P Y E. Why ? you could do me,

If you would, now, this fauour of your selfe.

50 B R O. Truely, I thinke I could : but if I would,  
I hardly should, without, or *Mistresse Band*,  
Or *Mistresse Statute*, please to appeare in it.  
Or the good Nurse I told you of, *Mistresse Mortgage*.  
We know our places here, wee mingle not

55 One in anothers sphere, but all moue orderly,  
In our owne orbes ; yet wee are all *Concentricks*.

P Y E. Well, Sir, I'll waite a better season. B R O. Doe,  
And study the right meanes, get *Mistresse Band*

Broker makes a mouth at him. To vrge on your behalfe, or little *Waxe*.

P Y E. I haue a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,  
Light on her *Grace*, as she's taking the ayre.

He ieeres him againe. B R O. That ayre of hope, has blasted many an ayrie  
Of *Castrills* like your selfe : Good Master *Pyed-mantle*.

Old Penny-boy leaps. P. S E. Well said, Master *Secretary*, I stood behinde  
And heard thee all. I honor thy dispatches.

If they be rude, vntrained in our method  
And haue not studied the rule, dismisse 'hem quickly.  
Where's *Lickfinger* my Cooke ? that vnctuous rascall ?  
Hee'll neuer keepe his houre, that vessell of kitchinstuffe !

## ACT II. SCENE IIJ.

BROKER. PENY-BOY SE.

LICK-FINGER.

H Eere hee is come, Sir. P. S E. Pox vpon him kidney,  
Alwaies too late ! L I C. To wish 'hem you, I confesse,  
That ha' them already. P. S E. What ? L I C. The pox !  
P. S E. The piles,

i. ii. 61 ayre.] ayre: F 63 -mantle.] -mantle, F Exit *Piedmantle*.  
add G 64 st. dir. leaps.] leaps F 65 heard] heard F 66 in F3: it F  
67 quickly.] quickly, F ii. iii.] Enter *Lickfinger*. G, continuing the  
scene. PENY-BOY] PENY-BOY. F

The plague, and all diseases light on him,  
Knowes not to keepe his word. I'd keepe my word sure ! 5  
I hate that man that will not keepe his word,  
When did I breake my word ? L I c. Or I, till now ?  
And 'tis but halfe an houre. P. S E. Halfe a yeere :  
To mee that stands vpon a minute of time.  
I am a iust man, I loue still to be iust. 10

L I c. Why ? you thinke I can runne like light-foot *Ralph*,  
Or keep a wheele-barrow, with a sayle, in towne here,  
To whirle me to you : I haue lost two stone  
Of suet i' the seruice posting hither,  
You might haue followed me like a watering pot, 15  
And seene the knots I made along the street ;  
My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter panne,  
And my whole body, is yet (to say the truth)  
A rosted pound of butter, with grated bread in't !

P. S E. Belieue you, he that list. You stay'd of purpose, *He sweepes his face.*  
To haue my venison stinke, and my fowle mortify'd,  
That you might ha' 'hem—— L I c. A shilling or two  
cheaper,

That's your iealousie. P. S E. Perhaps it is.  
Will you goe in, and view, and value all ?  
Yonder is venison sent mee ! fowle ! and fish ! 25  
In such abundance ! I am sicke to see it !  
I wonder what they meane ! I ha' told 'hem of it !  
To burthen a weake stomacke ! and prouoke  
A dying appetite ! thrust a sinne vpon me  
I ne'r was guilty of ! nothing but gluttony ! 30  
Grosse gluttony ! that will vndoe this Land !

L I c. And bating two i'the hundred. P. S E. I, that  
same's  
A crying sinne, a fearfull damn'd deuice,  
Eats vp the popre, deuoures 'hem—— L I c. Sir, take heed  
What you giue out. P. S E. Against your graue great *Solons* ? 35  
*Numæ Pompilij*, they that made that *Law* ?



- To take away the poore's inheritance?  
 It was their portion : I will stand to't.  
 And they haue rob'd 'hem of it, plainly rob'd 'hem,  
 40 I still am a iust man, I tell the truth.  
 When moneies went at Ten i'the hundred, I,  
 And such as I, the seruants of *Pecunia*,  
 Could spare the poore *two* out of *ten*, and did it,  
 How say you, *Broker*? (L I C. Ask your *Eccho*) B R O.  
 You did it.  
 45 P. S E. I am for Iustice, when did I leaue Iustice?  
 We knew 'twas theirs, they'had right and *Title* to't.  
 Now—— L I C. You can spare 'hem nothing. P. S E.  
 Very little,  
 L I C. As good as nothing. P. S E. They haue bound our  
 hands  
 With their wise solemne act, shortned our armes.  
 50 L I C. Beware those worshipfull eares, Sir, be not  
 shortned,  
 And you play Crop i'the fleete, if you vse this licence.  
 P. S E. What licence, Knaue? Informer? L I C. I am  
*Lickfinger*,  
 Your Cooke. P. S E. A saucy *Iacke* you are, that's once;  
 What said I, *Broker*? B R O. Nothing that I heard, Sir.  
 55 L I C. I know his gift, hee can be deafe when he list.  
 P. S E. Ha' you prouided me my bushell of egges,  
 I did bespeake? I doe not care how stale,  
 Or stincking that they be; let 'hem be rotten :  
 For ammunition here to pelt the boyes,  
 60 That breake my windowes? L I C. Yes Sir, I ha' spar'd 'hem  
 Out of the custard politique for you, the Maiors.  
 P. S E. 'Tis well, goe in, take hence all that excesse,  
 Make what you can of it, your best : and when  
 I haue friends, that I inuite at home, prouide mee  
 65 Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeake ;  
 One at a time, no superfluitie.  
 Or if you haue it not, returne mee money ;

You know my waies. L I C. They are a little crooked.

P. S E. How knaue? L I C. Because you do indent.

P. S E. 'Tis true, Sir,

I do indent you shall returne me money.

70

L I C. Rather then meat, I know it : you are iust still.

P. S E. I loue it still. And therefore if you spend  
The red-Deeres pyes i' your house, or sell 'hem forth, Sir,  
Cast so, that I may haue their coffins 'all,

Return'd here, and pil'd vp : I would be thought

75

To keepe some kind of house. L I C. By the mouldie signes ?

P. S E. And then remember meat for my two dogs :  
Fat flaps of mutton ; kidneyes ; rumps of veale ;  
Good plentious scraps ; my maid shall eat the reliques.

L I C. When you & your dogs haue din'd. A sweet  
reuersion.

80

P. S E. Who's here ? my *Courtier* ? and my little *Doctor* ?  
My *Muster-Master* ? and what Plouer 's that  
They haue brought to pull ? B R O. I know not, some green  
Plouer.

I'le find him out. P. S E. Doe, for I know the rest,  
They are the *leerers*, mocking, flouting *Iackes*.

85

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

FITTON. PENI-BOY SE. ALMANACH.

SHVNFIELD. MADRIGAL. LICK-

FINGER. BROKER.

How now old *Money-Bawd* ? w'are come—— P. S E.  
To *ieere* me,

As you were wont, I know you. A L M. No, to giue thee  
Some good security, and see *Pecunia*.

P. S E. What is't ? F I T. Our selues. A L M. Wee'l be  
one bound for another.

1. iii. 69 P. S E. 'Tis true, Sir, in l. 70 in F3  
Fitton, Almanac, Shunfield, and Madrigal. G  
scene. PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F  
'selues.'

84 After 'out.' Enter  
II. iv.] G continues the  
4 Two lines in F, F3, divided at

5 F I T. This noble *Doctor* here. A L M. This worthy *Courtier*.

F I T. This *Man o' war*, he was our *Muster-Master*.

He holds  
up his  
nose.

A L M. But a *Sea-Captaine* now, braue *Captaine Shun-*  
*field*.

S H V N. You snuffe the ayre now, as the scent displeas'd  
you ?

F I T. Thou needst not feare him man, his credit is sound,

10 A L M. And season'd too, since he tooke salt at Sea.

P. S E. I doe not loue pickl'd security,

Would I had one good *Fresh-man* in for all ;

For truth is, you three stinke. S H V. You are a Rogue.

P. S E. I thinke I am, but I will lend no money

15 On that security, *Captaine*. A L M. Here's a Gentleman,  
A *Fresh-man* i' the world, one Master *Madrigall*.

Madrigall  
steps  
aside with  
Broker.

F I T. Of an vntainted credit ; what say you to him ?

S H V. Hee's gone, me thinkes, where is he ? *Madrigall* ?

P. S E. H' has an odde singing name, is he an Heyre ?

20 F I T. An Heyre to a faire fortune, A L M. And full  
hopes :

A dainty *Scholler*, and a pretty *Poët* !

P. S E. Y'au'e said enough. I ha' no money, Gentlemen,  
An' he goe to't in ryme once, not a penny.

He  
snuffes  
againe.

S H V. Why, hee's of yeares, though he haue little beard.

P. S E. His beard has time to grow. I haue no money :

Let him still dable in *Poetry*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seene. A L M. Come, thou lou'st to be costie

Still i' thy curt'sie ; but I haue a pill,

A golden pill to purge away this melancholly.

30 S H V. 'Tis nothing but his keeping o' the house here,

With his two drowsie doggs. F I T. A drench of sacke

At a good tauerne, and a fine fresh pullet,

Would cure him. L I C. Nothing but a yong Haire in  
white-broth,

ii. iv. 8 as] has 1716, W, G  
17 Exit Madrigal with Broker. add G  
gone,] gone F

30 'Tis] Tis F

11 pickl'd] pickl d most copies of F  
13 Rogue.] Rogue, F  
33 Haire] Heir F3

I know his diet better then the *Doctor*.

S H V. What *Lick-finger*? mine old host of *Ram-Alley*? 35  
You ha' some mercat here. A L M. Some dosser of Fish  
Or Fowle to fetch of. F I T. An odde bargaine of Venison,  
To driue. P. S E. Will you goe in, knaue? L I C. I must  
needs,

You see who driues me, gentlemen. A L M. Not the *diuell*.

F I T. Hee may be in time, hee is his *Agent*, now.

Peny-boy  
thrusters  
him in.

P. S E. You are all cogging *Jacks*, a Couy o' wits, -  
The leerers, that still call together at meales :

Or rather an Airy, for you are birds of prey :

And flie at all, nothing's too bigge or high for you.

And are so truely fear'd, but not belou'd 45

One of another : as no one dares breake

Company from the rest, lest they should fall

Vpon him absent. A L M. O! the onely *Oracle*

That euer peept, or spake out of a dublet.

S H V. How the rogue stinks, worse then a Fishmonger(s)  
sleeues ! 50

F I T. Or Curriers hands ! S H V. And such a perboil'd  
visage !

F I T. His face lookes like a Diers apron, iust !

A L M. A sodden head, and his whole braine a possit curd !

P. S E. I, now you ieere, ieere on ; I haue no money.

A L M. I wonder what religion hee's of ! 55

F I T. No certaine *species* sure. A kinde of mule !

That's halfe an *Ethnicke*, halfe a *Christian* !

P. S E. I haue no monie, gentlemen. S H V. This stocke,  
He has no sense of any vertue, honour,

*Gentrie* or *merit*. P. S E. You say very right, 60

My *meritorious Captaine*, (as I take it !)

*Merit* will keepe no house, nor pay no house rent.

Will Mistresse *Merit* goe to mercat, thinke you ?

Set on the pot, or feed the family ?

II. iv. 37 fetch off F3 40 FIT. F be om. W  
St. dir. in F at l. 44 47 fall] fall, F 50 Fishmongers F3  
56 sure.] sure, F 58 P. Sz.] P. Se. F (so 60, 68, 71, 80, 91, 97,  
104, 114) stocke,] stocke. F

- 65 Will *Gentry* cleare with the Butcher ? or the Baker ?  
 Fetch in a Phessant, or a brace of Partridges,  
 From good-wife *Poultier*, for my *Ladies* supper ?  
 F I T. See ! this pure rogue ! P. S E. This rogue has  
 money tho',  
 My worshipfull braue *Courtier* has no money.
- 70 No, nor my valiant *Captaine*. S H V. Hang you rascall.  
 P. S E. Nor you, my learned *Doctor*. I lou'd you  
 Whil(e) you did hold your practice, and kill tripe-wiues,  
 And kept you to your vrinall ; but since your thombes  
 Haue greas'd the *Ephemerides*, casting figures,  
 75 And turning ouer for your Candle-rents,  
 And your twelue houses in the *Zodiacke* :  
 With your *Almutens*, *Alma cantaras*,  
 Troth, you shall cant alone for *Peny-boy*.  
 S H V. I told you what we should find him, a meere Bawd.
- 80 F I T. A rogue, a cheater. P. S E. What you please,  
 gentlemen,  
 I am of that humble nature and condition,  
 Neuer to minde your worships, or take notice  
 Of what you throw away, thus. I keepe house here  
 Like a lame Cobler, neuer out of doores,  
 85 With my two dogs, my friends ; and (as you say)  
 Driue a quicke pretty trade, still. I get money :  
 And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Rascall*,  
 Or what your worships fancy, let 'hem passe  
 As transitory things ; they're mine to day,  
 90 And yours to morrow. A L M. Hang thee dog. S H V. Thou  
 curre.  
 P. S E. You see how I doe blush, and am asham'd  
 Of these large attributes ? yet you haue no money.  
 A L M. Well wolfe, *Hyæna*, you old pockie rascall,  
 You will ha' the *Hernia* fall downe againe  
 95 Into your *Scrotum*, and I shall be sent for.  
 I will remember then, that ; and your *Fistula*

*In ano*, I cur'd you of. P. S E. Thanke your dog-leech craft.  
They were 'holesome piles, afore you meddl'd with 'hem.

A L M. What an vngratefull wretch is this? S H V. Hee  
minds

A curtesie no more, then *London-bridge*, 100

What Arch was mended last. F I T. Hee neuer thinkes,

More then a logge, of any grace at Court,

A man may doe him : or that such a *Lord*

Reach't him his hand. P. S E. O yes ! if grace would strike

The brewers Tally, or my good *Lords* hand 105

Would quit the scores. But Sir, they will not doe it.

Here's a piece, my good *Lord* piece, doth all.

*He shewes  
a piece.*

Goes to the Butchers, fetches in a mut<t>on,

Then to the Bakers, brings in bread, makes fires,

Gets wine, and does more reall Curtesies, 110

Then all my *Lords*, I know : My sweet *Lord* peece !

You are my *Lord*, the rest are cogging *Iacks*,

Vnder the *Rose*. S H V. Rogue, I could beat you now,

P. S E. True, *Captaine*, if you durst beat any other,

I should belieue you, but indeed you are hungry ; 115

You are not angry *Captaine*, if I know you

Aright ; good *Captaine*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seene, though Mistresse *Band* would speake,

Or little Blushet-*Waxe* be ne'r so easie,

I'll stop mine eares with her, against the *Syrens*, 120

*Court*, and *Philosophy*. God be wi' you, Gentlemen,

Prouide you better names, *Pecunia* is for you.

F I T. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is ? where's *Madrigall* ?

Is he sneek'd hence ? S H V. Here he comes with *Broker*, *Madrigall*

*Pecunia's Secretary*. A L M. He may doe some good *returns.*

With him perhaps. Where ha' you beene *Madrigall* ?

M A D. Aboue with my *Ladies* women, reading verses.

F I T. That was a fauour. Good morrow, Master *Secretary*.

11. iv. 101 thinks,] thinks. F 105 hand] hand, F: Hand F3  
108 Butchers,] Butchers. F 114 True,] True F other, F3:  
other. F 117 No *Pecunia* F3: No, *Pecunia*, F 119 -*Waxe*]  
-*Waxe*, F 121 wi'] wi most copies of F 122 names,] names.  
F: Names, F3 Exit. add G 124 hence ?] hence. F

- S H V. Good morrow, Master *Vsher*. A L M. Sir, by both  
 130 Your worshipfull *Titles*, and your name Mas *Broker*,  
 Good morrow. M A D. I did aske him if hee were  
*Amphibion Broker*. S H V. Why? M A D. A creature of  
 two natures,  
 Because hee has two *Offices*. B R O. You may ieere,  
 You ha' the wits, young Gentlemen. But your hope  
 135 Of *Helicon*, will neuer carry it, heere,  
 With our fat family; we ha' the dullest,  
 Most unboar'd Eares for verse amongst our females.  
 I grieu'd you read so long, Sir, old Nurse *Mortgage*,  
 Shee snoar'd i'the Chaire, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)  
 140 Fell fast a sleepe, and Mistresse *Band*, shee nodded,  
 But not with any consent to what you read.  
 They must haue somewhat else to chinke, then rymes.  
 If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,  
 (Imagine it on departure) such a *Poem*  
 145 Would wake 'hem, and bring *Waxe* to her true temper.  
 M A D. I' faith Sir, and I will try. B R O. 'Tis but earth,  
 Fit to make bricke and tyles of. S H V. Pocks vpon't,  
 'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.  
 If it would keepe vs in good tabacco pipes,  
 150 B R O. 'Twere worth keeping. F I T. Or in *porc'lane*  
 dishes,  
 There were some hope. A L M. But this is a hungry soile,  
 And must be helpt. F I T. Who would hold any Land  
 To haue the trouble to marle it? S H V. Not a gentleman.  
 B R O. Let clownes and hyndes affect it, that loue  
 ploughes,  
 155 And carts, and harrowes, and are busie still,  
 In vexing the dull element. A L M. Our sweete *Songster*  
 Shall rarifie't into ayre. F I T. And you Mas. *Broker*,  
 Shall haue a feeling. B R O. So it supple, Sir,  
 The nerues. M A D. O! it shall be palpable,

11. iv. 130 *Broker*,] *Broker*. F - 132 *MAD*.] *ALM*. F: *Mad*. W  
 147 vpon't,] vpon't F 150 dishes,] dishes F 153 it?] it. F  
 157 *Broker*,] *Broker* F

Make thee runne thorow a hoope, or a thombe-ring, 160  
The nose of a tabacco pipe, and draw  
Thy ductile bones out, like a knitting needle,  
To serue my subtill turnes. B R O. I shall obey, Sir,  
And run a thred, like an houre-glasse. P. S E. Where is  
*Broker?*

Are not these flies gone yet? pray' quit my house, 165  
I'le smoake you out else. F I T. O! the Prodigall!  
Will you be at so much charge with vs, and losse?

M A D. I haue heard you ha' offered Sir, to lock vp smoake,  
And cauke your windores, spar up all your doores,  
Thinking to keepe it a close prisoner wi' you, 170  
And wept, when it went out, Sir, at your chimney.

F I T. And yet his eyes were dryer then a pummise.

S H V. A wretched rascall, that will binde about  
The nose of his bellowes, lest the wind get out  
When hee's abroad. A L M. Sweepes downe no cobwebs here, 175  
But sells 'hem for cut-fingers. And the spiders,  
As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,  
To fat old *Ladies* monkeyes. F I T. Hee has offer'd  
To gather vp spilt water, and preserue  
Each haire falls from him to stop balls withall. 180

S H V. A slaue, and an Idolater to *Pecunia!*

P. S E. You all haue happy memories, Gentlemen,  
In rocking my poore cradle. I remember too,  
When you had lands, and credit, worship, friends,  
I, and could giue security: now, you haue none, 185  
Or will haue none right shortly. This can time,  
And the vicissitude of things. I haue  
All these, and money too, and doe possesse 'hem,  
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,  
And both the changes. F I T. Let vs leaue the viper. 190

P. S E. Hee's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soone.  
*Broker*, come hither, vp, and tell your *Lady*,

II. iv. 164 After 'houre-glasse.' Re-enter Pennyboy sen. G 169  
windores] Windows F3 180 withall] with all F: withal F3 188  
these,] these. F After 190 *Exeunt all but P. Sen. and Broker.* G



- Shee must be readie presently, and *Statute*,  
*Band, Mortgage, Wax.* My prodigall young kinsman  
 195 Will streight be here to see her ; 'top of our house,  
 The flourishing, and flanting *Peny-boy*.  
 Wee were but three of vs in all the world,  
 My brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Franck Peny-boy*,  
 Father to this : hee's dead. This *Peny-boy*,  
 200 Is now the heire ! I, Richer *Peny-boy*,  
 Not *Richard*, but old *Harry Peny-boy*,  
 And (to make rime) close, wary *Peny-boy*,  
 I shall haue all at last, my hopes doe tell me.  
 Goe, see all ready ; and where my dogs haue falted,  
 205 Remoue it with a broome, and sweeten all  
 With a slice of iuniper, not too much, but sparing,  
 We may be faultie our selues else, and turne prodigall,  
 In entertaining of the *Prodigall*.  
 Here hee is ! and with him—what ! a *Clapper Dudgeon* !  
 210 That's a good signe ; to haue the begger follow him,  
 So neere at his first entry into fortune.

## ACT II. SCENE V.

PENY-BOY IV. PENI-BOY SEN. PIC(K)LOCK. CANTER.)

BROKER. PECVNIA. STATUTE.

BAND. WAX. MORTGAGE. *hid in the study.*

- HOW now old Vncle ? I am come to see thee,  
 And the braue *Lady*, here, the daughter of *Ophir*,  
 They say thou keepst. P. S E. Sweet Nephew, if she were  
 The daughter o' the *Sunne*, shee's at your seruice,  
 5 And so am I, and the whole family,  
 Worshipfull Nephew. P. I v. Sai'st thou so, deare Vncle ?  
 Welcome my friends then : Here is, *Domine Picklocke* :  
 My man o' *Law*, sollicitis all my causes,

II. iv. 202 *Peny-boy*,] *Peny-boy* F 208 *Exit Broker.* add G II. v.  
*Enter Pennyboy jun. Pennyboy Canter, and Picklock.* G PENI-BOY IV.  
 PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. IV. PENI-BOY. F After 'CANTER.' F3 spaces off  
 the characters 'hid in the study' I thee,] thee. F 8 o'] o' F causes,]  
 causes. F

Followes my businesse, makes, and compounds my quarrells,  
Betweene my tenants and mee, sowes all my strifes, 10  
And reapes them too, troubles the country for mee,  
And vexes any neighbour, that I please.

P. S E. But with commission? P. I v. Vnder my hand  
& seale.

P. S E. A worshipfull place! P. I c. I thanke his worship  
for it.

P. S E. But what is this old Gentleman? P. C A. A  
Rogue, 15

A very *Canter*, I Sir, one that *maunds*  
Vpon the *Pad*, wee should be brothers though:  
For you are neere as wretched as my selfe,  
You dare not vse your money, and I haue none.

P. S E. Not vse my money, cogging *Iacke*, who vses it 20  
At better rates? lets it for more i'the hundred,  
Then I doe, Sirrah? P. I v. Be not angry vncle.

P. S E. What? to disgrace me, with my *Queene*? as if  
I did not know her vawe. P. C A. Sir, I meant  
You durst not to enioy it. P. S E. Hold your peace, 25  
You are a *Iacke*. P. I v. Vncle, he shall be a *Iohn*,  
An' you goe to that, as good a man as you are.  
And I can make him so, a better man,  
Perhaps I will too. Come, let vs goe. P. S E. Nay, kins-  
man,

My worshipfull kinsman; and the top of our house; 30  
Doe not your penitent vncle that affront,  
For a rash word, to leaue his ioyfull threshold,  
Before you see the *Lady* that you long for,  
The *Venus* of the time, and state, *Pecunia*!  
I doe perceiue, your bounty loues the man, 35  
For some concealed vertue, that he hides  
Vnder those rags. P. C A. I owe my happinesse to him,  
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him

11. v. 14 P. S E.] P. S E. F 26 P. Iv.] P. S E. F: P. jun. F3 St.  
dir. angry) angry F 27 An' 1716: And, F 28 And G: An' F  
29 After 'goe.' [Going.] G 33 for, F3: for. F

Young  
Peny-boy  
is angry.

The happy *Newes*, welcome to all young heires.

- 40 P. I v. Thou didst indeed, for which I thanke thee yet.  
Your *Fortunate Princesse*, Vncle, is long a comming.

P. C A. She is not rigg'd, Sir, setting forth some *Lady*,  
Will cost as much as furnishing a *Fleete*.

*The study  
is open'd  
where she  
sit(s) in  
state.  
Shee  
kisseth  
him.*

Here she is come at last, and like a Galley  
Guilt i'the prow. P. I v. Is this *Pecunia*?

P. S E. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious *Madame*,  
The fauour of your hand. P E c. Nay, of my lips, Sir,  
To him. P. I v. She kisses like a mortall creature,  
*Almighty Madame*, I haue long'd to see you.

- 50 P E c. And I haue my desire, Sir, to behold  
That youth, and shape, which in my dreames and wakes,  
I haue so oft contemplated, and felt  
Warne in my veynes, and natiue as my blood.

- When I was told of your arriuall here,  
I felt my heart beat, as it would leape out,  
55 In speach; and all my face it was a flame,  
But how it came to passe I doe not know.

P. I v. O! beauty loues to be more proud then nature,  
That made you blush. I cannot satisfie

- 60 My curious eyes, by which alone I'am happy,  
In my beholding you. P. C A. They passe the complement  
*He kisseth  
her.* Prettily well. P I c. I, he does kisse her, I like him.

- P. I v. My passion was cleare contrary, and doubtfull,  
I shooke for feare, and yet I danc'd for ioy,  
65 I had such motions as the Sunne-beames make  
Against a wall, or playing on a water,  
Or trembling vapour of a boyling pot——

P. S E. That's not so good, it should ha' bin a *Crucible*,  
With molten mettall, she had vnderstood it.

- 70 P. I v. I cannot talke, but I can loue you, *Madame*.  
Are these your Gentlewomen? I loue them too.  
And which is mistresse *Statute*? Mistresse *Band*?

11. v. 40 yet.] yet, F 43 Fleete.] Fleete, F: Fleet. F3 44  
she is] she's F 45 Guilt] Gilt F3 After 'prow.' Enter *Pecunia* in  
state, attended by Broker, Statute, Band, Wax, and Mortgage. G 48 After  
'creature,' Aside. G

They all kisse close, the last stucke to my lips.

B R O. It was my *Ladies* Chamber-maid, soft-*Waxe*.

P. I v. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother *Mort-*  
*gage*, 75

I'll owe a kisse, till she be yonger. *Statute*,

Sweet Mistresse *Band*, and honey, little *Waxe*,

We must be better acquainted. S T A. We are but seruants, *He doubles the complement to them all.*  
Sir.

B A N D. But whom her *Grace* is so content to grace,  
We shall obserue. W A X. And with all fit respect. 80

M O R. In our poore places. W A X. Being her *Graces*  
shadowes.

P. I v. A fine well-spoken family. What's thy name ?

B R O. *Broker*. P. I v. Me thinks my vncle should not  
need thee,

Who is a crafty Knaue, enough, beleeeue it.

Art thou her *Graces* Steward ? B R O. No, her Vsher, Sir. 85

P. I v. What, o'the Hall ? thou hast a sweeping face,  
Thy beard is like a broome. B R O. No barren chin, Sir,  
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-Vsher.

P. I v. Thou shalt goe with vs. Vncle, I must haue  
My *Princesse* forth to day. P. S E. Whither you please,  
Sir, 90

You shall command her. P E C. I will doe all grace  
To my new seruant. P. S E. Thanks vnto your bounty ;

He is my Nephew, and my Chiefe, the Point,  
Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our family !

But, Sir, condition'd alwaies, you returne

*Statute*, and *Band* home, with my sweet, soft *Waxe*,  
And my good Nurse, here, *Mortgage*. P. I v. O ! what else ?

P. S E. By *Broker*. P. I v. Do not feare. P. S E. She  
shall go wi' you,

Whither you please, Sir, any where. P. C A. I see

A *Money-Bawd*, is lightly a *Flesh-Bawd*, too. 100

P I C. Are you aduis'd ? Now o' my faith, this *Canter*

II. v. 74 soft-*Waxe*] soft *Wax* F3 76 yonger.] yonger, F: younger.  
F3 80 And] Aand F 84 *Aside to Broker*. add G

Would make a good graue *Burgesse* in some Barne.

P. I v. Come, thou shalt go with vs, vncle. P. S E. By no means, Sir.

P. I v. We'll haue both Sack, and Fidlers. P. S E. I'll not draw

105 That charge vpon your worship. P. C A. He speakes modestly,

And like an Vncle. P. S E. But *Mas Broker*, here,

He shall attend you, Nephew ; her *Graces* Vsher.

And what you fancy to bestow on him,

Be not too lauish, vse a temperate bounty,

110 I'll take it to my selfe. P. I v. I will be princely,

While I possesse my *Princesse*, my *Pecunia*.

P. S E. Where is't you eat ? P. I v. Hard by, at *Picklocks* lodging.

Old *Lickfinger's* the Cooke, here in *Ram-Alley*.

P. S E. He has good cheare ; perhaps I'll come and see you.

115 P. C A N. O, fie ! an Alley, and a Cooks-shop, grosse,

*The* 'T will sauour, Sir, most rankly of 'hem both.

*Canter* Let your meat rather follow you, to a tauerne.

*takes him* P I c. A tauern's as vnfit too, for a *Princesse*.

*aside, and* P. C A. No, I haue knowne a *Princesse*, and a great one,

*perswades* 120 Come forth of a tauerne. P I c. Not goe in, Sir, though.

*him.* P. C A. She must goe in, if she came forth : the blessed *Pokahontas* (as the *Historian* calls her)

And great Kings daughter of *Virginia*,

Hath bin in womb of a tauerne ; and besides,

125 Your nasty Vncle will spoyle all your mirth,

And be as noysome. P I c. That's true. P. C A. No 'faith,

Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,

At braue *Duke Wadloos*, haue your friends about you,

And make a day on't. P. I v. Content i' faith :

130 Our meat shall be brought thither. *Simon* the King,

II. v. 103 P. S E. G : P. C A. F 104-5 I'll . . . worship one line in F3  
106 Vncle.] Vncle, F 107 Vsher.] Vsher, F 116 St. dir. him.]  
him, F 122 her]] her F 123 daughter] daughters F *Virginia,*  
*Virginia*) F 124 a om. W 129 i' faith] 'faith F

Will bid vs welcome. P I c. Patron, I haue a suite.

P. I v. What's that? P I c. That you will carry the  
*Infanta*,

To see the *Staple*', her *Grace* will be a grace,

To all the members of it. P. I v. I will doe it :

And haue her *Armes* set vp there, with her *Titles*,  
*Aurelia Clara Pecunia*, the *Infanta*. 135

And in *Apollo*. Come (sweete *Princesse*) goe.

P. S E. *Broker*, be careful of your charge. B R o. I war-  
rant you.

The second Intermeane after the second *Act*.

C E N S V R E. *Why, this is duller and duller ! intolerable !  
scuruy ! neither Diuel nor Foole in this Play ! pray God,  
some on vs be not a witch, Gossip, to forespeake the matter thus.*

M I R T H. *I feare we are all such, and we were old enough :  
But we are not all old enough to make one witch. How like 5  
you the Vice i'the Play ?*

E X P E C T A T I O N. *Which is he ?*

M I R. *Three or foure : old Couetousnesse, the sordid Peny-  
boy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.*

T A T T L E. *But here is neuer a Fiend to carry him away. 10  
Besides, he has neuer a wooden dagger ! I'd not giue a rush  
for a Vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at euery body  
he meetes.*

M I R T H. *That was the old way, Gossip, when Iniquity  
came in like Hokos Pokos, in a Iuglers ierkin, with false skirts, 15  
like the Knaue of Clubs ! but now they are attir'd like men and  
women o' the time, the Vices, male and female ! Prodigality  
like a young heyre, and his Mistresse Money (whose fauours  
he scatters like counters) prank't vp like a prime Lady, the  
Infanta of the Mines.* 20

C E N. *I, therein they abuse an honorable Princesse, it is  
thought.*

II. v. 138 *Exeunt.* add G THE SECOND INTERMEAN. 6 Play ?]  
Play. F 15 skirts,] skirts. F 17 Prodigality] Podigality F3

MIRTH. *By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?*

25 CEN. *Plaine in the stiling her Infanta, and giuing her three names.*

MIRTH. *Take heed, it lie not in the vice of your interpretation: what haue Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any person? do they any more, but expresse the property of*  
 30 *Money, which is the daughter of earth, and drawne out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is subiect to exception? Why not the Infanta of the Beggars? or Infanta o'the Gipsies? as well as King of Beggars, and King of Gipsies?*

35 CEN. *Well, and there were no wiser then I, I would sow him in a sack, and send him by sea to his Princesse.*

MIRTH. *Faith, and hee heard you Censure, he would goe neere to sticke the Asses eares to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening to you.*

40 TATLE. *By'r Lady, but he should not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th'other Princesse sake Pokahontas, surnam'd the blessed, whom hee has abus'd indeed (and I doe censure him, and will censure him) to say she came forth of a Tauerne, was said like a paltry*  
 45 *Poet.*

MIRTH. *That's but one Gossips opinion, and my Gossip Tatle's too! but what saies Expectation, here, she sits sullen and silent.*

EXP. *Troth, I expect their Office, their great Office! the*  
 50 *Staple, what it will be! they haue talk't on't, but wee see't not open yet; would Butter would come in, and spread it-selfe a little to vs.*

MIRTH. *Or the butter-box, Buz, the Emissary.*

TATLE. *When it is churn'd, and dish't, we shall heare*  
 55 *of it.*

EXP. *If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sower and wheyish.*

MIR. *Then it is worth nothing, meere pot-butter, fit to be*

SECOND INTERMEAN 40 Lady,] Lady F 49 Troth,] Troth F

spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheeles, stale stinking butter, and such I feare it is, by the being barrell'd vp so long. 60

EXPECTATION. Or ranke Irish butter.

CEN. Haue patience Gossips, say that contrary to our expectations it proue right, seasonable, salt butter.

MIR. Or to the time of yeer, in Lent, delicate Almond butter ! I haue a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best ; and 65 sit downe as quiet, and calme as butter ; looke as smooth, and soft as butter ; be merry, and melt like butter ; laugh and be fat like butter : so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad butter ; If it be : It shall both Iuly and December see. I say no more, But——Dixi. 70

TO THE READERS.

IN this following *Act*, the *Office* is open'd, and shew'n to the *Prodigall*, and his *Princesse Pecunia*, wherein the allegory, and purpose of the *Author* hath hitherto beene wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation beene made, as if the soules of most of the *Spectators* had liu'd in 5 the eyes and eares of these ridiculous Gossips that tattle betweene the *Acts*. But hee prayes you thus to mend it. To consider the *Newes* here vented, to be none of his *Newes*, or any reasonable mans ; but *Newes* made like the times *Newes*, (a weekly cheat to draw mony) and could not be fitter 10 reprehended, then in raising this ridiculous *Office* of the *Staple*, wherin the age may see her owne folly, or hunger and thirst after publish'd pamphlets of *Newes*, set out euery Saturday, but made all at home, & no syllable of truth in them : then which there cannot be a greater disease in 15 nature, or a fouler scorne put vpon the times. And so apprehending it, you shall doe the *Author*, and your owne iudgement a courtesie, and perceiue the tricke of alluring money to the *Office*, and there cooz'ning the people. If you haue the truth, rest quiet, and consider that 20

*Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.*



## ACT III. SCENE I.

FITTON. CYMBAL, to them PICKLOCKE.

REGISTER. CLERKE. THO: BARBER.

YOu hunt vpon a wrong scent still, and thinke  
 The ayre of things will carry 'hem, but it must  
 Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,  
 My cousin *Cymball*, must get you this *Lady*.

5 You haue entertain'd a petty-fogger here,  
*Picklocke*, with trust of an *Emissaries* place,  
 And he is, all, for the young *Prodigall*,  
 You see he has left vs. C Y M. Come, you doe not know him,  
 That speake thus of him. He will haue a tricke,

10 To open vs a gap, by a trap-dooere,  
 When they least dreame on't. Here he comes. What newes?

P I C K. Where is my brother *Buz*? my brother *Ambler*?  
 The *Register*, *Examiner*, and the *Clerkes*?

Appeare, and let vs muster all in pompe,

15 For here will be the rich *Infanta*, presently,  
 To make her visit. *Peny-boy* the heyre,  
 My Patron, has got leaue for her to play  
 With all her traine, of the old churle, her Guardian.  
 Now is your time to make all court vnto her;

20 That she may first but know, then loue the place,  
 And shew it by her frequent visits here :  
 And afterwards, get her to soiourne with you.  
 She will be weary of the *Prodigall*, quickly.

C Y M. Excellent newes! F I T. And counsell of an *Oracle*!

25 C Y M. Howsay you cousin *Fitton*? F I T. Brother *Picklocke*,  
 I shall adore thee, for this parcell of tidings,  
 It will cry vp the credit of our *Office*,  
 Eternally, and make our *Staple* immortall!

P I C K. Looke your addresses, then, be faire and fit,  
 30 And entertaine her, and her creatures, too,

III. i.] ACT III. SCENE I. | *The Office of the Staple.* | Enter *Fitton*, *Cymbal*,  
*Register*, *Clerk*, and *Tho. Barber*. G After 11 Enter *Picklocke*. G  
 25 Brother] brother F

With all the *migniardise*, and quaint *Caresses*,  
 You can put on 'hem. F I T. Thou seem'st, by thy language,  
 No lesse a Courtier, then a *man o' Law*.  
 I must embrace thee. P I C. Tut, I am *Vertumnus*,  
 On euery change, or chance, vpon occasion, 35  
 A true *Chamelion*, I can colour for't.  
 I moue vpon my axell, like a turne-pike,  
 Fit my face to the parties, and become,  
 Streight, one of them. C Y M. Sirs, vp, into your Desks,  
 And spread the rolls vpon the Table, so. 40  
 Is the *Examiner* set? R E G. Yes, Sir. C Y M. *Ambler*, and *Buz*,  
 Are both abroad, now. P I C. Wee'll sustaine their parts.  
 No matter, let them ply the affayres without,  
 Let vs alone within, I like that well.  
 On with the cloake, and you with the *Staple* gowne,  
 And keep your state, stoupe only to the *Infanta* ;  
 We'll haue a flight at *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*,  
 And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* vnto the retrieue :  
 Each know his seuerall prouince, and discharge it.  
 F I T. I do admire this nimble ingine, *Picklock*. C Y M. Cuz, Fitton is  
 What did I say ? F I T. You haue rectified my errour ! brought  
 about.

Fitton  
 puts on  
 the office  
 cloake,  
 and Cym-  
 bal the  
 gowne.

### ACT III. SCENE II.

PENI-BOY IV. P. CANTER. PECVNIA. STA- <To them.>  
 TVTE. BAND. MORTGAGE. WAX. BROKER.  
 C V S T O M E R S.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, what newes ? good, good still,  
 I' your new *Office* ? *Princesse*, here's the *Staple* !  
 This is the *Gouernor*, kisse him, noble *Princesse*,  
 For my sake. *Thom*, how is it, honest *Thom* ?

III. i. 33 o'] o' F 37 -pike,] -pike. F 38 become,] become F  
 39 After 'them.' Enter Nathaniel, Tho. Barber, and Register. G 41-2  
 C Y M . . . now. one line in F3 49 They take their seats. add G 50-1  
 Cuz . . . say.' one line in F3 III. ii. Enter Pennyboy, jun. P. Canter.  
*Pecunia*, *Statute*, *Band*, *Mortgage*, *Wax*, and *Broker*. G, continuing the  
 scene PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F 1 still,] still ? F 4 it,] it F

Hee tells  
Pecunia of  
Thom.

How does thy place, and thou? my Creature, *Princesse*,  
This is my Creature, giue him your hand to kisse,  
He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!  
I bought this place for him, and gaue it him.

P. C A. He should haue spoke of that, Sir, and not you :  
10 Two doe not doe one Office well. P. I v. 'Tis true,  
But I am loth to lose my curtesies.

P. C A. So are all they, that doe them, to vaine ends,  
And yet you do lose, when you pay you(r) selues.

P. I v. No more o' your sentences, *Canter*, they are stale,  
15 We come for *newes*, remember where you are.

I pray thee let my *Princesse* heare some *newes*,  
Good Master *Cymbal*. C Y M. What *newes* would she heare?  
Or of what kind, Sir? P. I v. Any, any kind.

*Newes*  
from Rome.

So it be *newes*, the newest that thou hast,  
Some *newes* of *State*, for a *Princesse*. C Y M. Read from  
Rome, there.

T H O. They write, the *King* of *Spainè* is chosen *Pope*.

P. I v. How?

T H O. And *Emperor* too, the thirtieth of *February*.

*Newes of the*  
*Emperor,*  
and *Tilly*.

P. I v. Is the *Emperor* dead? C Y M. No, but he has  
resign'd,

And trailes a pike now, vnder *Tilly*. F I T. For pennance.

25 P. I v. These will beget strange turnes in *Christendome*!

*Newes of*  
*Spinola*.

T H O. And *Spinola* is made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*.

P. I v. Stranger! F I T. Sir, all are alike true, and certaine.

*The fifth*  
*Monarchy,*  
*uniting the*  
*Ecclesiasticke*  
and *Secular*  
*power*.

C Y M. All the pretence to the fifth *Monarchy*,

Was held but vaine, vntill the *ecclesiastique*,

And *secular* powers, were vnited, thus,

Both in one person. F I T. 'T has bin long the ayme

*A plot of the*  
*house of*  
*Austria*.

Of the house of *Austria*. C Y M. See but *Maximilian*

His letters to the *Baron* of *Bouttersheim*,

Or *Scheiter-huyssen*. F I T. No, of *Liechtenstein*,

35 Lord *Paul*, I thinke. P. I v. I haue heard of some such  
thing.

*Don Spinola made Generall of the Iesuits !*

*More of  
Spinola.*

A Priest ! C Y M. O, no, he is dispenc'd with all,

And the whole *society*, who doe now appeare

The onely Enginers of *Christendome*.

P. I v. They haue bin thought so long, and rightly too. 40

F I T. Witnesse the Engine, that they haue presented him,

To winde himselfe with, vp, into the *Moone* :

And thence make all his discoueries ! C Y M. Read on.

T H O. And *Vittellesco*, he that was last *Generall*,

Being now turn'd Cooke to the Society,

45

Has drest his excellence, such a dish of egges——

*His  
Egges.*

P. I v. What, potch'd ? T H O. No, powder'd. C Y M.

All the yolke is wilde fire,

As he shall need beleaguer no more townes,

But throw his *EGGE* in. F I T. It shall cleare consume

Palace, and place ; demolish, and beare downe

50

All strengths before it ! C Y M. Neuer be extinguish'd !

Till all become one ruine ! F I <T.> And from *Florence*,

T H O. They write was found in *Galileos* study,

*Galilæo's  
study.*

A burning *Glasse* (which they haue sent him too)

To fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea*——

55

C Y M. By *Mooneshine*, is't not so ? T H O. Yes, Sir, i'the *The burn-  
ing glasse,*  
water. *by  
Moon-  
shine.*

P. I v. His strengths will be vnresistable, if this hold !

Ha' you no *Newes* against him, on the contrary ?

C L A. Yes, Sir, they write here, one *Cornelius-Son*,

Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,

*The Hol-  
(?)anders  
Eele.*

To swimme the hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all

The shipping there. P. I v. Why ha' not you this, *Thom* ?

C Y M. Because he keeps the *Pontifciall* side.

*Peny-boy  
will haue  
him  
change  
sides :*

P. I v. How, change sides, *Thom*. 'Twas neuer in my

thought

III. ii. 37 with all] withal F3 39 Enginers] Engineers F3 47  
P. Iv. What, . . . fire, two lines in F, divided at 'powder'd.' What.]  
What F 49 consume] consume, F 50 demolish.] demolish F  
downe] downe, F 52 Florence.] Florence. F3 59 CLA.] Nath.  
G (so throughout the scene) Sir] Sit F St. dir. *Hollanders* F3  
63 he] be F3

- 65 To put thee vp against our selues. Come downe,  
Quickly. C Y M. Why, Sir? P. I v. I venter'd not my  
mony

Vpon those termes : If he may change ; why so.

I'll ha' him keepe his owne side, sure. F I T. Why, let him,  
'Tis but writing so much ouer againe.

- 70 P. I v. For that I'll beare the charge : There's two Pieces.  
F I T. Come, do not stick with the gentleman. C Y M.  
I'l(l) take none Sir.

And yet he shall ha' the place. P. I v. They shall be ten,  
then,

*though hee* Vp, Thom : and th' Office shall take 'hem. Keep your side,  
*pay for it.* Thom.

Know your owne side, doe not forsake your side, Thom.

- 75 C Y M. Read. T H O. They write here one *Cornelius-Son*,  
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,  
To swimme the Hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all  
The shipping there. P. I v. But how is't done? C Y M. I'll  
shew you Sir.

It is an *Automa*, runnes vnder water,

- 80 With a snug nose, and has a nimble taile  
Made like an *auger*, with which taile she wrigles  
Betwixt the coasts of a Ship, and sinke it streight.

P. I v. Whence ha' you this *newes*? F I T. From a right  
hand I assure you,

The *Eele*-boats here, that lye before *Queen-Hyth*,

- 85 Came out of *Holland*. P. I v. A most braue deuice,  
To murder their flat bottomes. F I T. I doe grant you :

*Spinola's*  
*new*  
*proiect:*  
*an army*  
*in cork-*  
*shoes.*

But what if *Spinola* haue a new *Proiect* :

To bring an army ouer in corke-shoes,

And land them, here, at *Harwich*? all his horse

Are shod with corke, and fourescore pieces of ordinance,

Mounted vpon cork-carriages, with bladders,

In stead of wheelles, to runne the passage ouer

III. ii. 68 ha'] ha F F I T.] F I T, F 70 charge] charges G Pieces.]  
Pieces, F 73 St. dir.] Tho. changes his side. G 78 Sir] Sit F  
82 coasts] costs W 83 newes?] newes. F 92 wheelles,] wheelles F

At a spring-tide. P. I v. Is't true? F I T. As true as the rest.

P. I v. He'll neuer leaue his engines: I would heare now Some curious *newes*. C Y M. As what? P. I v. *Magick*, or *Alchemy*,

95

Or flying i' the ayre, I care not what.

C L A. They write from *Libtzig* (reuerence to your eares) The Art of drawing farts out of dead bodies, Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Rosie Crosse*, Produc'd vnto perfection, in so sweet

*Extraction of farts.*

100

And rich a *tincture*—— F I T. As there is no *Princesse*, But may perfume her chamber with th'*extraction*.

P. I v. There's for you, *Princesse*. P. C A. What, a fart for her?

P. I v. I meane the *spirit*. P. C A. Beware how she resents it.

P. I v. And what hast thou, *Thom*? T H O. The per-  
petuall Motion, *The perpetuall Motion.*  
Is here found out by an Alewife in Saint *Katherines*,  
At the signe o' the dancing Beares. P. I v. What, from her tap?

I'll goe see that, or else I'll send old *Canter*.

He can make that discouery. P. C A. Yes, in Ale.

P. I v. Let me haue all this *Newes*, made vp, and seal'd. 110

R E G. The people presse vpon 'vs, please you, Sir, Withdraw with your faire *Princesse*. There's a roome Within, Sir, to retyre too. P. I v. No, good *Register*, We'll stand it out here, and obserue your *Office*;

*The Register offers him a roome.*

What *Newes* it issues. R E G. 'Tis the house of *fame*, Sir, Where both the curious, and the negligent; The scrupulous, and carelesse; wilde, and stay'd; The idle, and laborious; all doe meet, To tast the *Cornu copiæ* of her rumors, Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!

*The Office call'd the house of fame.*

120

And they will bite like fishes. P. I v. Let's see't.

i. Cust.  
A she  
An(a)-  
baptist.

D O P. Ha' you in your prophane Shop, any *Newes*

O'the *Saints* at *Amsterdam*? R E G. Yes, how much would you?

125 D O P. Six peny worth. R E G. Lay your money down, read, *Thomas*.

T H O. The *Saints* do write, they expect a Prophet, shortly,

Prophet  
Baal ex-  
pected in  
Holland.

The Prophet *Baal*, to be sent ouer to them,

To calculate a *time*, and halfe a *time*,

And the whole *time*, according to *Naömetry*.

130 P. I v. What's that? T H O. The measuring o'the *Temple*: a *Cabal*

Archie  
mourn'd  
then.

Found out but lately, and set out by *Archie*,

Or some such head, of whose long coat they haue heard,

And being black, desire it. D O P. Peace be with them!

R E G. So there had need, for they are still by the eares

135 One with another. D O P. It is their zeale. R E G. Most likely.

D O P. Haue you no other of that *species*? R E G. Yes,

But dearer, it will cost you a shilling. D O P. Verily,

There is a nine-pence, I will shed no more.

R E G. Not, to the good o'the *Saints*? D O P. I am not sure,

140 That, man is good. R E G. Read, from *Constantinople*,

The great  
Turk  
turn'd

Nine penny'orth. T H O. They giue out here, the *grand*

*Signior*

Christian. Is certainly turn'd *Christian*, and to cleare

The controuersie 'twixt the *Pope* and him,

Which is the *Antichrist*; he meanes to visit

145 The *Church* at *Amsterdam*, this very Sommer,

And quit all marks o'the beast. D O P. Now ioyfull *tydings*.

Who brought in this? Which *Emissary*? R E G. *Buz*,

Your countrey-man. D O P. Now, blessed be the man,

III. ii. 122 After 'fishes.' Enter a crowd of Customers. G 123 DOP.]  
i Cust. G (so throughout the scene) St. dir. she Ana-baptist] she An-  
baptist F originally: she baptist F later, owing to derangement 139  
Not.] Not F3. 147 Buz.] Buz. F

And his whole *Family*, with the *Nation*.

R E G. Yes, for *Amboyna*, and the Iustice there ! 150  
This is a *Doper*, a she *Anabaptist* !

Seale and deliuer her her *newes*, dispatch.

C. 2. Ha' you any *newes* from the *Indies* ? any miracles 2. *Cust.*  
Done in *Iapan*, by the *Iesuites* ? or in *China* ?

C L A. No, but we heare of a *Colony* of cookes A  
To be set a shore o' the coast of *America*, Coloney  
For the conuersion of the *Caniballs*, of Cookes  
And making them good, eating *Christians*. sent ouer  
Here comes the *Colonell* that vndertakes it. the Can-  
niballs.

C. 3. Who ? captaine *Lickfinger* ? L I C. *Newes*, *newes* 3. *Cust.*  
my boyes ! By  
I am to furnish a great feast to day, Colonel  
And I would haue what *newes* the *Office* affords. Lick-  
finger.

C L A. We were venting some of you, of your *new proiect*,

R E G. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too  
hasty.

P. I v. What *Lickfinger* ! wilt thou conuert the *Caniballs*, 165  
With spit and pan Diuinity ? L I C. Sir, for that

I will not vrge, but for the fire and zeale  
To the true cause ; thus I haue vndertaken :  
With two Lay-brethren, to my selfe, no more,  
One o' the broach, th'other o' the boyler, 170

In one sixe months, and by plaine cookery,  
No magick to't, but old *Iaphets* physicke,  
The father of the *Europæan* Arts,  
To make such sauces for the Sauages,  
And cooke their meats, with those inticing steemes, 175

As it would make our *Caniball-Christians*,  
Forbeare the mutuall eating one another,  
Which they doe doe, more cunningly, then the wilde  
*Anthropophagi* ; that snatch onely strangers,

III. ii. 151 *Doper*] *Dopper* G 153 miracles] *mirac* l some copies of  
F in which the type is misplaced: *Miracle* F3 155 St. dir. of F3: *oe* F  
158 good,] good F3 *Christians*] *Christians* F After 159 Enter  
*Lickfinger* G 160 C. 3. F3: C. 2. F 174 To] *Yo* F3 175  
cooke] *cookes* F: *cook* 1716



- 180 Like my old Patrons dogs, there. P. I v. O, my Vncles !  
Is dinner ready, *Lickfinger* ? L I c. When you please, Sir.  
I was bespeaking but a parcell of *newes*,  
To strew out the long meale withall, but 't seemes  
You are furnish'd here already. P. I v. O, not halfe !  
185 L I c. What *Court-newes* is there ? any *Proclamations*,  
Or *Edicts* to come forth ? T H o. Yes, there is one,  
That the *Kings Barber* has got, for aid of our trade :  
Whereof there is a manifest decay.

To let long  
hayre  
runne to  
seed, to  
sow bald  
pates.

- A *Precept* for the wearing of long haire,  
To runne to seed, to sow bald pates withall,  
And the preserving fruitfull heads, and chins,  
To help a mistery, almost antiquated.  
Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,  
Are to be separated, and set by  
195 For *Vshers*, to old *Countesses*. [L I c.] And *Coachmen*,  
To mount their boxes, reuerently, and driue,  
Like *Lapwings*, with a shell vpo' their heads,  
Thorow the streets. <L I c.> Ha' you no *Newes* o'the *Stage* ?  
They'll aske me abou<t> *new Playes*, at dinner time.  
200 And I should be as dumbe as a fish. T H o. O ! yes.

Spalato's  
Legacy  
to the  
Players.

- There is a *Legacy* left to the *Kings Players*,  
Both for their various shifting of their *Scene*,  
And dext'rous change o' their persons to all shapes,  
And all disguises : by the right reuerend  
205 *Archbishop* of *Spalato*. L I c. He is dead,  
That plai'd him ! T H o. Then, h'has lost his share o' the  
*Legacy*.

Gundo-  
mar's vse  
of the  
game at  
Chesse,  
or Play so  
called.

- L I c. What *newes* of *Gundomar* ? T H o. A second  
*Fistula*,  
Or an *excoriation* (at the least)  
For putting the poore *English-play*, was writ of him,  
To such a sordid vse, as (is said) he did,  
Of cleansing his *posterior's*. L I c. Iustice ! Iustice !

III. ii. 186 forth ?] forth. F      one,] one. F      195 Lic. om. W. G  
*Coachmen*.] *Coachmen*. F      197 heads,] heads. F      198 Lic. W  
199 about F3      205-6 He ... him! one line in F3      207 *Gundomar*]  
*Gondomar* G      208 the om. F3

THO. Since when, he liues condemn'd to his Chaire, at  
*Bruxels.*

And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,  
To hang the *States* on, h'has heau'd off the hookes.

LIC. What must you haue for these? P. I v. Thou  
shalt pay nothing,

215

But reckon 'hem in i'the bill. There's twenty pieces,

*Hee giues*

Her *Grace* bestowes vpon the *Office*, *Thom*,

20. *pieces,*

Write thou that downe for *Newes*. REG. We may well do't,

to the

We haue not many such. P. I v. There's twenty more,

Office.

If you say so; my *Princesse* is a *Princesse*!

*Doubles*

And put that too, vnder the *Office* Seale.

it.

220

CYM. If it will please your *Grace* to sojourne here,

Cymbal

And take my rooffe for couert, you shall know

takes

The rites belonging to your blood, and birth,

Pecunia

Which few can apprehend: these sordid seruants,

aside,

Which rather are your keepers, then attendants,

courts and

Should not come neere your presence. I would haue

wooes her,

You waited on by *Ladies*, and your traine

to the

Borne vp by persons of quality, and honour,

Office.

Your meat should be seru'd in with curious dances,

230

And set vpon the boord, with virgin hands,

Tun'd to their voices; not a dish remou'd,

But to the *Musicke*, nor a drop of wine,

Mixt, with his water, without *Harmony*.

P. EC. You are a *Courtier*, Sir, or somewhat more;

235

That haue this tempting language! CYM. I'm your

seruant,

Ex(c)ellent *Princesse*, and would ha' you appeare

That, which you are. Come forth <the> *State*, and wonder,

Of these our times, dazle the vulgar eyes,

And strike the people blind with admiration.

240

P. CAN. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches  
outward,

III. ii. 212 Chaire] chair *De Winter conj.*: share F 216 in i'] i' F3  
After 'bill.' [Exit Lich.] G 220 a *Princesse*] a *Princesse* F 222 St.  
dir. [Takes *Pecunia aside*, while *Fitton courts the Waiting-women.*] G  
234 *Harmony*. F3: *Harmony*, F 238 the W 239 eyes,] eyes. F

And remaine beggers within : contemplate nothing  
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money,  
And let the noble, and the precious goe,

- 245 Vertue and honesty ; hang 'hem ; poore thinne membranes  
Of honour ; who respects them ? O, the *Fates* !  
How hath all iust, true reputation fall'n,  
Since money, this base money 'gan to haue any !

Fitton

hath bene  
courting  
the wait-  
ing-  
women,  
this while,  
and is  
ieered by  
them.

B A N. Pitty, the Gentleman is not immortall.

W A X. As he giues out, the place is, by description.

F I T. A very *Paradise*, if you saw all, *Lady*.

W A X. I am the *Chamber-maid*, Sir, you mistake,  
My *Lady* may see all.

F I T. Sweet *Mistresse Statute*, gentle *Mistresse Band*,  
And Mother *Mortgage*, doe but get her *Grace*

To sojourne here.— P I C. I thanke you gentle *Waxe*,

M O R. If it were a *Chattell*, I would try my credit.

P I C. So it is, for *terme of life*, we count it so.

S T A. She meanes, *Inheritance* to him, and his *heyres* :

- 260 Or that he could assure a *State*, of *yeeres* :

I'll be his *Statute-Staple*, *Statute-Merchant*,

Or what he please. P I C. He can expect no more.

B A N. His cousin Alderman *Security*,

That he did talke of so, e'en now—— S T A. Who is

- 265 The very broch o'the bench, gem o' the City.

B A N. He and his Deputy, but assure his life

For one *seuen yeeres*. S T A. And see what we'll doe for him,

Vpon his *scarlet* motion. B A N. And old *Chaine*,

That drawes the city-eares. W A X. When he sayes nothing,

- 270 But twirles it thus. S T A. A mouing *Oratory* !

B A N. Dumb *Rhetoricke*, and silent *eloquence* !

As the fine *Poet* saies ! F I T. Come, they all scorne vs,

Doe you not see't ? the *family* of scorne !

B R O. Doe not belieue him ! gentle Master *Picklocke*,

- 275 They vnderstood you not : the Gentlewomen,

III. ii. 244 goe.] go: F3 245 honesty:] Honesty, F3 248  
[Aside. add G 264 Who F3: Who, F 271 Rhetoricke]  
Rhetoricke F: Rhetorick F3

They thought you would ha' my *Lady* sojourne, with you,  
And you desire but now and then, a visit ?

P I c. Yes, if she pleas'd, Sir, it would much aduance  
Vnto the *Office*, her continuall residence !

(I speake but as a member) B R O. 'Tis inough. 280

I apprehend you. And it shall goe hard,  
But I'll so worke, as some body shall worke her !

P I c. 'Pray you change with our Master, but a word  
about it.

P. I v. Well, *Lickfinger*, see that our meat be ready,  
Thou hast *Newes* inough. L I c. Something of *Bethlem*  
*Gabor*, 285

And then I'm gone. T H O. We heare he has deuis'd  
A Drumme, to fill all *Christendome* with the sound : Bethlem  
But that he cannot drawe his forces neere it, Gabors  
To march yet, for the violence of the noise. Drum. 290

And therefore he is faine by a designe,  
To carry 'hem in the ayre, and at some distance,  
Till he be married, then they shall appeare.

L I c. Or neuer ; well, God b'wi'you (stay, who's here ?)  
A little of the *Duke* of *Bauier*, and then— The Duke  
of *Bauier*. 290

C L A. H'has taken a gray habit, and is turn'd  
The Churches *Millar*, grinds the catholique grist  
With euery wind : and *Tilly* takes the toll.

C v s. 4. Ha' you any *newes* o'the *Pageants* to send downe, 4. Cust.  
Into the seuerall *Counties* ? All the countrey The  
Pageants. 300

Expected from the city most braue speeches,  
Now, at the Coronation. L I c. It expected  
More then it vnderstood : for, they stand mute,  
Poore innocent dumb things ; they are but wood,  
As is the bench and blocks, they were wrought on, yet  
If *May-day* come, and the *Sunne* shine, perhaps, 305  
They'll sing like *Memnons* Statue, and be vocall.

C v s. 5. Ha' you any *Forest-newes* ? T H O. None very 5. Cust.  
wild, Sir, The new  
Parke in  
the For-  
rest of  
Foolles.

III. ii. 283 'Pray] 'pray F  
Counties ?] Counties. F

298 downe.] downe ? F  
303 wood.] wood. F : Wood, F3

Some tame there is, out o' the *Forrest* of fooles,

A new *Parke* is a making there, to seuer

310 *Cuckolds* of *Antler*, from the *Rascalls*. Such,  
Whose wiues are dead, and haue since cast their heads,  
Shall remaine *Cuckolds-pollard*. L 1 c. I'll ha' that *newes*.

C v s. 1. And I. 2. And I. 3. And I. 4. And I. 5.  
And I.

Peny-boy C v m. Sir, I desire to be excus'd ; and, *Madame* :

would I cannot leaue my *Office*, the first day.

invite the My cousin *Fitton* here, shall wait vpon you.

Master of the Office.

And *Emissary Picklocke*. P. I v. And *Thom* : *Clericus* ?

C v m. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,  
When they haue ordered the *Rolls*. Shut vp th' *Office*,

320 When you ha' done, till two a clocke.

### ACT III. SCENE III.

SHUNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRI-  
GAL. CLERKES.

BY your leaue, *Clerkes*,  
Where shall we dine to day ? doe you know ? (THO.)  
The *Ieerers* ?

A L M. Where's my fellow *Fitton* ? T H O. New gone  
forth.

S H V. Cannot your *Office* tell vs, what braue fellows  
5 Doe eat together to day, in towne, and where ?

T H O. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the braue heire, yong  
*Peny-boy*,

Dines in *Apollo*. M A D. Come, let's thither then,  
I ha' supt in *Apollo* ! A L M. With the *Muses* ? M A D. No,  
But with two Gentlewomen, call'd, the *Graces*.

10 A L M. They were euer three in *Poetry*. M A D. This was  
truth, Sir.

iii. ii. 314 St. dir. *Office*.] *Office* F

and *Nath. G*

iii. iii. Enter *Shunfield, Almanac, and Madrigal. G*,

continuing the scene

2 THO. The G: the F: *Nath. The G, who*

also suggested the reading of the text

*Ieerers* ?] *Ieerers. F*

*Peny-boy*.] *Peny-boy. F*

320 Exeunt all but *Thomas*

6

THO. Sir, Master *Fitton's* there too! SHV. All the better!

ALM. We may haue a ieere, perhaps. SHV. Yes, you'll drink, *Doctor*,

(If there be any good meat) as much good wine now,  
As would lay vp a *Dutch Ambassador*.

THO. If he dine there, he's sure to haue good meat, 15  
For, *Lickfinger* prouides the dinner. ALM. Who?  
The glory o'the *Kitchin*? that holds *Cookery*,  
A trade from *Adam*? quotes his *broths*, and *sallads*?  
And sweares he's not dead yet, but translated  
In some *immortall crust*, the *past* of *Almonds*? 20

MAD. The same. He holds no man can be a *Poet*,  
That is not a good *Cooke*, to know the palats,  
And seuerall *tastes* o'the time. He drawes all *Arts*  
Out of the *Kitchin*, but the *Art* of *Poetry*,  
Which he concludes the same with *Cookery*. 25

SHV. Tut, he maintaines more *heresies* then that.  
He'll draw the *Magisterium* from a minc'd-pye,  
And preferre Iellies, to your *Iulips*, *Doctor*.

ALM. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making,  
Was a braue piece of *cookery*! at a funerall, 30  
But opening the pot-lid, he made vs laugh,  
Who'had wept all day! and sent vs such a tickling  
Into our nostrills, as the funerall feast  
Had bin a wedding-dinner. SHV. Gi' him allowance,  
And that but moderate, he will make a *Syren*  
Sing i' the *Kettle*, send in an *Arion*,  
In a braue broth, and of a watry greene,  
Iust the Sea-colour, mounted on the backe  
Of a growne *Cunger*, but, in such a posture,  
As all the world would take him for a *Dolphin*. 40

MAD. Hee's a rare fellow, without question! but  
He holds some *Paradoxes*. ALM. I, and *Pseudodoxes*.  
Mary, for most, he's *Orthodox* i'the *Kitchin*.

- M A D. And knowes the *Clergies* tast ! A L M. I, and the  
*Layties* !
- 45 S H V. You thinke not o' your time, we'll come too late,  
 If we go not presently. M A D. Away then. S H V. Sirs,  
 You must get o' this *newes*, to store your *Office*,  
*Who dines and sups i' the towne ? where, and with whom ?*  
 'Twill be beneficiall : when you are stor'd,
- 50 And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.  
 C L A. A hungry trade, 'twill be. T H O. Much like  
*Duke Humphries*,  
 But, now and then, as th'holesome prouerb saies,  
 'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando*.  
 C L A. Shut vp the *Office* : gentle brother *Thomas*.
- 55 T H O. Brother *Nathaniel*, I ha' the wine for you.  
 I hope to see vs, one day, *Emissaries*.  
 C L A. Why not ? S'lid, I despaire not to be *Master* !

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

PENI-BOY SE. BROKER. CYMBAL.

He is  
 started  
 with  
 Broker's  
 coming  
 back.

H O W now ? I thinke I was borne vnder *Hercules starre* !  
 Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppresse me ?  
 Why come you backe ? where is your charge ? B R O. I  
 ha' brought

A Gentleman to speake with you ? P. S E. To speake with  
 me ?

5 You know 'tis death for me to speake with any man.  
 What is he ? set me a chaire. B R O. He's the *Master*  
 Of the great *Office*. P. S E. What ? B R O. The *Staple of*  
*Newes*,

A mighty thing, they talke *Six thousand* a yeere.

P. S E. Well, bring your *sixe* in. Where ha' you left  
*Pecunia* ?

III. iii. 49 stor'd.] stor'd ; F 51, 54, 57 CLA.] *Nath. G* 51 Duke]  
 D. F 55 Brother] Brother, F 57 *Exeunt.* add G III. iv] SCENE  
 II. [A Room in Pennyboy senior's House. | Enter Pennyboy sen. and Broker,  
 at different doors. G PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F 9 Well.] Well F

B R O. Sir, in *Apollo*, they are scarce set. P. S E. Bring  
*sixe.* 10

B R O. Here is the Gentleman. P. S E. He must pardon  
 me,

I cannot rise, a diseases'd man. C Y M. By no meanes, Sir,  
 Respect your health, and ease. P. S E. It is no pride in me !  
 But paine, paine ; what's your errand, Sir, to me ?

*Broker*, returne to your charge, be *Argus*-eyed,

*Hee sends  
 Broker  
 backe.*

Awake, to the affaire you haue in hand,

Serue in *Apollo*, but take heed of *Bacchus*.

Goe on, Sir. C Y M. I am come to speake with you.

P. S E. 'Tis paine for me to speake, a very death,

But I will heare you ! C Y M. Sir, you haue a *Lady*, 20

That soiournes with you. P. S E. Ha ? I am somewhat *He pre-  
 tends in-  
 firmity.*

short

In my sense too—— C Y M. *Pecunia*. P. S E. O' that side,

Very imperfect, on—— C Y M. Whom I would draw

Oftner to a poore *Office*, I am *Master* of——

P. S E. My hearing is very dead, you must speake quicker. 25

C Y M. Or, if it please you, Sir, to let her soiourne

In part with me ; I haue a *moyety*

We will diuide, halfe of the profits. P. S E. Ha ?

I heare you better now, how come they in ?

Is it a certaine *businessse*, or a casuall ? 30

For I am loth to seeke out doubtfull courses,

Runne any hazardous paths, I loue streight waies,

A iust, and vpright man ! now all trade totters.

The trade of money, is fall'n, two i'the *hundred*.

That was a certaine trade, while th'age was thrifty, 35

And men good husbands, look'd vnto their stockes,

Had their mindes bounded ; now the publike Riot

Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,

In foot-mens coates, and waiting womens gownes,

They must haue veluet hanches (with a pox) 40

III. iv. 10 *Exit Broker, and returns with Cymbal.* add G 17 St.  
 dir. *Exit Broker.* add G 27 *moyety* corr. F: *moyetie* F *originally*  
 32 paths, corr. F: paths F *originally*



*Hee talkes  
vehemently  
and  
aloud.* Now taken vp, and yet not pay the vse ;  
Bate of the vse ? I am mad with this times manners.  
C Y M. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speake.

P. S E. I, but an anger, a iust anger, (as this is)

45 Puts life in man. Who can endure to see  
The fury of mens gullets, and their groines ?

*Is mou'd  
more and  
more.* What fires, what cookes, what kitchins might be spar'd ?  
What Stewes, Ponds, Parks, Coupes, Garners, Magazines ?

What veluets, tissues, scarfes, embroyderies,  
50 And laces they might lacke ? They couet things——  
Superfluous still ; when it were much more honour  
They could want necessary ! What need hath Nature  
Of siluer dishes ? or gold chamber-pots ?  
Of perfum'd napkins ? or a numerous family,

55 To see her eate ? Poore, and wise she, requires  
Meate only ; Hunger is not ambitious :  
Say, that you were the *Emperour* of pleasures,  
The great *Dictator* of fashions, for all *Europe*,  
And had the pompe of all the *Courts*, and *Kingdomes*,

60 Laid forth vnto the shew ? to make your selfe  
Gaz'd, and admir'd at ? You must goe to bed,  
And take your naturall rest : then, all this vanisheth.  
Your brauery was but shoven ; 'twas not possest :  
While it did boast it selfe, it was then perishing.

65 C Y M. This man has healthfull lungs. P. S E. All that  
excesse

Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*.  
It scarce fills vp the expectation  
Of a few houres, that entertaines mens liues.

C Y M. He has the *monopoly* of sole-speaking.

*He is  
angry.* Why, good Sir ? you talke all. P. S E. Why should I not ?  
Is it not vnder mine owne roofe ? my seeling ?

C Y M. But I came here to talk with you. P. S <E>. Why,  
an' I will not

III. iv. 45 Starts from his chair add G 47 kitchins] kitckins F  
49 tissues corr. F: tyssues F originally embroyderies,] embroyderies ?  
F 55 wise she,] wise, she W 65 After 'lungs.' Aside. G  
69 Aside. add G 71 seeling] Ceiling F3 72 here] hete F

Talke with you, Sir? you are answer'd, who sent for you?

C Y M. Nobody sent for me—— P. S E. But you came, why then *Bids him get out of his house.*

Goe, as you came, here's no man holds you, There, 75

There lies your way, you see the doore. C Y M. This's strange!

P. S E. 'Tis my ciuility, when I doe not relish The party, or his businesse. Pray you be gone, Sir.

I'll ha' no venter in your *Ship*, the *Office*,

Your *Barke* of *Six*, if 'twere *sixteene*, good, Sir. 80

C Y M. You are a rogue. P. S E. I thinke I am Sir, truly. *Cymbal*

C Y M. A Rascall, and a *money-bawd*. P. S E. My sur- *railes at him.*  
names:

C Y M. A wretched Rascall! P. S <E>. You will ouer- *He ieeves him.*  
flow——

And spill all. C Y M. Caterpillar, moath,

Horse-leach, and dung-worme—— P. S E. Still you lose 85  
your labor.

I am a broken vessell, all runnes out:

A shrunke old *Dryfat*. Fare you well, good *Sixe*.

### The third Intermeane after the third *Act*.

C ENSVRE. *A notable tough Rascall! this old Peny-boy! Right City-bred!*

M I R T H. *In Siluer-streete, the Region of money, a good seat for a Vsurer.*

T A T L E. *He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted, a true receit to make an Alderman, an' he were well wrought vpon, according to Art.*

E X P. *I would faine see an Alderman in chimia! that is, a treatise of Aldermanity truely written.*

C E N. *To shew how much it differs from Vrbanity.* 10

M I R T H. *I, or humanity. Either would appeare in this*

III. iv. 75 here's] heres F 77 P. SE.] P. Se. F 79 Ship]  
shop W Office,] Office F 87 Exeunt. add G THE THIRD  
INTERMEAN. 4 a] an F3 8 is,] is F

Peny-boy, an' hee were rightly distill'd. But how like you the newes? you are gone from that.

CEN. O, they are monstrous! scuruy! and stale! and too  
15 exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!

EXP. They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!

TAT. In a word, they were beastly buttered! he shall neuer  
come o' my bread more, nor in my mouth, if I can helpe it. I  
haue had better newes from the bake-house, by ten thousand  
20 parts, in a morning: or the conduits in Westminster! all  
the newes of Tuttle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two  
Sanctuaries! long, and round Wool-staple! with Kings-  
street, and Chanon-row to boot!

MIRTH. I, my Gossip Tattle knew what fine slips grew in  
25 Gardiners-lane; who kist the Butchers wife with the Cowes-  
breath; what matches were made in the bowling-Alley, and  
what bettes wonne and lost; how much griest went to the Mill,  
and what besides: who coniur'd in Tuttle-fields, and how  
many? when they neuer came there. And which Boy rode  
30 upon Doctor Lambe, in the likenesse of a roaring Lyon, that  
runne away with him in his teeth, and ha's not deuour'd him  
yet.

TAT. Why, I had it from my maid Ioane Heare-say: and  
shee had it from a limbe o' the schoole, shee saies, a little limbe  
35 of nine yeere old; who told her, the Master left out his coniur-  
ing booke one day, and hee found it, and so the Fable came  
about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to  
beleue it, an't be once out, and a foot: how should wee enter-  
taine the time else, or finde our selues in fashionable discourse,  
40 for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in  
the reporting?

CEN. For my part, I beleue it: and there were no wiser  
then I, I would haue ne'er a cunning Schoole-Master in  
England. I meane a Cunning-Man, a Schoole-Master; that  
45 is a Coniurour, or a Poet, or that had any acquaintance with  
a Poet. They make all their schollers Play-boyes! Is't not

a fine sight, to see all our children made Enterluders ? Doe wee pay our money for this ? wee send them to learne their Grammar, and their Terence, and they learne their play-books ? well, they talke, we shall haue no more Parliaments (God blesse 50 us) but an' wee haue, I hope, Zeale-of-the-land Buzy, and my Gossip, Rabby Trouble-truth will start vp, and see we shall haue painfull good Ministers to keepe Schoole, and Catechise our youth, and not teach 'hem to speake Playes, and act Fables of false newes, in this manner, to the super-uexation of Towne 55 and Countrey, with a wanion.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

PENY-BOY IV. FITTON. SHVNFIELD.  
ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CAN-  
TER. PICKLOCKE.

C Ome, Gentlemen, let's breath from *healths* a while.

This *Lickfinger* has made vs a good dinner,  
For our *Pecunia* : what shal's doe with our selues,  
While the women water ? and the *Fidlers* eat ?

F I T. Let's ieere a little. P. I v. Ieere ? what's that ?

S H v. Expect, S<sup>r</sup>.

5

A L M. We first begin with our selues, & then at you.

S H v. A game we vse. M A D. We ieere all kind of  
persons

We meete withall, of any rancke or quality,

And if we cannot ieere them, we ieere our selues.

P. C A. A pretty sweete society ! and a gratefull ! 10

P I c. 'Pray let's see some. S H v. Haue at you, then,  
*Lawyer*.

They say, there was one of your coate in *Be'tlem*, lately.

A L M. I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.

THIRD INTERMEAN. 54 act] Act F IV. i. SCENE I.] SCENE  
II. F3: SCENE I. | *The Devil Tavern. The Apollo. | Pennyboy jun.*  
*Fittn, Shunfield, Almanac, Madrigal, Pennyboy Canter, and Picklock,*  
*discovered at table. G* PENY-BOY] PENY-BOY. F 6 you.] you, F  
10 gratefull] gratefull F 11 then,] then F 12 lately.] lately, F

- M A D. They were the madder sort. P I C. Except, Sir,  
one
- 15 Like you, and he made verses. F I T. *Madrigall*,  
'A ieere. M A D. I know. S H V. But what did you doe,  
*Lawyer* ?
- When you made loue to Mistresse *Band*, at dinner ?
- M A D. Why ? of an Aduocate, he grew the *Clyent*.  
P. I v. Well play'd, my *Poet*. M A D. And shew'd the  
*Law of nature*
- 20 Was there about the *Common-Law*. S H V. Quit, quit.  
P. I v. Call you this ieering ? I can play at this,  
'Tis like a *Ball at Tennis*. F I T. Very like,  
But we were not well in. A L M. 'Tis indeed, Sir,  
When we doe speake at volley, all the ill
- 25 We can one of another. S H V. As this morning,  
(I would you had heard vs) of the Rogue your *Vncle*.  
A L M. That *Mony-bawd*. M A D. We call'd him a *Coat-*  
*card*
- O'the last order. P. I v. What's that ? a *Knaue* ?
- M A D. Some readings haue it so, my *manuscript*
- 30 Doth speake it, *Varlet*. P. C A. And your selfe a *Foole*  
O'the first ranke, and one shall haue the leading  
O'the right-hand file, vnder this braue Commander.
- P. I v. What saist thou, *Canter* ? P. C A. Sir, I say  
this is
- A very wholesome exercise, and comely.
- 35 Like Lepers, shewing one another their scabs,  
Or flies feeding on vlcers. P. I v. What *Newes* Gentlemen ?  
Ha' you any newes for after dinner ? me thinks  
We should not spend our time vnprofitably.
- P. C A. They neuer lie, Sir, betweene meales, 'gainst  
supper
- 40 You may haue a *Bale* or two brought in. F I T. This *Canter*,  
Is an old enuious Knaue ! A L M. A very Rascall !
- F I T. I ha' mark'd him all this meale, he has done nothing

rv. i. 16 you doe] youdoo F      17 dinner?] dinner. F      20 quit.]  
quit, F      23 Sir.] Sir. F      29 my] my F      35 scabs.] scabs. F

But mocke, with scuruy faces, all wee said.

A L M. A supercilious Rogue ! he lookes as if  
He were the *Patrico*—— M A D. Or *Arch-priest* o' *CanTERS*, 45

S H V. Hee's some *primate metropolitan* Rascall,  
Our shot-clog makes so much of him. A L M. The *Law*,  
And he does gouverne him. P. I v. What say you, Gentlemen?

F I T. We say, we wonder not, your man o' *Law*,  
Should be so gracious wi' you ; but how it comes, 50  
This Rogue, this *Canter* ! P. I v. O, good words. F I T.

A fellow

That speakes no language—— A L M. But what gingling  
*Gipsies*,

And *Pedlers* trade in—— F I T. And no honest *Christian*  
Can vnderstand—— P. C A. Why ? by that argument,

You all are *CanTERS*, you, and you, and you,  
All the whole world are *CanTERS*, I will proue it  
In your *professions*. P. I v. I would faine heare this,  
But stay, my *Princesse* comes, prouide the while,  
I'll call for't anone. How fares your *Grace* ?

He  
speakes to  
all the  
Ieerers.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

LICKFINGER. PECVNIA. (MORTGAGE.)

STATVTE. BAND. WAKE. {to them.

I hope the fare was good. P E C. Yes, *Lickfinger*,  
And we shall thanke you for't and reward you.

M A D. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, *Lickfinger* ;  
Before these Gentle<wo>men, I affirme,  
The perfect, and true straine of poetry,  
Is rather to be giuen the quicke *Celler*,  
Then the fat *Kitchin*. L I C. *Heretique*, I see  
Thou art for the vaine *Oracle* of the *Boile*.  
The hogshead *Trismegistus*, is thy *Pegasus*.

Lick-  
finger is  
challeng'd  
by Madri-  
gal of an  
argument.

iv. i. 59 After 'anone.' Enter *Lickfinger*, *Pecunia*, *Statute*, *Band*, *Wax*,  
and *Mortgage*. G iv. ii. G continues the scene 3 St. dir. an]  
au F 4 Gentlewomen G 7 After 'Kitchin.' P. jun. takes  
*Pecunia* aside, and courts her. G 9 hogshead] hogshead, F

- 10 Thence flowes thy *Muses* spring, from that hard hoofe :  
 Seduced *Poet*, I doe say to thee,  
 A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the *Fountaines*,  
 Of all the knowledge in the *uniuerse*.  
 And they're the *Kitchins*, where the *Master-Cooke*——
- 15 (Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,  
 Till thou hast seru'd some yeeres in that deepe schoole,  
 That's both the *Nurse* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,  
 And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate !)  
 A *Master-Cooke* ! Why, he's the *man* o' men,
- 20 For a *Professor* ! he designs, he drawes,  
 He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,  
 Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle and fish,  
 Some he *dri-ditches*, some *motes* round with *broths*.  
 Mounts *marrowbones*, cuts *fifty-angled custards*,
- 25 Reares *bulwark* pies, and for his *outer workes*  
 He raiseth *Ramparts* of immortall *crust* ;  
 And teacheth all the *Tacticks*, at one dinner :  
 What *Rankes*, what *Files*, to put his dishes in ;  
 The whole *Art Military*. Then he knowes,
- 30 The influence of the *Starres* vpon his meats,  
 And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,  
 And so to fit his relishes, and sauces,  
 He has *Nature* in a pot, 'boue all the *Chymists*,  
 Or airy brethren of the *Rosie-crosse*.
- 35 He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,  
 A *Souldiour*, a *Physician*, a *Philosopher*,  
 A generall *Mathematician*. M A D. It is granted.  
 L I C. And that you may not doubt him, for a *Poet*——  
 A L M. This *fury* shewes, if there were nothing else !
- 40 And 'tis diuine ! I shall for euer, hereafter,  
 Admire the wisdom of a *Cooke* ! B A N. And we, Sir !

Peny-boy P. I v. O, how my *Princesse* drawes me, with her lookes,  
 is courting And hailes me in, as eddies draw in boats,

his Prin-  
 cesse all  
 the while. iv. ii. 23 *dry-ditches* in the corresponding passage in *Neptune's*  
*Triumph*: *dry-dishes* F 24 *fifty-angled*] *fifty angled* F 25  
*outer workes* F3: *outerworkes* F 32 *saucies*] *saucies*. W 38 him,]  
 him F3 40 euer,] euer F

Or strong *Charybdis* ships, that saile too neere  
The shelues of *Loue* ! The tydes of your two eyes ! 45  
Wind of your breath, are such as sucke in all,  
That doe approach you ! P E C. Who hath chang'd my  
seruant ?

P. I v. Your selfe, who drinke my blood vp with your  
beames ;

As doth the *Sunne*, the *Sea* ! *Pecunia* shines  
More in the world then he : and makes it *Spring* 50  
Where e'r she fauours ! 'please her but to show  
Her melting wrests, or bare her yuorie hands,  
She catches still ! her smiles they are *Loue's* fetters !  
Her breasts his apples ! her teats St<r>awberries !  
Where *Cupid* (were he present now) would cry, 55  
Farewell my mothers milke, here's sweeter *Nectar* !  
Helpe me to praise *Pecunia*, Gentlemen :

She's your *Princesse*, lend your wits. F I T. A *Lady*, *They all*  
The *Graces* taught to moue ! A L M. The *Houres* did nurse ! *beginne*  
F I T. Whose lips are the instructions of all *Louers* ! *the en-*  
A L M. Her eyes their lights, and riuals to the *Starres* ! *comium of*  
F I T. A voyce, as if that *Harmony* still spake ! *Pecunia.*

A L M. Her eyes their lights, and riuals to the *Starres* !

F I T. A voyce, as if that *Harmony* still spake !

A L M. And polish'd skinne, whiter then *Venus* foote !

F I T. Young *Hebes* necke, or *Iunoe's* armes ! A L M. An  
aire,

Large as the *Mornings*, and her breath as sweete, 65  
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne !

F I T. *Læda* might yeeld vnto her, for a face !

A L M. *Hermione* for breasts ! F I T. *Flora*, for cheekes !

A L M. And *Helen* for a mouth ! P. I v. Kisse, kisse 'hem, *She*  
*Princesse*. *kisseth*

F I T. The pearle doth striue in whitenesse, with her  
necke, 70

A L M. But loseth by it : here the *Snow* thawes *Snow* ;

One frost resolues another ! F I T. O, she has



A front too slippery to be look't vpon !

A L M. And glances that beguile the seers eyes !

Againe.

P. I v. Kisse, kisse againe, what saies my *man o'warre* ?

S H V. I say, she's more, then *Fame* can promise of her.

A *Theame*, that's ouercome with her owne matter !

Praise is stricke blind, and deafe, and dumbe with her !

Shee doth astonish *Commendation* !

She  
kisseth  
Captaine  
Shun-  
field.

P. I v. Well pumpt i'faith old *Sailor* : kisse him too :

Though he be a slugge. What saies my *Poet-sucker* ?

He's chewing his *Muses* cudde, I doe see by him.

M A D. I haue almost done, I want but e'ne to finish.

F I T. That's the 'ill luck of all his workes still. P. I v.  
What ?

85 F I T. To beginne many works, but finish none.

P. I v. How does he do his *Mistresse* work ? F I T. Im-  
perfect.

A L M. I cannot thinke he finisheth that. P. I v. Let's  
heare.

M A D. It is a *Madrigall*, I affect that kind

Of *Poem*, much. P. I v. And thence you ha' the name.

90 F I T. It is his *Rose*. He can make nothing else.

M A D. I made it to the *tune* the *Fidlers* play'd,

That we all lik'd so well. P. I v. Good, read it, read it.

M A D. The *Sunne* is father of all mettalls, you know,  
Siluer, and gold. P. I v. I, leaue your *Prologues*, say !

#### SONG.

95 M ADRIGAL. As bright as is the Sunne her Sire,  
Or Earth her mother, in her best atyre,

Or Mint, the Mid-wife, with her fire,

Comes forth her Grace !

{P. I v. That Mint the

The splendour of the wealthiest Mines ! {Midwife does well.

100 The stamp, and strength of all imperiall lines,

Both maiesty and beauty shines,

F I T. {That's fairely

In her sweet face !

{said of Money.

Looke how a Torch, of Taper light,

Or of that Torches flame, a Beacon bright; [P. I v. Good!

M A D. Now there, I want a line to finish, Sir. 105

P. I v. Or of that Beacons fire, Moone-light:

M A D. So takes she place! [F I T. 'Tis good.

And then I haue a Saraband—

She makes good cheare, she keepes full boards,

She holds a Faire of Knights, and Lords, 110

A Mercat of all Offices,

And Shops of honour, more or lesse.

According to Pecunia's Grace,

The Bride hath beauty, blood, and place,

The Bridegrome vertue, valour, wit, 115

And wisdom, as he stands for it.

P. I v. Call in the Fiddlers. Nicke, the boy, shall sing it,

Sweet *Princesse*, kisse him, kisse 'hem all, deare *Madame*, He vrgeth

And at the close, vouchsafe to call them *Cousins*.

P E C. Sweet *Cousin Madrigall*, and *Cousin Filton*, He vrgeth

My *Cousin Shunfield*, and my learned *Cousin*.

P I C. *Al-manach*, though they call him *Almanack*.

P. C A. Why, here's the *Prodigall* prostitutes his *Mistresse*!

P. I v. And *Picklocke*, he must be a kinsman too.

My *man o'Law* will teach vs all to winne, 125

And keepe our owne. Old *Founder*. P. C A. Nothing, I, Sir;

I am a wretch, a begger. She the *fortunate*,

Can want no kindred, wee, the *poore*, know none.

F I T. Nor none shall know, by my consent. A L M. Nor mine.

P. I v. Sing, boy, stand here. P. C A. Look, look, how The boy sings the song.

Dance i'their heads (obserue) scatter'd with lust!

At sight o' their braue *Idoll*! how they are tickl'd,

rv. ii. 108 I haue] I'haue F 117 P. Iv.] Pic. F: Pic. F3: P. jun.  
1716 After 'Fiddlers.' Enter the Fiddlers, and Nicholas. G boy.] boy F  
122 Pic.] P. Ca. F: Pick. G 123 P. Ca.] P. Iv. F: P. Can. . .  
[Aside.] G 126 I, Sir:] I Sir? F 127 fortunate.] fortunate. F  
128 poore.] poore F 129 mine.] mine, F 130 St. dir. The . . .  
song.] Nich. [Sings.] 'As bright,' &c. [Music. G

With a light ayre ! the bawdy *Saraband* !

They are a kinde of dancing engines all !

135 And set, by nature, thus, to runne alone

To euery sound ! All things within, without 'hem,

Moue, but their braine, and that stands still ! mere monsters,

Here, in a chamber, of most subtile feet !

And make their legs in tune, passing the streetes !

140 These are the gallant spirits o' the age !

The miracles o' the time ! that can cry vp

And downe mens wits ! and set what rate on things

Their half-brain'd fancies please ! Now pox vpon 'hem.

See how sollicitously he learns the ligge,

145 As if it were a mystery of his faith !

S H V. A dainty ditty ! F I T. O, hee's a dainty *Poet* !

*They are all struck with admiration.* When he sets to't. P. I v. And a dainty *Scholler* !

A L M. No, no great *scholler*, he writes like a *Gentleman*.

S H V. Pox o' your *Scholler*. P. C A. Pox o' your distinction !

150 As if a *Scholler* were no *Gentleman*.

With these, to write like a *Gentleman*, will in time

Become, all one, as to write like an *Asse*.

These *Gentlemen* ? these Rascalls ! I am sicke

Of indignation at 'hem. P. I v. How doe you lik't, Sir ?

155 F I T. 'Tis excellent ! A L M. 'Twas excellently sung !

F I T. A dainty *Ayre* ! P. I v. What saies my *Lickfinger* ?

L I C. I am telling *Mistresse Band*, and *Mistresse Statute*,

What a braue *Gentleman* you are, and *Waxe*, here !

How much 'twere better, that my *Ladies Grace*

160 Would here take vp Sir, and keepe house with you.

P. I v. What say they ? S T A. We could consent, S<sup>r</sup>, willingly.

B A N D. I, if we knew her *Grace* had the least liking.

W A X. We must obey her *Graces* will, and pleasure.

iv. ii. 136 without 'hem] without them F 137 monsters,] mon-  
sters F 143 'hem] hem some copies of F 145 *Aside*. add G  
152 *Asse*.] *Asse*, F: *Ass*. F3 153 *Gentlemen*] *Centlemen* F 154  
After 'hem. *Aside*. G 158 *Gentleman*] *Centleman* F 159 *Grace*] *Grace*, F

P. I v. I thanke you, *Gentlewomen*, ply 'hem, *Lickfinger*.  
Giue *mother Mortgage*, there—— L I c. Her doze of Sacke. 165  
I haue it for her, and her distance of *Hum*.

P E c. Indeede therein, I must confesse, deare *Cousin*,  
I am a most vnfortunate *Princesse*. A L M. And  
You still will be so, when your *Grace* may helpe it.

*The Gal-  
lants are  
all about  
Pecunia.*

M A D. Who'd lie in a roome, with a close-stool, and gar-  
lick?

And kennell with his dogges? that had a *Prince*  
Like this young *Peny-boy*, to soiourne with?

S H v. He'll let you ha' your liberty—— A L M. Goe forth,  
Whither you please, and to what company——

M A D. Scatter your-selfe amongst vs—— P. I v. Hope  
of *Parnassus*! 175

Thy *Iuy* shall not wither, nor thy *Bayes*,  
Thou shalt be had into her *Graces* Cellar,  
And there know Sacke, and Claret, all *December*,  
Thy veine is rich, and we must cherish it.  
*Poets* and Bees swarme now adaies, but yet 180  
There are not those good *Tauernes*, for the one sort,  
As there are *Flowrie* fields to feed the other.  
Though Bees be pleas'd with dew, aske little *Waxe*  
That brings the honey to her *Ladyes* hiue :  
The *Poet* must haue wine. And he shall haue it. 185

### ACT IIII. SCENE IIJ.

PENI-BOY SE. PENY-BOY IV.

LICKFINGER. & C.

**B**roker? what Broker? P. I v. Who's that? my Vncle!  
P. S E. I am abus'd, where is my Knaue? my Broker?

L I c. Your Broker is laid out vpon a bench, yonder,  
Sacke hath seiz'd on him, in the shape of sleepe.

iv. ii. 164 *Gentlewomen*] *Gentlewoman* F3 165 doze] dose F3  
167 St. dir. are] gather G 175 *Parnassus*] *Pernassus* F, F3  
iv. iii] Enter *Pennyboy* sen. hastily. G, continuing the scene. PENI-BOY  
... PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. ... PENI-BOY. F

- 5 P I c. Hee hath beene dead to vs almost this houre.  
 P. S E. This houre? P. C A. Why sigh you S<sup>r</sup>? 'cause  
 he's at rest?

P. S E. It breeds my vnrest. L I c. Will you take a cup  
*He strikes* And try if you can sleepe? P. S E. No, cogging *the Sacke*  
*out of his* Thou and thy cups-too, perish. S H v. O, the Sacke!  
*hand.* M A D. The sacke, the sacke! P. C A. A *Madrigall* on  
 Sacke!

P I c. Or rather an *Elegy*, for the Sacke is gone.

P E c. Why doe you this, Sir? spill the wine, and raue?  
 For *Brokers* sleeping? P. S E. What through sleepe, and  
 Sacke,

My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,  
*Hee* To waite vpon your *Grace*, please you to quit  
*would* This strange lewd company, they are not for you.  
*haue*

P E c. No *Guardian*, I doe like them very well.

P. S E. Your *Graces* pleasure be obseru'd, but you,  
*Pecunia* *Statute*, and *Band*, and *Waxe*, will goe with me.  
*home.*

*But shee* S T A. Truly we will not. B A N. We will stay, and wait  
*refuseth.* here  
*And her*  
*Traine.*

Vpon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinsman*.

P. S E. Noble? how noble! who hath made him noble?

P. I v. Why, my most noble money hath, or shall;

My *Princesse*, here. She that had you but kept,

- 25 And treated kindly, would haue made you *noble*,  
 And wise, too: nay, perhaps haue done that for you,  
 An *Act of Parliament* could not, made you *honest*.  
 The truth is, Vncle, that her *Grace* dislikes  
 Her entertainment: specially her lodging.

- 30 P E c. Nay, say her iaile. Neuer *unfortunate Princesse*,  
 Was vs'd so by a Iaylor. Aske my women,  
*Band*, you can tell, and *Statute*, how he has vs'd me,  
 Kept me close prisoner, vnder twenty bolts——

S T A. And forty padlocks—— B A N. All malicious  
 ingines

A wicked *Smith* could forge out of his yron :  
 As locks, and keyes, shacles, and manacles,  
 To torture a great *Lady*. S T A. H'has abus'd  
 Your *Graces* body. P E C. No, he would ha' done,  
 That lay not in his power : he had the vse  
 Of <y>our bodies, *Band*, and *Waxe*, and sometimes *Statutes* : 40  
 But once he would ha' smother'd me in a chest,  
 And strangl'd me in leather, but that you  
 Came to my rescue, then, and gaue mee ayre.

S T A. For which he cramb'd vs vp in a close boxe,  
 All three together, where we saw no *Sunne* 45  
 In one *sixe moneths*. W A X. A cruell man he is !

B A N. H'has left my fellow *Waxe* out, i' the cold,

S T A. Till she was stiffe, as any frost, and crumbl'd  
 Away to dust, and almost lost her forme.

W A X. Much adoe to recouer me. P. S E. Women  
 leerers ! 50

Haue you learn'd too, the subtill facultie ?  
 Come, I'll shew you the way home, if drinke,  
 Or, too full diet haue disguis'd you. B A N. Troth,  
 We haue not any mind, Sir, of returne——

S T A. To be bound back to backe—— B A N. And haue  
 our legs 55

Turn'd in, or writh'd about—— W A X. Or else dis-  
 play'd——

S T A. Be lodg'd with dust and fleas, as we were wont——

B A N. And dyeted with dogs dung. P. S E. Why ? you  
 whores,

My bawds, my instruments, what should I call you,  
 Man may thinke base inough for you ? P. I v. Heare you,  
 vncke. 60

I must not heare this of my *Princesse* seruants,  
 And in *Apollo*, in *Pecunia's* roome.

Goe, get you downe the staires : Home, to your Kennell,  
 As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogges,

The *Lares* of your family ; or beleeeue it, 65

iv. iii. 40 your S. T. Coleridge 62 roome.] roome, F: Room. F3

The fury of a foote-man, and a drawer  
 Hangs ouer you. S H V. Cudgell, and pot doe threaten  
 A kinde of vengeance. M A D. Barbers are at hand.  
*They all threaten,* A L M. Washing and shauing will ensue. F I T. The  
 Pumpe  
 70 Is not farre off; If 't were, the sink is neere :  
 Or a good Iordan. M A D. You haue now no *money*,  
 S H V. But are a Rascall. P. S E. I am cheated, robb'd,  
*And spurne him.* Ieer'd by confederacy. F I T. No, you are kick'd  
*Kicke him, out.* And vsed kindly, as you should be. S H V. Spurn'd,  
 From all commerce of men, who are a curre.  
*Hee exclaims.* A L M. A stinking dogge, in a dublet, with foule linnen.  
 M A D. A snarling Rascall, hence. S H V. Out. P. S E.  
 Wel, remember,  
 I am coozen'd by my Cousin, and his whore !  
 Bane o' these meetings in *Apollo* ! L I C. Goe, Sir,  
*One of his Dogges.* You will be tost like *Block*, in a blanket else.  
 P. I v. Downe with him, *Lickfinger*. P. S E. Saucy *Iacke*  
 away,  
*Pecunia* is a whore. P. I v. Play him downe, *Fidlers*,  
 And drown his noise. Who's this? F I T. O Master *Pyed-*  
*mantle* !

## ACT IIIJ. SCENE IV.

P Y E D - M A N T L E. (*to them.*)

*Pyed-mantle brings the Lady Pecunia her pedigree.* **B**Y your leaue, Gentlemen. F I T. Her *Graces Herald*.  
 A L M. No *Herald* yet, a *Heraldet*. P. I v. What's  
 that ?  
 P. C A. A *Canter*. P. I v. O, thou said'st thou'dst proue  
 vs all so !  
 P. C A. Sir, here is one will proue himselfe so, streight,  
 5 So shall the rest, in time. P E C. My *Pedigree* ?

iv. iii. 72 robb'd,] robb'd F 83 After 'noise.' *Exeunt P. sen. and Lickfinger.* G this?] this! F After 'this?' *Enter Piedmantle, with Pecunia's pedigree.* G iv. iv. G continues the scene 1 *Herald.*]  
*Herald, F 3 proue] sproue F: proue F3*

I tell you, friend, he must be a good *Scholler*,  
Can my *discent*. I am of *Princely* race,  
And as good blood, as any is i'the mines,  
Runnes through my veines. I am, euery *limb*, a *Princesse* !  
*Dutchesse* o' *mynes*, was my great Grandmother. 10

And by the Fathers side, I come from *Sol*.  
My Grand-father was *Duke* of *Or*, and match'd  
In the blood-royall of *Ophyr*. P Y E. Here's his *Coat*.

P E C. I know it, if I heare the *Blazon*. P Y E. He beares  
In a field *Azure*, a *Sunne* proper, *beamy*, 15  
*Twelue* of the *second*. P. C A. How farr's this from *canting* ?

P. I v. Her *Grace* doth vnderstand it. P. C A. She can  
*cant*, S<sup>r</sup>.

P E C. What be these ? *Besants* ? P Y E. Yes, an't please  
your *Grace*.

P E C. That is our *Coat* too, as we come from *Or*.  
What *line's* this ? P Y E. The rich *mynes* of *Potosi*. 20  
The *Spanish mynes* i' the *West-Indies*. P E C. This ?

P Y E. The *mynes* o' *Hungary*, this of *Barbary*.

P E C. But this, this little branch. P Y E. The *Welsh-*  
*myne* that.

P E C. I ha' *Welsh-blood* in me too, blaze, Sir, that *Coat*.

P Y E. She beares (an't please you) *Argent*, three *leekes*  
*vert* 25

In *Canton Or*, and *tassel'd* of the first.

P. C A. Is not this *canting* ? doe you vnderstand him ?

P. I v. Not I, but it sounds well, and the whole thing  
Is rarely painted, I will haue such a scrowle,  
What ere it cost me. P E C. Well, at better leasure, 30  
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P. I v. Kisse him, sweet *Princesse*, and stile him a *Cousin*. *She*  
P E C. I will, if you will haue it. *Cousin Pyed-mantle*. *hisseth.*

P. I v. I loue all men of vertue, from my *Princesse*,

Vnto my *begger*, here, old *Canter*, on, 35  
On to thy prooffe, whom proue you the next *Canter* ?



P. C A. The *Doctor* here, I will proceed with the *learned*.  
When he discourseth of *dissection*,

Or any point of *Anatomy* : that hee tells you,

40 Of *Vena caua*, and of *vena porta*,

The *Meseraicks*, and the *Mesenterium*.

What does hee else but *cant* ? Or if he runne

To his Iudiciall *Astrologie*,

And trowle the *Trine*, the *Quartile* and the *Sextile*,

45 *Platicke* aspect, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*

Or *Alchochoden*, *Cuspes*, and *Horoscope*.

Does not he *cant* ? Who here does vnderstand him ?

A L M. This is no *Canter*, tho ! P. C A. Or when my  
*Muster-Master*

Talkes of his *Tacticks*, and his *Rankes*, and *Files*;

50 His *Bringers* vp, his *Leaders* on, and cries,

*Faces about to the right hand*, the *left*,

Now, as you were : then tells you of *Redoubts*,

Of *Cats*, and *Cortines*. Doth not he *cant* ? P. I v. Yes,  
'faith.

P. C A. My Eg-chind *Laureat*, here, when he comes forth

55 With *Dimeters*, and *Trimeters*, *Tetrameters*,

*Pentameters*, *Hexameters*, *Catalecticks*,

His *Hyper*, and his *Brachy-Catalecticks*,

His *Pyrrhicks*, *Epitrites*, and *Choriambicks*.

What is all this, but *canting* ? M A D. A rare fellow !

60 S H v. Some begging *Scholler* ! F I T. A decay'd *Doctor*  
at least !

P. I v. Nay, I doe cherish vertue, though in rags.

P. C A. And you, *Mas Courtier*. P. I v. Now he treats  
of you,

Stand forth to him, faire. P. C A. With all your *fly-blowne*  
*proiects*,

And lookes-out of the *politicks*, your *shut-faces*,

And reseru'd *Questions*, and *Answers* that you game with,  
As

iv. iv. 46 *Horoscope*] *Horroscope* F  
62 After '*Courtier*.' To *Filton*. G  
lookes-out G

58 *Pyrrhicks* F3: *Pyrrhicks* F:  
64 lookes-out] looks out F:

Is't a *Cleare businesse* ? will it *mannage well* ?  
*My name* must not be vs'd else. Here, 'twill dash.  
*Your businesse has receiu'd a taint*, giue off,  
 I may not *prostitute my selfe*. Tut, tut,  
*That little dust I can blow off*, at pleasure. 70  
*Here's no such mountaine*, yet, i' the whole worke,  
*But a light purse may leuell*. I will tyde  
*This affayre* for you ; giue it *freight*, and *passage*.  
 And such *mynt-phras*e, as 'tis the worst of *canting*,  
 By how much it affects the *sense*, it has not. 75

F I T. This is some other then he seemes ! P. I v. How  
 like you him ?

F I T. This cannot be a *Canter* ! P. I v. But he is, Sir,  
 And shall be still, and so shall you be too :  
 We'll all be *Canter*s. Now, I thinke of it,  
 A noble *Whimsie*'s come into my braine ! 80  
 I'll build a *Colledge*, I, and my *Pecunia*,  
 And call it *Canter*s *Colledge*, sounds it well ?  
*Canter*s-  
 Colledge,  
 begun to

A L M. Excellent ! P. I v. And here stands my *Father* *be erected*.  
*Rector*,

And you *Professors*, you shall all *professe*  
 Something, and liue there, with her *Grace* and me, 85  
 Your *Founders* : I'll endow't with lands, and meanes,  
 And *Lickfinger* shall be my *Master-Cooke*.  
 What ? is he gone ? P. C A. And a *Professor*. P. I v. Yes.

P. C A. And read *Apicius de re culinaria*  
 To your braue *Doxie*, and you ! P. I v. You, *Cousin Fitton*, 90  
 Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *politicks* ;  
*Doctor Al-manack*, hee shall read *Astrology*,  
*Shunfield* shall read the *Military Arts*.

P. C A. As caruing, and assaulting the cold custard.

P. I v. And *Horace* here, the *Art of Poetry*.  
 His *Lyricks*, and his *Madrigalls*, fine Songs, *That's*  
*Madrigall*.  
 Which we will haue at dinner, steep't in claret,  
 And against supper, sowc't in sacke. M A D. In troth  
 A diuine *Whimsey* ! S H v. And a worthy worke,

iv. iv. 66 it] it F 68 off] off F 69 not] not F 71 yet] yet F  
 worke,] worke ! F 98 sowc't] sous'd F 3

- 100 Fit for a *Chronicle* ! P. I v. Is't not ? S H v. To all ages.  
 P. I v. And *Pyed-mantle*, shall giue vs all our *Armes*,  
 But *Picklocke*, what wouldst thou be? Thou canst *cant* too.
- P I c. In all the languages in *Westminster-Hall*,  
*Pleas, Bench, or Chancery. Fee-Farme, Fee-Tayle*,  
 105 *Tennant in dower, At will, For Terme of life*,  
*By Copy of Court Roll, Knights seruice, Homage*,  
*Fealty, Escuage, Soccage, or Frank almoigne*,  
*Grand Sergeanty, or Burgage.* P. I v. Thou appear'st,  
*Κατ' ἐξοχήν*, a *Canter*. Thou shalt read
- 110 All *Littletons tenures* to me, and indeed  
 All my *Conueyances*. P I c. And make 'hem too, Sir ?  
 Keepe all your Courts, be Steward o' your lands,  
 Let all your Leases, keepe your Euidences,  
 But first, I must procure, and passe your *mort-maine*,
- 115 You must haue licence from aboue, Sir. P. I v. Feare not,  
*Pecunia's* friends shall doe it. P. C A. But I shall stop it.  
 Here his father discouers himselfe. Your worships louing, and *obedient father*,  
 Your painefull *Steward*, and lost *Officer* !  
 Who haue done this, to try how you would vse
- 120 *Pecunia*, when you had her : which since I see,  
 I will take home the *Lady*, to my charge,  
 And these her *seruants*, and leaue you my *Cloak*,  
 To trauell in to *Beggers Bush* ! A Seate,  
 Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twentie
- 125 Of your imagin'd structures, *Canter's Colledge*.  
 F I T. 'Tis his Father ! M A D. Hee's aliue, me thinks.  
 A L M. I knew he was no Rogue ! P. C A. Thou, *Prodi-*  
*gall*,  
 Was I so carefull for thee, to procure,  
 And plot wi' my *learn'd Counsell*, Master *Picklocke*,
- 130 This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,  
 Scatter thy *Mistresse fauours*, throw away  
 Her bounties, as they were red-burning coales,

IV. iv. 101 *Armes*,] *Arms* : F3  
 -*maine*,] -*maine* F : -*main*, F3  
 in F

109 *ἐξοχήν*,] *ἐξοχήν* F 114  
 116 St. dir. here in F3; at l. 118

Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascalls ?  
 Who are the scumme, and excrements of men ?  
 If thou had'st sought out good, and vertuous persons 135  
 Of these professions : I'had lou'd thee, and them.  
 For these shall neuer haue that plea 'gainst me,  
 Or colour of aduantage, that I hate  
 Their callings, but their manners, and their vices.  
 A worthy *Courtier*, is the ornament 140  
 Of a *Kings Palace*, his great *Masters* honour.  
 This is a moth, a rascall, a Court-rat,  
 That gnawes the common-wealth with broking suits,  
 And eating grieuances ! So, a *true Souldier*,  
 He is his *Countrys strength*, his *Soueraignes safety*, 145  
 And to secure his peace, he makes himselfe  
 The *heyre* of danger, nay the *subiect* of it,  
 And runnes those vertuous hazards, that this Scarre-crow  
 Cannot endure to heare of. S H V. You are pleasant, Sir.  
 P. C A. With you I dare be ! Here is *Pyed-mantle*, 150  
 'Cause he's an *Asse*, doe not I loue a *Herald* ?  
 Who is the pure *preseruer of descents*,  
 The keeper faire of all *Nobility*,  
 Without which all would runne into confusion ?  
 Were he a *learned Herald*, I would tell him 155  
 He can giue *Armes*, and *markes*, he cannot *honour*,  
 No more then *money* can make *Noble* : It may  
 Giue place, and ranke, but it can giue no *Vertue*.  
 And he would thanke me, for this truth. This dog-Leach,  
 You stile him *Doctor*, 'cause he can compile 160  
 An *Almanack* ; perhaps erect a *Scheme*  
 For my great *Madams monkey* : when 't has ta'ne  
 A glister, and bewrai'd the *Ephemerides*.  
 Doe I despise a learn'd *Physician*,  
 In calling him a *Quack-Saluer* ? or blast 165  
 The *euer-liuing ghirlond*, alwaies greene

iv. iv. 142 After ' Court-rat,' *Points to Fitton*. G 146 himselfe]  
 himselfe. F: himself F3 162 monkey :] Monkey, F3 164  
*Physician*, F3: *Physician* ? F

Of a good *Poet*? when I say his *wreath*  
 Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty witherd flowers?  
 Away, I am impatient of these vlcers,  
 170 (That I not call you worse) There is no sore,  
 Or Plague but you to infect the times. I abhorre  
 Your very scent. Come, *Lady*, since my *Prodigall*  
 Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,  
 I'll see if I haue learn'd, how to receiue you,  
 With more respect to you, and your faire traine here.  
 Farewell my *Begger in veluet*, for to day,  
 To morrow you may put on that *graue Robe*,  
 And enter your great worke of *Canter's Colledge*,  
 Your *worke* and *worthy of a Chronicle*.

Hee  
 points  
 him to his  
 patch'd  
 cloake  
 throwne  
 off.

### The fourth Intermeane after the fourth *Act*.

TATLE. *Why? This was the worst of all! the Catastrophe!*  
 CEN. *The matter began to be good, but now: and he*  
*has spoyl'd it all, with his Begger there!*

MIRT. *A beggerly lacke it is, I warrant him, and a kin to*  
 5 *the Poet.*

TAT. *Like enough, for hee had the chiefest part in his play,*  
*if you marke it.*

EXP. *Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergrowne Play-*  
*maker! why should he make him liue againe, when they, and*  
 10 *we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there*  
*had beene an end of him.*

TAT. *I, but set a beggar on horse-backe, hee'll neuer linne*  
*till hee be a gallop.*

CEN. *The young heyre grew a fine Gentleman, in this last*  
 15 *Act!*

EXP. *So he did, Gossip: and kept the best company.*

CEN. *And feasted 'hem, and his Mistresse!*

TAT. *And shew'd her to 'hem all! was not ielous!*

MIRTH. *But very communicatiue, and liberall, and*

IV. iv. 179 *Chronicle.*] *Chronicle, F* Exeunt. add G THE FOURTH  
 INTERMEAN. I *Why? This*] *Why, this F3 all*] *all, F3* 18  
*ielous!* corr. F: *ielous?* F originally

*beganne to be magnificent, if the churle his father would haue 20  
let him alone.*

CEN. *It was spitefully done o'the Poet, to make the Chuffe  
take him off in his heighth, when he was going to doe all his  
braue deedes !*

EXP. *To found an Academy !* 25

TAT. *Erect a Colledge !*

EXP. *Plant his Professors, and water his Lectures.*

MIRTH. *With wine, gossips, as he meant to doe; and then  
to defraud his purposes ?*

EXP. *Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits ?* 30

TAT. *As the Doctors ?*

CEN. *And the Courtiers ! I protest, I was in loue with  
Master Fitton. He did weare all he had, from the hat-band,  
to the shooe-tye, so politically, and would stoop, and leere !*

MIRTH. *And lie so, in waite for a piece of wit, like a 35  
Mouse-trap !*

EXP. *Indeed Gossip, so would the little Doctor, all his be-  
hauour was meere glister ! O' my conscience, hee would make  
any parties physicke i' the world worke, with his discourse.*

MIR. *I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating 40  
Father, to rauish away his sonnes Mistresse.*

CEN. *And all her women, at once, as hee did !*

TAT. *I would ha' flyen in his gypsies face i' faith.*

MIRTH. *It was a plaine piece of politicall incest, and  
worthy to be brought afore the high Commission of wit. Suppose 45  
we were to censure him, you are the youngest voyce, Gossip  
Tatle, beginne.*

TATLE. *Mary, I would ha' the old conicatcher coozen'd  
of all he has, i'the young heyres defence, by his learn'd Coun-  
sell, M<sup>r</sup> Picklocke !* 50

CENSURE. *I would rather the Courtier had found out  
some tricke to begge him, from his estate !*

EXP. *Or the Captaine had courage enough to beat him.*

FOURTH INTERMEANE. 28 *doe;*] *doe*, F: *do*; F3 34 *leere*] *leere*? F:  
leer / F3 36 *Mouse-trap*] *Mouse-trap*? F 43 *flyen*] *flown* F3  
48 *Mary*] *Marry* F3 52 *him, from*] *him for* F3

CEN. *Or the fine Madrigall-man, in rime, to haue runne*  
 55 *him out o' the Countrey, like an Irish rat.*

TAT. *No, I would haue Master Pyed-mantle, her Graces*  
*Herald, to pluck downe his hatchments, reuerse his coat-*  
*armour, and nullifie him for no Gentleman.*

EXP. *Nay, then let Master Doctor dissect him, haue him*  
 60 *open'd, and his tripes translated to Lickfinger, to make a pro-*  
*bation dish of.*

CEN. TAT. *Agreed ! Agreed !*

MIRTH. *Faith, I would haue him flat disinherited, by a*  
*decree of Court, bound to make restitution of the Lady Pecunia,*  
 65 *and the vse of her body to his sonne.*

EXP. *And her traine, to the Gentlemen.*

CEN. *And both the Poet, and himselve, to aske them all*  
*forgiuenesse !*

TAT. *And vs too.*

70 CEN. *In two large sheetes of paper——*

EXP. *Or to stand in a skin of parchment, (which the*  
*Court please)*

CEN. *And those fill'd with newes !*

MIRTH. *And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple !*

75 EXP. *Which their Poet hath let fall, most abruptly !*

MIRTH. *Banckruptly, indeede !*

CEN. *You say wittily, Gossip, and therefore let a protest*  
*goe out against him.*

MIR. *A mourniuall of protests ; or a gleeke at least !*

80 EXP. *In all our names :*

CEN. *For a decay'd wit——*

EXP. *Broken——*

TAT. *Non-soluent——*

CENSURE. *And, for euer, forget——*

85 MIRTH. *To scorne, of Mirth !*

CEN. *Censure !*

EXP. *Expectation !*

TAT. *Subsign'd, Tattle. Stay, they come againe.*

FOURTH INTERMEANE. 63 *Faith,*] *Faith F* 75 *abruptly !*] *abruptly ? F:*  
*abruptly. F3* 85 *Mirth ! F3: Mirth ? F* 88 *Subsign'd, Tattle.*  
*Subsign'd, Tattle, F: Subsign'd, Tattle. F3*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PENY-BOY I v. {to him THO. BARBER.

{after, PICKLOCKE.

N Ay, they are fit, as they had been made for me,  
And I am now a thing, worth looking at !

The same, I said I would be in the morning.

No Rogue, at a *Comitia* of the *CanTERS*,

Did euer there become his *Parents Robes*

Better, then I do these : great foole ! and begger !

Why doe not all that are of those *societies*,

Come forth, and gratulate mee one of theirs ?

Me thinkes, I should be, on euery side, saluted,

*Dauphin* of *beggers* ! *Prince* of *Prodigalls* !

That haue so fall'n vnder the eares, and eyes,

And tongues of all, the fable o' the time,

Matter of scorne, and marke of reprehension !

I now begin to see my vanity

Shine in this *Glasse*, reflected by the *foile* !

Where is my *Fashioner* ? my *Feather-man* ?

My *Linnener* ? *Perfumer* ? *Barber* ? all

That taylor of *Riot*, follow'd me this morning ?

Not one ! but a darke solitude about mee,

Worthy my cloake, and patches ; as I had

The *epidemicall* disease vpon mee :

And I'll sit downe with it. THO. My *Master* ! *Maker* !

How doe you ? Why doe you sit thus o'the ground, Sir ?

Heare you the *newes* ? P. I v. No, nor I care to heare none.

Would I could here sit still, and slip away

The other *one* and *twenty*, to haue this

Forgotten, and the day rac'd out, expung'd,

In euery *Ephemerides*, or *Almanack*.

Hee comes  
out in the  
patchd  
cloak his  
father left  
him.

5

10

15

20

25

v. i. ACT V. SCENE I. | Pennyboy's Lodgings. | Enter Pennyboy jun. in  
the patched and ragged cloke his father left him. G PENY-BOY] PENY-  
BOY. F 1 are] ere F3 12 o'] of F3 14 vanity] vanity,  
F 17 all] all? F 22 After 'it.' Seats himsel on the floor. |  
Enter Tho. Barber G 27 rac'd] raz'd F3



Or if it must be in, that *Time* and *Nature*

- 30 Haue decree'd ; still, let it be a day  
Of tickling *Prodigalls*, about the gills ;  
Deluding gaping heires, loosing their loues,  
And their discretions ; falling from the fauours  
Of their best friends, and parents ; their owne hopes ;  
35 And entring the society of *Canterers*.

THO. A dolefull day it is, and dismall times  
Are come vpon us : I am cleare vndone.

P. I v. How, *Thom* ? THO. Why ? broke ! broke !  
wretchedly broke ! P. I v. Ha !

THO. Our *Staple* is all to pieces, quite dissolu'd ! P. I v. Ha !

- 40 THO. Shiuer'd, as in an earth-quake ! heard you not  
The cracke and ruines ? we are all blowne vp !  
Soone as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,  
Whom they had so deuoured i' their hopes,  
To be their *Patronesse*, and sojourne with 'hem ;

- 45 Our *Emissaries*, *Register*, *Examiner*,  
Flew into vapor : our graue *Gouernour*  
Into a subt'ler ayre ; and is return'd  
(As we doe heare) grand-*Captaine* of the *Ieerers*.  
I, and my fellow melted into butter,

- 50 And spoyl'd our Inke, and so the *Office* vanish'd.  
The last *hum* that it made, was, that your Father,  
And *Picklocke* are fall'n out, the *man o' Law*.

Hee starts P. I v. How ? this awakes me from my lethargy.

vp at this. THO. And a great suite, is like to be betweene 'hem,

- 55 *Picklocke* denies the *Feofement*, and the *Trust*,  
(Your Father saies) he made of the whole estate,  
Vnto him, as respecting his mortalitie,  
When he first laid this late deuce, to try you.

P. I v. Has *Picklock* then a *trust* ? THO. I cannot tell,

*Picklocke* Here comes the *worshipfull*—— P. I c. What ? my veluet-  
enters. heyre,

v. i. 32 loosing] losing F3 34 parents] Parent F3 50 spoyl'd]  
spoil' F3 60 After 'worshipfull' P. jun. makes a sign to Tho. who  
retires behind the hangings. | Enter *Picklock*. G

Turn'd begger in minde, as robes? P. I v. You see what  
case,

Your, and my Fathers plots haue brought me to.

P I c. Your Fathers, you may say, indeed, not mine.

Hee's a hard-hearted Gentleman! I am sorie

To see his rigid resolution!

65

That any man should so put off affection,

And humane nature, to destroy his owne!

And triumph in a victory so cruell!

He's fall'n out with mee, for being yours,

And calls me Knaue, and Traytor to his *Trust*,

70

Saies he will haue me throwne ouer the *Barre*—

P. I v. Ha' you deseru'd it? P I c. O, good heauen knowes

My conscience, and the silly latitude of it!

A narrow-minded man! my thoughts doe dwell

All in a *Lane*, or line indeed; No turning,

75

Nor scarce obliquitie in them. I still looke

Right forward to th'intent, and scope of that

Which he would go from now. P. I v. Had you a *Trust*,  
then?

P I c. Sir, I had somewhat, will keepe you still *Lord*

Of all the estate, (if I be honest) as

80

I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous brest

Will not permit me see the *heyre* defrauded,

And like an *Alyen*, thrust out of the blood,

The *Lawes* forbid that I should giue consent,

To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne.

85

P. I v. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee?

P I c. No,

It is a thing of greater consequence,

Then to be borne about in a blacke boxe,

Like a *Low-countray vorloff*, or *Welsh-briefe*.

It is at *Lickfingers*, vnder locke and key.

90

P. I v. O, fetch it hither. P I c. I haue bid him bring it,

That you might see it. P. I v. Knowes he what (he) brings?

v. i. 64 hard-hearted] hard hearted F 70 Traytor F3: Traytors  
F 74 narrow-minded] narrow minded F 92 he F3

P I c. No more then a Gardiners *Asse*, what roots he carries.

P. I v. I was a sending my Father, like an *Asse*,  
 95 A penitent Epistle, but I am glad  
 I did not, now. P I c. Hang him, an austere grape,  
 That has no iuice, but what is veriuiice in him.

Peny-boy  
 runnes  
 out to  
 fetch his  
 letter.

P. I v. I'll shew you my letter! P I c. Shew me a *defiance*!  
 If I can now commit Father, and Sonne,  
 And make my profits out of both. Commence  
 A suite with the *old man*, for his whole state,  
 And goe to *Law* with the Sonnes credit, vndoe  
 Both, both with their owne money, it were a piece  
 Worthy my night-cap, and the Gowne I weare,  
 105 A *Picklockes* name in *Law*. Where are you Sir?  
 What doe you doe so long? P. I v. I cannot find  
 Where I haue laid it, but I haue laid it safe.

P I c. No matter, Sir, trust you vnto my *Trust*,  
 'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!  
 110 And I confesse, it was in *Trust*, for you,  
 Lest any thing might haue hapned mortall to him:  
 But there must be a gratitude thought on,  
 And aid, Sir, for the charges of the suite,  
 Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man,  
 115 As is our Father, and a man possest  
 Of so much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her *friends*.  
 I am not able to wage *Law* with him,  
 Yet must maintaine the thing, as mine owne right,  
 Still for your good, and therefore must be bold  
 120 To vse your credit for monies. P. I v. What thou wilt,  
 So wee be safe, and the *Trust* beare it. P I c. Feare not,  
 'Tis hee must pay arrerages in the end.  
 Wee'l milke him, and *Pecunia*, draw their creame downe,  
 Before he get the deed into his hands.  
 125 My name is *Picklocke*, but hee'll finde me a *Padlocke*.

v. i. 93 carries.] carries, F  
 boy jun G 108 Pic.] Pic F  
 my F3

106 After 'long?' Re-enter Penny-  
 115 our] your W 118 mine]

ACT V. SCENE II.

PENY-BOY CAN. PENY-BOY IV.

PICKLOCK. THO. BARBAR.

How now? conferring wi' your *learned Counsell*,  
Vpo' the Cheat? Are you o'the *plot* to coozen mee?

P. IV. What *plot*? P. S. E. Your *Counsell* knowes there,  
Mr *Picklock*,

Will you restore the *Trust* yet? P. I. c. Sir, take patience,  
And memory vnto you, and bethinke you, 5  
What *Trust*? where dos't appeare? I haue your *Deed*,  
Doth your *Deed* specifie any *Trust*? Is't not  
A perfect *Act*? and absolute in *Law*?  
Seal'd and deliuer'd before witnesses?

The *day*, and *date*, emergent? P. C. A. But what confer-  
ence? 10

What othes, and vowes preceded? P. I. c. I will tell you, Sir,  
Since I am vrg'd, of those, as I remember,  
You told me you had got a growen estate,  
By griping meanes, sinisterly. (P. C. A. How!) P. I. c. And  
were

Eu'n weary of it; if the *parties* liued, 15  
From whom you had wrested it—— (P. C. A. Ha!) P. I. c.

You could be glad,  
To part with all, for satisfaction:  
But since they'had yeilded to humanity,  
And that iust heauen had sent you, for a punishment  
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous *heyre*, 20  
That would bring all to beggery in the end,  
And daily sow'd consumption, where he went——

P. C. A. You'd coozen both, then? your Confederate,  
too?

v. ii.] Enter *Penyboy Canter*. G, continuing the scene PENY-BOY CAN.  
... PENY-BOY IV.] PENY-BOY. CAN. ... PENY-BOY. IV. F 3 there,  
Mr *Picklock*, F: there, Mr. *Picklock*. F3 4 patience,] patience. F  
6 dos't F3: dost F 10 day,] day F emergent?] emergent. F  
12 vrg'd,] vrg'd F 22 sow'd] sow d some copies of F 23 You'd  
F3: You'old F

- P I c. After a long, mature deliberation,  
 25 You could not thinke, where, better, how to place it——  
 P. C A. Then on you, Rascall? P I c. What you please  
 i' your passion,  
 But with your reason, you will come about  
 And thinke a faithfull, and a frugall friend  
 To be preferr'd. P. C A. Before a Sonne? P I c. A *Prodi-*  
*gall*,  
 30 A tubbe without a bottome, as you term'd him ;  
 For which, I might returne you a vow, or two,  
 And seale it with an oath of thankfulnessse,  
 I not repent it, neither haue I cause. Yet——  
 P. C A. Fore-head of steele, and mouth of brasse ! hath  
 impudence  
 35 Polish'd so grosse a lie, and dar'st thou vent it ?  
*Engine*, compos'd of all mixt mettalls ! hence,  
 I will not change a syllab, with thee, more,  
 Till I may meet thee, at a *Barre in Court*,  
 Before thy *Iudges*. P I c. Thither it must come,  
 40 Before I part with it, to you, or you, Sir.  
 P. C A. I will not heare thee. P. I v. *Sir*, your eare to  
 mee, though.  
 Not that I see through his perplexed plots,  
 And hidden ends, nor that my parts depend  
 Vpon the vnwinding this so knotted skeane,  
 45 Doe I beseech your patience. Vnto mee  
 He hath confest the *trust*. P I c. How? I confesse it?  
 P. I v. I thou, false man. P. S E. Stand vp to him, &  
 confront him.  
 P I c. Where? when? to whom? P. I v. To me, euen  
 now, and here,  
 Canst thou deny it? P I c. Can I eate, or drinke?  
 50 Sleepe, wake, or dreame? arise, sit, goe, or stand?  
 Doe any thing that's naturall? P. I v. Yes, lye:  
 It seemes thou canst, and periure: that is naturall!

*His Son  
entreats  
him.*

P I c. O me ! what times are these ! of frontlesse carriage !  
 An Egge o' the same nest ! the Fathers Bird !  
 ▶ It runs in a blood, I see ! P. I v. I'll stop your mouth. 55  
 P I c. With what ? P. I v. With *truth*. P I c. With  
 noise, I must haue witnes.

Where is your witnes ? you can produce witnes ?

P. I v. As if my testimony were not *twenty*,  
 Balanc'd with thine ? P I c. So say all *Prodigalls*,  
 Sicke of selfe-loue, but that's not *Law*, young *Scatter-good*. 60  
 I liue by *Law*. P. I v. Why ? if thou hast a conscience,  
 That is a thousand witnesses. P I c. No *Court*  
 Grants out a *Writ of Summons*, for the Conscience,  
 That I know, nor *Sub-pæna*, nor *Attachment*.

I must haue witnesse, and of your producing, 65  
 Ere this can come to hearing, and it must  
 Be heard on oath, and witnesse. P. I v. Come forth, *Thom*, *Hee pro-*  
 Speake what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth, *duceeth*  
 And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet ? *Thom*.

P I c. A rat behind the hangings ! T H o. Sir, he said 70  
 It was a *Trust* ! an *Act*, the which your Father  
 Had will to alter : but his tender brest  
 Would not permit to see the *heyre* defrauded ;  
 And like an *alyen*, thrust out of the blood.  
 The *Lawes* forbid that he should giue consent 75  
 To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne—

P. I v. And talk'd of a gratuitie to be giuen,  
 And ayd vnto the charges of the suite ;  
 Which he was to maintaine, in his owne name,  
 But for my vse, he said. P. C A. It is enough. 80

T H o. And he would milke *Pecunia*, and draw downe  
 Her creame, before you got the *Trust*, againe.

P. C A. Your eares are in my pocket, Knaue, goe shake  
 'hem,  
 The little while you haue them. P I c. You doe trust  
 To your great purse. P. C A. I ha' you in a *purse-net*, 85

Good Master *Picklocke*, wi' your worming braine,  
 And wrigling ingine-head of maintenance,  
 Which I shall see you hole with, very shortly.  
 A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,  
 90 To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are sure  
 You heard him speake this? P. I v. I, and more. T H O.  
 Much more!

P I C. I'll proue yours *maintenance*, and *combination*,  
 And sue you all. P. C A. Doe, doe, my gowned *Vulture*,  
*Crop* in *Reuersion*: I shall see you coyted  
 95 Ouer the *Barre*, as Barge-men doe their billets.

P I C. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,  
 And would ha' 'hem in againe—— They are almost mad!  
 But I forgiue their *Lucida Interualla*.

Pick-lock  
 spies  
 Lick-  
 finger,  
 and asks  
 him aside  
 for the  
 writing.

O, *Lickfinger*? come hither. Where's my writing?

## ACT V. SCENE III.

L I C K F I N G E R. (*to them*.)

I sent it you, together with your keyes,  
 P I C. How? L I C. By the *Porter*, that came for it,  
 from you,  
 And by the token, you had giu'n me the keyes,  
 And bad me bring it. P I C. And why did you not?  
 5 L I C. Why did you send a counter-mand? P I C. Who,  
 I?  
 L I C. You, or some other you, you put in trust.  
 P I C. In *trust*? L I C. Your *Trust's* another selfe, you  
 know,  
 And without *Trust*, and your *Trust*, how should he  
 Take notice of your keyes, or of my charge?  
 10 P I C. Know you the man? L I C. I know he was a  
*Porter*,

v. ii. 97 ha' 'hem] ha'hem F After 98 Enter *Lickfinger*. G 99  
 After 'hither.' Comes forward with *Lickfinger*; while P. jun. discovers  
 the plot, aside, to his father, and that he is in possession of the deed. G  
 v. iii.] G continues the scene 9 charge?] charge. F

And a seal'd *Porter*, for he bore the badge

On brest, I am sure. P. I c. I am lost ! a plot ! I sent it !

L. I c. Why ! and I sent it by the man you sent,  
Whom else, I had not trusted. P. I c. Plague o' your trust.  
I am *truss'd* vp among you. P. I v. Or you may be.

P. I c. In mine owne halter, I haue made the *Noose*.

P. I v. What was it, *Lickfinger* ? L. I c. A *writing*, Sir,  
He sent for't by a token, I was bringing it :

But that he sent a *Porter*, and hee seem'd  
A man of decent carriage. P. C A. 'Twas good *fortune* !  
To cheat the *Cheater*, was no *cheat*, but iustice.

Put off your ragges, and be your selfe againe,  
This *Act* of piety, and good affection,

Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. P. I v. Sir.

P. C. No vowes, no promises : too much protestation  
Makes that suspected oft, we would perswade.

L. I c. Heare you the *Newes* ? P. I v. The *Office* is downe,  
how should we ?

L. I c. But of your *uncle* ? P. I v. No. L. I c. He's runne  
mad, Sir.

P. C A. How, *Lickfinger* ? L. I c. Stark staring mad, your brother,

H'has almost kill'd his maid. P. C A. Now, heauen forbid. 30

L. I c. But that she's Cat-liu'd, and Squirrill-limb'd,  
With throwing bed-staues at her : h'has set wide  
His outer doores, and now keepes open house,  
For all the passers by to see his iustice :

First, he has apprehended his two dogges, 35  
As being o' the plot to coozen him:

And there hee sits like an old *worme of the peace*,  
Wrap'd vp in furies, at a square table, screwing,  
Examining, and committing the poor curres,  
To two old cases of close stooles, as prisons ; 40  
The one of which, he calls his *Lollard's* tower,

15  
Picklocke  
goes out.  
Young  
Peny-boy  
discouers  
it, to his  
Father, to  
be his plot  
of sending  
for it by  
the  
Porter,  
and that  
hee is in  
possession  
of the  
Deed.

Elder  
Peny-boy  
starles at  
the newes.

v. iii. 11 *Porter*.] *Porter* F 12 On brest] On's brest W' sent]  
scent F3 13 sent.] sent F 16 *Stage direction at l. 14 in F*  
17 St. dir. *Father*.] *Father* F 21 iustice.] iustice, F 38 furies,]  
furies F



Th'other his *Blocke*-house, 'cause his two dogs names  
Are *Blocke*, and *Lollard*. P. I v. This would be braue  
matter

Vnto the Ieerers. P. C A. I, if so the subiect  
45 Were not so wretched. L I c. Sure, I met them all,  
I thinke, vpon that quest. P. C A. 'Faith, like enough :  
The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.  
I'll thither too, but with another ayme,  
If all succeed well, and my *simples* take.

### ACT V. SCENE IIIJ.

PENI-BOY SEN. PORTER.

*He is  
seene sit-  
ting at his  
Table with  
papers be-  
fore him.*

W Here are the prisoners? P O R. They are forth-  
comming, S<sup>r</sup>,

*Hee  
smells  
him.*

Or comming forth at least. P. S E. The Rogue is drunke,  
Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,  
Neere me, yet neerer ; breath vpon me. Wine !  
Wine, o' my worship ! sacke ! Canary sacke !  
Could not your *Badge* ha' bin drunke with fulsome Ale ?  
Or Beere ? the *Porters* element ? but sacke !

P O R. I am not drunke, we had, Sir, but one pynt,  
An honest carrier, and my selfe. P. S E. Who paid for't ?  
10 P O R. Sir, I did giue it him. P. S E. What ? and spend  
sixpence !

A *Frocke* spend sixpence ! sixpence ! P O R. Once in a  
yeere, Sir,

P. S E. In seuen yeers, varlet ! Know'st thou what thou  
hast done ?

What a consumption thou hast made of a *State* ?  
It might please heauen, (a lusty Knaue and young)  
15 To let thee liue sonfe *seuenty* yeeres longer,  
Till thou art *fourescore*, and *ten* ; perhaps, a *hundred*.

v. iii. 44 if] If F 49 *Exeunt*. add G v. iv.] SCENE II. | A  
Room in *Pennyboy Senior's House*. | *Pennyboy sen. discovered sitting at  
table with papers, &c. before him ; Porter, and Block and Lollard (two dogs.)*  
G PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F 15 longer.] longer. F

Say *seuenty* yeeres ; how many times *seuen* in *seuenty* ?  
 Why, *seuen* times *ten*, is *ten* times *seuen*, marke me,  
 I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers,  
*Six-pence* in *seuen* yeere (vse vpon vse) 20  
 Growes in that first *seuen* yeere, to be a *twelue*-pence.  
 That, in the next, *two-shillings* ; the third *four*e-shillings ;  
 The fourth *seuen* yeere, *eight*-shillings ; the fifth, *sixteen* :  
 The sixth, *two* and *thirty* ; the seuenth, *three-pound four*e ;  
 The eighth, *six pound*, and *eyght* ; the ninth, *twelue pound*  
*sixteen* ; 25

And the tenth *seuen*, *five* and *twenty pound*,  
*Twelue Shillings*. This thou art fall'n from, by thy riot !  
 Should'st thou liue *seuenty* yeeres, by spending *six-pence*,  
 Once i' the *seuen* : but in a day to wast it !  
 There is a *Summe* that *number* cannot reach ! 30

Out o' my house, thou pest o' prodigality !  
 Seed o' consumption ! hence, a wicked keeper  
 Is oft worse then the prisoners. There's thy penny,  
 Foure tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogges,  
 May yet be innocent, and honest. If not, 35  
 I haue an entrapping *question*, or two more,

To put vnto 'hem, a *crosse Intergatory*,  
 And I shall catch 'hem ; *Lollard* ? Peace, *Hee calls*  
 What whispring was that you had with *Mortgage*, *forth*  
 When you last lick'd her feet ? The truth now. Ha ? *Lollard,*  
*Did you smell shee was going ?* Put downe that. *And not,* *and ex-*  
*amines*  
*Not to returne ?* You are silent : good. And, when *him.*  
 Leap'd you on *Statute* ? *As she went forth ?* Consent.  
 There was Consent, as shee was going forth.

'Twould haue beene fitter at her comming home, 45  
 But you knew *that she would not ?* To your Tower,  
 You are cunning, are you ? I will meet your craft.  
*Blocke*, shew your face, leaue your caresses, tell me,  
 And tell me truly, what affronts do you know *He com-*  
*mits him*  
*again.*  
*Calls forth*  
*Blocke,*  
*and ex-*

v. iv. 24 *four*e ;] *four*e, F : *four* ; F3 25 *sixteen* ;] *sixtee* some *amines*  
 copies of F 34 After 'away.' *Exit* Por. G 37 *Intergatory*] *him.*  
*Interrogatory* F3 40 Ha] *Ha* F 42 silent :] silent. F : silent ?  
 F3 43 Consent] *Consent* F 48 caresses] *Garesses* F3

- 50 Were done *Pecunia* ? that she left my house ?  
*None*, say you so ? *not that you know* ? or *will know* ?  
 I feare me, I shall find you an obstinate *Curre*.  
 Why did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning ?  
 'Cause *Broker* kicht him ? why did *Broker* kicke him ?

- 55 Because he pist against my Ladies Gowne ?  
 Why, that was no affront ? no ? no distast ?

*Commits him.* You knew o' none. Yo'are a dissembling *Tyke*,  
*Lollard is call'd again.* To your hole, againe, your *Blocke*-house. *Lollard*, arise,  
 Where did you lift your legge vp, last ? 'gainst what ?  
 Are you struck *Dummerer* now ? and whine for mercy ?  
 Whose Kirtle was't, you gnaw'd too ? *Mistresse Bands* ?  
*And Waxe's stockings* ? who ? *did Blocke bescumber*  
*Statutes while suite* ? *wi' the parchment lace there* ?  
*And Brokers Sattin dublet* ? all will out.

- 65 They had offence, offence enough to quit mee.

*Blocke is summon'd the second time.* Appeare *Blocke*, fough, 'tis manifest. He shewes it,  
 Should he for-sweare't, make all the *Affidauits*,  
 Against it, that he could afore the *Bench*,  
 And *twenty Iuries* ; hee would be conuinc'd.

- 70 He beares an ayre about him, doth confesse it !

*Hee is remanded.* To prison againe, close prison. Not you *Lollard*,  
*Lollard has the liberty of the house.* You may enioy the liberty o' the house,  
 And yet there is a quirke come in my head,  
 For which I must commit you too, and close,

- 75 Doe not repine, it will be better for you.

v. iv. 53 Why] Why, F      62 who ? did] who did ? F      66 fough]  
 fough F      67 Affidauits] Affidawits F      68 Against] Aaginst F  
 originally      70 St. dir. remanded.] remanded- F      After 70 Enter  
 Cymbal, Fitton, Shunfield, Almanac, and Madrigal behind. G

ACT V. SCENE V.

CYMBAL. FITTON. SHUNFIELD. ALMA-  
NACH. MADRIGAL. PENY-BOY SEN.  
LICKFINGER.

*Enter the  
leerers.*

THIS is enough to make the dogs mad too,  
Let's in vpon him. P. S E. How now? what's the  
matter?

Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?

F I T. We come to baile your dogs. P. S E. They are not  
baileable,

They stand committed without *baile*, or *mainprise*, 5

Your baile cannot be taken. S H V. Then the truth is,

We come to vex you. A L M. Ieere you. M A D. Bate you  
rather.

C Y M. A bated vserer will be good flesh.

F I T. And tender, we are told. P. S E. Who is the Butcher,  
Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat? 10

S H V. You would dye a calues death faine: but 'tis an  
Oxes,

Is meant you. F I T. To be fairely knock'd o'the head.

S H V. With a good Ieere or two. P. S E. And from your  
iawbone,

*Don Assinigo?* C Y M. *Shunfield*, a Ieere, you haue it.

S H V. I doe confesse a washing blow; but *Snarle*, 15

You that might play the third dogge, for your teeth,

You ha' no *money* now? F I T. No, nor no *Mortgage*.

A L M. Nor *Band*. M A D. Nor *Statute*. C Y M. No, nor  
*blushet Wax*.

P. S E. Nor you no *Office*, as I take it. S H V. *Cymbal*,

A mighty Ieere. F I T. Pox o' these true ieasts, I say. 20

M A D. He will turne the better ierer. A L M. Let's vpon  
him,

V. V. SCENE V] SCENE. II F: G continues the scene PENY-BOY]  
PENY-BOY. F 2 After 'him.' They come forward. G 5 baile  
... *mainprise* corr. F: baile ... *mainprise* F originally 15 washing  
F, F3: swashing W blow;] blow? F: Blow; F3 21 Hewill] He'll W

- And if we cannot ieere him downe in wit,  
 M A D. Let's do 't in noyse. S H V. Content. M A D.  
 Charge, *man o' warre*.  
 A L M. Lay him *abord*. S H V. We'll gi' him a *broad side*,  
 first.  
 25 F I T. Wher's your *venison*, now? C Y M. Your *red-Deer-pyes*?  
 S H V. Wi' your bak'd *Turkyes*? A L M. And your *Part-ridges*?  
 M A D. Your *Phessants*, & fat *Swans*? P. S E. Like you,  
 turn'd *Geese*.  
 M A D. But such as will not keepe your *Capitol*?  
 S H V. You were wont to ha' your *Breams*—— A L M.  
 And *Trouts* sent in?  
 30 C Y M. Fat *Carps*, and *Salmons*? F I T. I, and now, and  
 then,  
 An *Embleme* o' your selfe, an o're-growne *Pyke*?  
 P. S E. You are a *Iack*, Sir. F I T. You ha' made a shift  
 To swallow twenty such poore *Iacks* ere now.  
 A L M. If he should come to feed vpon poore-*Iohn*?  
 35 M A D. Or turne pure *Iack-a-Lent* after all this?  
 F I T. Tut, he'll liue like a Gras-hopper—— M A D. On dew.  
 S H V. Or like a Beare, with licking his owne claws.  
 C Y M. I, if his dogs were away. A L M. He'll eat them,  
 first,  
 While they are fat. F I T. Faith, and when they are gone,  
 40 Here's nothing to be seene beyond. C Y M. Except  
 His kindred, *Spiders*, natiues o' the soyle.  
 A L M. Dust, he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.  
 M A D. But, by that time, he'll ha' no blood to reare 'hem.  
 S H V. He will be as thin as a lanterne, we shall see thorow  
 him,  
 45 A L M. And his gut *colon*, tell his *Intestina*——

v. v. 22 wit,] Wit— F3      23 o'] o' F      24 Lay him] Lay him,  
 F gi'] gi some copies of F      a] a F      26 And] and F      28  
*Capitol*?] *Capitol*. F3      31 *Embleme*] *Embleme*, F: *Emblem* F3  
 35 pure] poor W      38 if] If F      39 F I T.] F I T, F      42 here  
 om. F3

P. S. E. Rogues, Rascalls (\*baw waw) F I T. He calls his *\*His dogges barke.*  
dogs to his ayd.

A L M. O! they but rise at mention of his tripes.

C Y M. Let them alone, they doe it not for him.

M A D. They barke, *se defendendo*. S H V. Or for cus-  
tome,

As commonly cures doe, one for another. 50

L I C. Arme, arme you, Gentlemen Ieerers, th'old *Canter*  
Is comming in vpon you, with his forces,

The Gentleman, that was the *Canter*. S H V. Hence.

F I T. Away. C Y M. What is he? A L M. Stay not to  
ask questions.

F I T. Hee's a flame. S H V. A fornace. A L M. A con-  
sumption, 55

Kills where hee goes. L I C. See! the whole *Couy* is *They all run away.*  
scatter'd,

'Ware, 'ware the *Hawke*. I loue to see him flye.

## ACT V. SCENE VI.

PENY-BOY CA. PENY-BOY SE. PENI-BOY  
IV. PECVNIA. TRaine.

YOu see by this amazement, and distraction,  
What your companions were, a poore, affrighted,  
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand  
No breath of truth: but conscious to themselues  
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ranne routed 5  
At euery *Pannicke* terror themselues bred.  
Where else, as confident as sounding brasse,  
Their tinckling *Captaine*, *Cymbal*, and the rest,  
Dare put on any visor, to deride  
The wretched: or with *buffon* licence, ieast 10

v. v. After 50 Enter Lickfinger. G 54 Stay] stay F 56 St.  
dir. Cym. Fit. Mad. Alm. and Shun. run off. G 57 Hawke Editor:  
Hawkes F him] 'em W v. vi. Enter Pennyboy Canter, Pennyboy  
jun., Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax, and Mortgage. G, continuing the scene.  
PENY-BOY CA. . . . PENY-BOY SE. . . . PENI-BOY IV.] PENY-BOY. CA. . . .  
PENY-BOY. SE. . . . PENI-BOY. IV. F 10 buffon] Buffoon F3

At whatsoe'r is serious, if not sacred.

Peny-boy P. S E. Who's this ? my brother ! and restor'd to life !

Se. ac-  
know-

ledgeth his  
elder  
brother.

P. C A. Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits :

If your short madnesse, be not more then anger,  
Conceiued for your losse ! which I returne you.

See here, your *Mortgage, Statute, Band, and Waxe,*

Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you :

And vindicate the *Prodigall*, from stealing

Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* her selfe,

20 Is come to free him fairely, and discharge

All ties, but those of *Loue*, vnto her person,

To vse her like a friend, not like a slaue,

Or like an *Idoll*. Superstition

Doth violate the Deity it worships :

25 No lesse then scorne doth. And beleue it, *brother*,

The vse of things is all, and not the *Store* ;

Surfet, and fulnesse, haue kill'd more then *famine*.

The Sparrow, with his little plumage, flyes,

While the proud Peacocke, ouer-charg'd with pennes,

30 Is faine to sweepe the ground, with his growne traine,

And load of feathers. P. S E. Wise, and honour'd *brother* !

None but a *Brother*, and sent from the dead,

As you are to me, could haue altered me :

I thanke my *Destiny*, that is so gracious.

35 Are there no *paines*, no *Penalties* decreed

From whence you come, to vs that smother money,

In chests, and strangle her in bagges ? P. C A. O, mighty,

Intolerable fines, and mulcts impos'd !

(Of which I come to warne you) forfeitures

40 Of whole estates, if they be knowne, and taken !

P. S E. I thanke you *Brother*, for the light you haue giuen  
mee,

I will preuent 'hem all. First free my dogges,

Lest what I ha' done to them (and against *Law*)

v. vi. 17 you :] you, F3

37 bagges? ] bagges. F: Bags? F3

41 *Brother*,] *Brother* F

25 *brother*,] *brother* F: *Brother*, F3

38 impos'd] im'pos'd F

Be a *Præmunire*, for by *Magna Charta*

They could not be committed, as close prisoners, 45

My learned *Counsell* tells me here, my *Cooke*.

And yet he shew'd me the way, first. L I c. Who did? I?

I trench the liberty o'the subiects? P. C A. Peace,

*Picklocke*, your Ghest, that *Stentor*, hath infected you,

Whom I haue safe enough in a wooden collar. 50

P. S E. Next, I restore these seruants to their *Ladie*,

With freedome, heart of cheare, and countenance ;

It is their yeere, and day of *Iubilee*.

T R A. We thanke you, Sir. P. S E. And lastly, to my *Her*  
*Nephew*, *Traine*

I giue my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,

And those I goe to cleanse ; kissing this *Lady*,

Whom I doe giue him too, and ioynе their hands.

P. C A. If the Spectators will ioynе theirs, wee thanke  
'hem.

P. I v. And wish they may, as I, enioy *Pecunia*.

P E c. And so *Pecunia* her selfe doth wish, 60

That shee may still be ayde vnto their vses,

Not slaue vnto their pleasures, or a Tyrant

Ouer their faire desires ; but teach them all

The golden meane : the *Prodigall* how to liue,

The *sordid*, and the *couetous*, how to dye : 65

That with sound mind ; this, safe frugality.

THE END.

v. vi. 44 *Præmunire*,] *Præmunire*; F3: *Premuniri*, F 47 me]  
me, F 49 Ghest] Guest F3 56 *Lady*,] *Lady* F 63 Ouer]  
Oner F 65 dye:] dye, F: die: F3 66 this,] this F  
*Exeunt*. add G



## The Epilogue.

**T**Hus haue you seene the Makers double scope,  
 To profit, and delight ; wherein our hope  
 Is, though the clout we doe not alwaies hit,  
 It will not be imputed to his wit :  
 A Tree so tri'd, and bent, as 'twill not start.  
 Nor doth he often cracke a string of Art,  
 Though there may other accidents as strange  
 Happen, the weather of your lookes may change,  
 Or some high wind of mis-conceit arise,  
 To cause an alteration in our Skyes ;  
 If so, we're sorry that haue so mis-spent  
 Our Time and Tackle, yet he's confident,  
 And vow's the next faire day, hee'll haue vs shoot  
 The same match o're for him, if you'll come to't.

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## THE NEW INN

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## THE TEXT

The comedy of *The New Inn* was entered by its publisher, Thomas Alchorne, on the Stationers' Register and published in octavo in 1631. The entry is as follows :

17<sup>mo</sup> die Aprilis 1631

Thomas Alchorne: Entred for his Cotype vnder the handes of Sir Henry Herbert and Master Kingston warden a Comedy Called New Inne written by Ben: Johnson. vjd

Arber, *Transcript*, iv. 251.

This was the last play of which Jonson read the proofs. The printer was Thomas Harper, whom Jonson, after his experience of John Beale, must have found careful and competent. The state of the text, taken as a whole, is creditable alike to author, printer, and publisher.

The collation is as follows : eight preliminary leaves signed (\*), A<sup>2</sup>, B-G<sup>8</sup> (G 8 blank, with a stub surviving in the Wise copy), H<sup>2</sup>. In detail: (\*) 1, Title-page, with the verso blank, (\*) 2-(\*) 3 recto, the Dedication to the reader ; (\*) 3 verso-(\*) 8 recto, the Argument ; (\*) 8 verso A-A 2 recto, the Persons of the Play characterized ; A 2 verso, the Prologue ; B1-G 7 recto, the text ; G 7 verso, the Epilogue ; H 1 recto, 'Another Epilogue' intended for a performance at Court ; H 1 verso-H 2 verso, the poet's 'Ode' on the failure of the play.

Seven copies have been collated for the text of the present edition :

(1) The British Museum copy, with press-mark 643.b.31, in which D 1 (Act II, scene vi, lines 10-63) is missing (marked A in the following list).

(2) Selden's copy in Bodley, with press-mark 8°.I.12 Art. Seld. (B 1).

(3) Malone's copy in Bodley, with press-mark Malone 263 (5) (B 2).

(4) The Dyce copy at South Kensington, formerly Joseph Haslewood's (C).

(5) The Forster copy at South Kensington, formerly Heber's (D).

(6) The late Mr. T. J. Wise's copy (E).

(7) A copy formerly in the possession of Mr. Bertram Dobell (F).

The Selden copy in Bodley and the late Mr. Wise's copy are exceptionally fine. The Selden copy is bound in contemporary white vellum; the blue strings which tied it have been torn off. It has a stub pasted at the end of the preliminary leaves on (\*) 8, the counterfoil of the fly-leaf before (\*) 1. The blank leaf G 8 is placed after H 2. It is tempting to conjecture that this volume was a gift-copy from Jonson; it is not inscribed, there being little space on the title-page for an inscription. Jonson's illness might explain the omission. But it has two corrections which we have not found elsewhere, and which appear to be late additions. Ferret's first speech in the opening scene at line 12, without a speaker's name in the other copies, has '*Fer.*' here; the blank before the inset cries aloud for correction. More suggestive still is the cancel-slip with the name '*Prudence*' pasted over the name '*Cicelie*' (Act 1, Scene vi) after the sheet had been printed off. The Wise copy is just as it came from the press with the leaves, which measure  $7\frac{1}{4}$  by  $4\frac{7}{8}$  inches, entirely untrimmed.

The list of corrections traced in the seven copies is as follows:

Sig. B 1<sup>r</sup> 1. i. 12 Speaker's name omitted *A*, *Fer.* B 1  
B 2, C, D, E, F

Sig. B 1<sup>v</sup> 13-14 Whether it be by chance or Whether it be by  
art, a heauy purse makes chance or art, | *A*  
a light heart. *One line in* *heauy purse makes*  
B 2, C, D, F *a light heart. Two*

16 A heauy purse B 2, C, D, F *A heauy purse* A, B 1, E  
makes B 2, C, D, F *makes* A, B 1, E

17 a light heart B 2, C, D, F *a light heart* A, B 1, E

19 bolt . . . ton B 2, C, D, F *bolt . . . Ton* A, B 1, E

24 Here B 2, C, D, F *Here,* A, B 1, E

38 physicks B 2, C, D, F *physicks* A, B 1, E

Sig. B 2 <sup>r</sup> 1. ii (scene heading)	<i>Lovel, Ferret, Host, B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Lovel. Ferret. Host. A, B 1, E</i>
6	end <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	end, <i>A, B 1, E</i>
7	place <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Place <i>A, B 1, E</i>
11	heart <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Heart <i>A, B 1, E</i>
12	it; <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	it: <i>A, B 1, E</i>
15	heare <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	here <i>A, B 1, E</i>
16	'gen <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	'gayn' <i>A, B 1, E</i> <sup>1</sup>
21	Beare . . . Butter-milke <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	beare . . . butter-milke <i>A, B 1, E</i>
22	Whey <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	whey <i>A, B 1, E</i> <sup>2</sup>
Sig. B 3 <sup>v</sup> 1. iii. 35	<i>Lo. . . . downe B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Lov. . . . down A, B 1, E</i> <sup>3</sup>
61	Centaures . . . Thrace <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Centaures . . . Thrace A, B 1, E</i>
63	Pyrrhick <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Pyrrhick A, B 1, E</i>
Sig. B 4 <sup>r</sup> 68	tongue, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	tongue! <i>A, B 1, E</i>
85	Tiburne <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Tiburne A, B 1, E</i>
93	you, if . . . it, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	you, (if . . . it) <i>A, B 1, E</i>
Sig. B 5 <sup>v</sup> 155	o' my <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	my <i>A, B 1, E</i>
1. iv. 3	betray all, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	betray, all <i>A, B 1, E</i>
4	Creature <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	creature <i>A, B 1, E</i>
Sig. B 6 <sup>r</sup> 19	silent, Enter Host. <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	silent, <i>A, B 1, E</i>
1. v. (scene heading)	<i>Host, Ferret, Lovel. B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Host. Ferret. Lovel. A, B 1, E</i>
1	Iouial <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Iouiall A, B 1, E</i>
6	Alderman— <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Alderman,— <i>A, B 1, E</i>
	(house)	E
12	discharge the <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	discharge the <sup>4</sup> (house <i>A, B 1, E</i>
Sig. B 7 <sup>v</sup> 1. vi. (scene heading)	<i>Ferret, Lovel, Host, Cicelie. B 2, C, D, F</i>	<i>Ferret. Lovel. Host. Cicelie. A, E</i> <sup>5</sup>
		<i>Ferret. Lovel. Host. Prudence. B 1</i>
2	Pleased <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Pleas'd <i>A, B 1, E</i>
4	how, <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	how. <i>A, B 1, E</i>
5	Chalke <i>B 2, C, D, F</i>	Chalke, <i>A, B 1, E</i>

<sup>1</sup> Italicized by a mistake of the printer.

<sup>2</sup> In this line Jonson overlooked the capital in 'Claret'.

<sup>3</sup> A crowded line: the *e* of 'downe' was taken out to make room for the added *v* of 'Lov'.

<sup>4</sup> This is the usual position for a word tucked in at the end of the line; perhaps a correction of the printer.

<sup>5</sup> Jonson in his anxiety to adjust the punctuation at first forgot to correct 'Cicelis' to 'Prudence'.

Sig. B 7 <sup>v</sup>	15	L. B 2, C, D, F	Lov. A, B 1, E
	21	Giges B 2, C, D, F	Giges A, B 1, E <sup>1</sup>
	22	hoop ! En. Cic. B 2, C, D, F	hoop ! A, B 1, E
Sig. B 8 <sup>r</sup>	23	rebus B 2, C, D, F	Rebus A, B 1, E
		H. B 2, C, D, F	Hos. A, B 1, E
	25	Cis B 2, C, D, F	Pru. A, B 1, E
		her, B 2, C, D, F	her, Ent. Pru. A, B 1, E
	29, 32	Cis. B 2, C, D, F	Pru. A, B 1, E
	46	Cicely B 2, C, D, F	Prudence A, B 1, E
	47	disposition B 2, C, D, F	condition A, B 1, E
	48	Ho. B 2, C, D, F	Host. A, B 1, E <sup>2</sup>
Sig. C 1 <sup>v</sup>	115	more ; B 2, C, D, E, F	more : A, B 1
	137	sonne. B 2, C, D, E, F	sonne ! A, B 1
	140	Howres B 2, C, D, E, F	Howres, A, B 1
	141	Clouds B 2, C, D, E, F	clouds A, B 1
Sig. C 2 <sup>r</sup>	143	then ! B 2, C, D, E, F	then, A, B 1
	158	Nere B 2, C, D, E, F	N're A, B 1 <sup>3</sup>
	160	loue-craft B 2, C, D, E, F	Loue-craft, A, B 1
	161	Phoenix, B 2, C, D, E, F	Phoenix : A, B 1
	164	on B 2, C, D, E, F	on, A, B 1
	166	sparkle B 2, C, D, E, F	sparke A, B 1
		mistresse B 2, C, D, E, F	mistresse, A, B 1
	169	Ile B 2, C, D, E, F	Ile A, B 1
	171	doe : B 2, C, D, E, F	doe. A, B 1
Sig. C 3 <sup>v</sup> ii. i.	56	suddaine, B 2, C, D, E, F	suddaine ? A, B 1
	57	cloathes ! B 2, C, D, E, F	cloathes ? A, B 1
		sentences, B 2, C, D, E, F	sentences. A, B 1
	59	scale B 2, C, D, E, F	scale, A, B 1
	61	fault, B 2, C, D, E, F	fault : A, B 1
	69	it Pru. B 2, C, D, E, F	it, Pru. A, B 1
	79	breed, B 2, C, D, E, F	breed : A, B 1
	81	me : B 2, C, D, E, F	me. A, B 1
Sig. C 4 <sup>r</sup>	ii. 2	souerainty B 2, C, D, E, F	Souerainty A, B 1
	8	him, host. B 2, C, D, E, F	him, A, B 1 <sup>4</sup>
	-9	presently, B 2, C, D, E, F	presently, Ho Ser. Anone. A, B 1 <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jonson ought to have corrected the spelling as well as the type ; it should be ' Gyges'.

<sup>2</sup> On sig. B 8 verso (i. vi. 64) the hyphen in 'cabinet-counsels' has dropped out only in the British Museum copy. Similarly in sig. C 1 verso (ibid., 127) the comma after 'fabulous' has disappeared in the Museum copy and in the second Bodleian copy, but the spacing shows that this was an accident.

<sup>3</sup> A misprint for 'Ne're'.

<sup>4</sup> For 'him.'

<sup>5</sup> This should be 'Ho.'—or, better still, 'ho !'—a call to the Servant within. The Servant's answer 'Anone' should be in roman ; the italics are a confusion with the name of the Drawer, Pierce *alias* Anon, mentioned in the next line.

Sig. C 4 <sup>r</sup>	10	anone B 2, C, D, E, F	Anone A, B 1
	13	Is B 2, C, D, E, F	It is A, B 1
	14	doe. B 2, C, D, E, F	doe A, B 1
	15	desin'd to doe, by B 2, C, D, E, F	design'd to by A, B 1
	16	you B 2, C, D, E, F	you, A, B 1
	17	I beleue B 2, C, D, E, F	I beleue A, B 1
	18	emphased, B 2, C, D, E, F	emphased A, B 1
	20	Yes madame. B 2, C, D, E, F	Yes. A, B 1
Sig. C 5 <sup>v</sup> II. iv.	3	O B 2, C, D, E, F	O, A, B 1
	4	host B 2, C, D, E, F	Host A, B 1
	6	mery B 2, C, D, E, F	mery, A, B 1
	10	nay B 2, C, D, E, F	Nay A, B 1
	12	Cup B 2, C, D, E, F	cup A, B 1
	20	him, B 2, C, D, E, F	him. A, B 1
	21	see : . . . black, B 2, C, D, E, F	see, . . . black : A, B 1
Sig. C 6 <sup>r</sup>	24	vnknown B 2, C, D, E, F	vnknow A, B 1
	25	in, still. B 2, C, D, E, F	in, A, B 1
	29	Campo, B 2, C, D, E, F	Campo ! A, B 1
	30	roome, B 2, C, D, E, F	roomes : A, B 1
	31	Inne B 2, C, D, E, F	Inne, A, B 1
	v. (scene heading)	L. Bea. L. Lati. B 2, C, D, E, F	Beaufort. Latimer. A, B 1
	6	the day B 2, C, D, E, F	thy day A, B 1
	7	and I'll ha' B 2, C, D, E, F	and ha' A, B 1
Sig. C 7 <sup>v</sup>	v. 70	man, B 2, C, D, E, F	man. A, B 1
	71	That. . . host, B 2, C, D, E, F	What. . . Host. A, B 1
	72	host B 2, C, D, E, F	Host A, B 1
	73	Paramento's B 2, C, D, E, F	Paramento's, A, B 1
	73-5	Sir he has the father   Of swords, within a long sword ; Blade cornish stil'd   Of Sir Rud Hugh-dibras. B 2, C, D, E, F	Sir,   He has' the father of swords within, a long sword   Blade cornish, stil'd, of Sir Rud Hudibras. A, B 1
	76	And with B 2, C, D, E, F	And, why A, B 1
	85	what's B 2, C, D, E, F	what are A, B 1
	87	had Don B 2, C, D, E, F	hath Don A, B 1
	89	world. . . world B 2, C, D, E, F	world ! . . . world. A, B 1
	91	fencer B 2, C, D, E, F	Fencer A, B 1
	92	Colonel. B 2, C, D, E, F	Colonel, A, B 1
	96	contemplation ! B 2, C, D, E, F	contemplation. A, B 1
	97	fencer B 2, C, D, E, F	Fencer A, B 1



Sig. C 7 <sup>v</sup>	99	him <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	him, <i>A, B 1</i>
Sig. C 8 <sup>r</sup>	101	Peremptory <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	peremptory <i>A, B 1</i>
	102	tane, <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	tane : <i>A, B 1</i>
	105	thorough fare <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	thorough-fare <i>A, B 1</i>
	106	broken <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	great <i>A, B 1</i>
	111	A . . . weapons <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	At . . . weapons, <i>A, B 1</i>
	112	saw ; . . . , Inuention : <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	saw, . . . . Inuention. <i>A, B 1</i>
	115-16	that . . . yeare, <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	(that . . . yeare) <i>A, B 1</i>
	116	Scaliger. <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	Scaliger ! <i>A, B 1</i>
	119	Mortals <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	mortals <i>A, B 1</i>
	123	Circle, <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	Circle. <i>A, B 1</i>
	125	one of that <i>quære B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	one. <sup>1</sup> of that, <i>quære. A, B 1</i>
	129	animals <i>B 2, C, D, E, F</i>	Animals <i>A, B 1</i>
Sig. D 8 <sup>v</sup> III. i.	183	Huffle. <i>A</i>	Huffle ? <i>B 1</i> and 2, <i>C, D, E, F</i> <sup>2</sup>
Sig. E 4 <sup>v</sup>	166	loues <i>B 2</i>	loue. <i>A, B 1, C, D, E, F</i>
Sig. E 6 <sup>v</sup> IV. i.	15	blew toff <i>B 2</i>	blew 't off <i>A, B 1, C, D, E, F</i>
Sig. E 8 <sup>v</sup> II.	74	(stage direction) them <i>B 2</i>	them. <i>A, B 1, C, D, E, F</i>

On C 8 recto the catchword is *Fly* (II. v. 129), 'as if Fly were to be the speaker ; the text on C 8 verso begins 'Flie'.

The corrections are made almost uniformly in the British Museum and the Selden copies ; they are an amazing achievement for a paralysed author, and they justify his proud plea that there was no palsy in his brain.<sup>3</sup> Two important sets of corrections are found on the inner formes of sheets B and C ; what happened to the outer formes ? Probably Jonson's corrections reached the printer in time. But we give for what it is worth one slight clue which may point to further possibilities. Gifford prints in Act I, scene iii, line 140, 'To entice *young* straws to leap at them.' This is on signature B 5 recto—that is to say, on the

<sup>1</sup> A misprint for 'one : '.

<sup>2</sup> On sig. E 2 recto (III. ii. 21) the second Bodleian copy has a comma after 'defendant,' which is missing in most copies.

<sup>3</sup> *Ode to Himself*, l. 50.

outer forme of B. The seven copies of the Octavo read 'light strawes'; so do all the subsequent editions earlier than Gifford. He took editorial liberties with his text, but he did not wantonly substitute a flatter reading such as this, especially where nothing occurs in the context to explain it as a misprint; it would be intelligible, for instance, if the word 'young' was in the context and he or his printer unconsciously repeated it. A copy of the first edition may turn up with the reading 'young'.

The most important changes modify a personal allusion which cannot now be identified. The audience hissed on the first night

*Because the Chambermaid was named Cis.*<sup>1</sup>

Jonson altered 'Cis' and 'Cicely' to 'Pru' and 'Prudence'. But he left 'Cis' in the text of Act I, scene v, line 11, and 'Cicelie' in the scene-heading of scene vi, though he had a belated cancel-slip pasted over her name in the Selden copy. 'Cis.' was originally in the stage direction of this scene at line 22, in line 25, and in the speech-headings of lines 29 and 32; and 'Cicely' in line 46.

A number of small retouchings adjust the metre. Thus in Act I, scene iii, line 155

Other discourse to be at, then o' my Master  
he deleted the 'o'; in scene vi, line 166

To strike a sparkle out o' the flint, your mistresse,  
he substituted 'sparke'. In Act II, scene ii, lines 7-9

You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'ld see him.

*Lad.* I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him, host.

*Host.* Your Ladiship shall presently,

he deleted 'host' in the eighth line, and filled in the defective ninth line

Your Ladiship shall presently, Ho. *Ser.* Anone.

<sup>1</sup> Second Epilogue, l. 8.

In lines 14-15

*Fra.* I doe

What, madame, I am desin'd to doe, by my birthright,—  
he corrected to 'I am design'd to by my birthright'; in  
line 20

*Lad.* Pretily answer'd! Is your name *Francis*? *Fra.*  
Yes madame.

he cut out the superfluous 'madame', and in scene iv,  
lines 25-6

*Lat.* What calling ha's he? *Host.* Only to call in, still.  
Enflame the reckoning,—

he cut out the superfluous 'still'. In scene v, line 7

*Fli.* This is the day. *Tip.* I'le heare thee, and I'le ha'  
thee a Doctour,—

he cut out the second 'I'le'; in lines 73-5 he adjusted the  
faulty verse-lining; and he corrected line 85

Had fencing names, what's become o' them?—

to 'what are become o' them?' to the detriment of strict  
grammar, though Elizabethan syntax would allow the  
plural idea to attract the verb to the plural. Acting  
on Jonson's own principles, we read in Act II, scene iv,  
line 35

Doe call him Quarter-master, which he is.

The text has 'call him Quarter-master, *Fly*'; the previous  
lines are

Some call him Deacon *Fly*, some Doctor *Fly*,  
Some Captaine, some Lieutenant. But my folkes . . .

After the corrections in sheet C there are only four small  
changes. Jonson sent in time or Harper waited. The  
punctuation is erratic, but the text is essentially sound.<sup>1</sup>  
A noteworthy failing of the printer is that after sheet B,  
which ends on the sixth scene of the first Act at line 82, his

<sup>1</sup> 'Not' should be 'No' in iv. iv. 288, and 'sow' 'show' in II. vi. 239.  
We suggest, though we have not printed it in the text, 'A Death for  
Emperours to enuy!' as better sense and metre than 'For Emperours  
to enioy!' (ibid. 237).

stock of roman capital 'I' ran out, and he fell back on italic capitals. Only two examples of this, 'Ile' in line 169 of the same scene, and 'I beleue' in Act II, scene ii, line 17, are corrected. We have silently adjusted all examples of wrong fount.

The Folio text of 1692, which is the second edition of the play, was printed from a copy of the Octavo with the uncorrected state of the inner forme of sheet C.<sup>1</sup> The result is that a number of Jonson's discarded readings not only appeared in the booksellers' edition of 1716, which is a careless reprint of the 1692 Folio, but filtered through to the texts of Whalley and Gifford. Examples are the omission of the Host's call to the Servant and the Servant's answer 'Anone' in Act II, scene ii, line 9; 'unknown' for 'vnknow' in the Chaucerian echo in scene iv, lines 22-4—

And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne *Latin*,  
After the Schoole. *Bea.* Of *Stratford* o' the Bow.  
For *Lillies Latine*, is to him vnknow.—

and in the fifth scene, line 106—

*Jack Iug* with the broken belly, a witty fellow !—  
for '*Jack Iug* with the great belly'—a neat incarnation of the Toby jug.

Whalley made one good emendation in the description of Lord Frampul, 'He that did live in Oxford', for 'love in Oxford' (I. v. 59). Gifford accepted Lewis Theobald's unnecessary 'mend our mirth' for 'mind our mirth' (II. ii. 57), proposed 'Why, in your Ladies?' for 'her Ladies' (IV. iv. 285), and read 'I, Philip, take thee Lettice' for 'Philip, I take thee' (V. i. 8).

Dr. G. B. Tennant edited the play in 1908 for the Yale Studies in English, no. xxxiv. He printed from the British Museum copy, supplying the missing leaf D I from the Selden copy. He describes these as the only two copies 'known to exist'. He was fortunate in lighting on one of the best-corrected copies for his text. The edition was

<sup>1</sup> Act I, vi. 83 to Act II, vi. 9.

reviewed in *Modern Language Notes*, volume XXV, no. 5, May 1910, by Dr. C. M. Hathaway, who collated it with Mr. W. A. White's copy and was the first to point out some important variations in the text of sheet C and to notice that uncorrected readings were reproduced in the Folio of 1692.

THE  
NEVV INNE.

OR,

*The light Heart.*

A COMOEDY.

As it was neuer acted, but most  
negligently play'd, by some,  
the Kings Seruants.

And more squeamishly beheld, and censu-  
red by others, the Kings Subiects.

1629.

Now, at last, set at liberty to the Readers, his Ma<sup>ties</sup>  
Seruants, and Subiects, to be iudg'd.

1631.

By the Author, *B. Ionsen.*

Hor. . . . *me lectori credere mallet :*  
*Quàm spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.*

---

L O N D O N,  
¶ Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Thomas Alchorne*, and  
are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard,  
at the signe of the greene Dragon.  
*MDCXXXI.*

The title-page of the Octavo, 1631



THE  
DEDICATION,  
TO  
THE READER.

IF thou bee such, I make thee my Patron, and dedicate the Piece to thee : If not so much, would I had beene at the charge of thy better litterature. How-so-euer, if thou canst but spell, and ioyn my sense ; there is more hope of thee, then of a hundred fastidious *impertinents*, who were there 5 present the first day, yet neuer made piece of their prospect the right way. What did they come for, then ? thou wil't aske me. I will as punctually answer : To see, and to bee seene. To make a generall muster of themselues in their clothes of credit : and possesse the Stage, against the Play. 10 To dislike all, but marke nothing. And by their confidence of rising between the Actes, in oblique lines, make *affidavit* to the whole house, of their not vnderstanding one Scene. Arm'd, with this præiudice, as the *Stage-furniture*, or *Arras-clothes*, they were there, as Spectators, away. For the faces 15 in the hangings, and they beheld alike. So I wish, they may doe euer. And doe trust my selfe, and my Booke, rather to thy rusticke candor, than all the pompe of their pride, and solemne ignorance, to boote. Fare thee well, and fall too. Read.

BEN. IONSON. 20

But, first

*The Argument.*



## THE ARGUMENT.

THE Lord *FRAMPVL*, a noble Gentleman, well educated, and bred a Schollar, in *Oxford*, was married yong, to a vertuous Gentlewoman, *Syllly's* daughter of the South, whose worth (though he truly enioy'd) hee neuer could  
 5 rightly value ; but, as many greene Husbands (giuen ouer to their extrauagant delights, and some peccant humors of their owne) occasion'd in his ouer-louing wife, so deepe a melancholy, by his leauing her in the time of her lying in, of her second daughter, shee hauing brought him only two  
 10 daughters, *Frances*, and *Lætitia* : and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to bee a cause of her husbands couldnesse in affection, her not being blest with a sonne, tooke a resolution with her selfe, after her *months* time, and thanksgiuing ritely in the *Church*, to quit her home, with a  
 15 vow neuer to returne, till by reducing her *Lord*, she could bring a wish'd happinesse to the family.

He, in the meane time returning, and hearing of this departure of his *Lady*, began, though ouer-late, to resent the iniury he had done her : and out of his cock-braind resolution, entred into as solemne a quest of her. Since when,  
 20 neither of them had beene heard of. But the eldest daughter *Frances*, by the title of *Lady Frampul*, enioyed the state, her sister being lost yong, and is the sole relict of the family.

## Act I.

25 *Here begins our Comædy.*

This *Lady*, being a braue, bountifull *Lady*, and enjoying this free, and plentifull estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the Mistresse of many seruants, but loues none. And hearing of a famous new-Inne, that is

kept by a merry *Host*, call'd *Good-stock*, in *Barnet*, inuites 30  
some *Lords*, and Gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to  
see the fashions of the place, as to make themselues merry,  
with the accidents on the by. It happens, there is a melan-  
cholique *Gentleman*, one Master *Lovel*, hath beene lodg'd  
there some dayes before in the *Inne*, who (vnwilling to be 35  
seene) is surpriz'd by the *Lady*, and inuitd by *Prudence*, the  
*Ladies* Chamber-maid, who is elected *Gouvernesse* of the  
*Sports*, in the *Inne*, for that day, and instal'd their *Soue-*  
*raigne*. *Lovel* is perswaded by the *Host*, and yeelds to the  
*Ladies* inuitation, which concludes the first *Act*. Hauing 40  
reueal'd his quality before, to the *Host*.

In the second Act.

*Prudence*, and her *Lady* expresse their anger con-  
ceiu'd, at the *Taylor*, who had promised to make *Prudence*  
a new suite, and bring it home, as on the *Eue*, against this 45  
day. But, hee failing of his word, the *Lady* had commanded  
a standard of her owne best apparrell to bee brought downe :  
and *Prudence* is so fitted. The *Lady* being put in mind, that  
shee is there alone without other company of women, bor-  
rowes (by the aduice of *Pru*) the *Hosts* sonne of the house, 50  
whom they dresse, with the *Hosts* consent, like a *Lady*, and  
send out the Coachman, with the empty Coach, as for a  
kinswoman of her Ladiships, Mistresse *Lætitia Syll*, to  
beare her company : Who attended with his *Nurse*, an old  
chare-woman in the *Inne*, drest odly, by the *Hosts* councill, 55  
is beleueed to be a *Lady* of quality, and so receiu'd, enter-  
tain'd, and loue made to her, by the yong Lord *Beaufort*, &c.  
In the meane time, the *Fly* of the *Inne* is discouer'd to  
*Colonell Glorious*, with the *Militia* of the house, below the  
stayres, in the Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlaine, and Hostler, 60  
inferiour officers, with the Coachman *Trundle*, *Ferret*, &c.  
And, the preparation is made, to the *Ladies* designe vpon  
*Lovel*, his vpon her, and the *Soueraignes* vpon both.

ARGUMENT. 51 dresse,] dresse O      55 chare-] Chair- F3 *Inne*  
Inne O    odly,] odly O

Here begins, at the third Act, the Epitasis, or businesse of the  
65 Play.

*Lovel*, by the dexterity, and wit of the *Soueraigne* of the *Sports, Prudence*; hauing two houres assigned him, of free colloquy, and *loue*-making to his *Mistresse*, one, after Dinner, the other after Supper; The *Court*, being set, is  
70 demanded by the *Lady Frampul*, what *Loue* is? as doubting if there were any such power, or no. To whom, hee first by definition, and after by argument answeres, prouing, and describing the effects of *Loue*, so viuely, as she, who had derided the name of *Loue* before, hearing his discourse, is now so  
75 taken both with the Man, and his matter, as shee confesseth her selfe enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition shee hath to enioy the other houre, had presently declar'd her selfe: which giues both him, and the *spectators* occasion to thinke she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of  
80 her kisse, which hee celebrates. And the *Court* dissolues, vpon a newes brought, of a new *Lady*, a newer Coach, and a new Coachman call'd *Barnaby*.

*Act 4.*

The house beinff put into a noyse, with the rumor of  
85 this new *Lady*, and there being drinking below in the court, the *Colonel*, Sir *Glorious*, with *Bat: Burst*, a broken Citizen, and *Hodge Huffle* his champion; shee falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is vnciuilly entreated by them, and a quarrell commenc'd, but is rescued  
90 by the valour of *Lovel*; which beheld by the *Lady Frampul*, from the window, shee is inuited vp, for safety, where comming, and conducted by the *Host*, her gowne is first discover'd to bee the same with the whole suite, which was bespoken for *Pru*: and she her selfe, vpon examination,  
95 found to be *Pinnacia Stuffle*, the *Taylor's* wife, who was wont to be preoccupied in all his Customers best clothes, by the footman her husband. They are both condemn'd, and censur'd, shee stript like a *Doxey*, and sent home a foote. In

the *interim*, the second houre goes on, and the question, at sute of the *Lady Frampul*, is chang'd from *loue* to *valour*; 100 which ended, he receiues his second kisse, and by the rigor of the *Soueraigne*, fals into a fit of melancholy, worse, or more desperate then the first.

The fifth, and last *Act* is the *Catastrophe*, or knitting vp of all, where *Fly* brings word to the *Host*, of the *Lord Beauforts* 105 being married priuately in the new stable, to the suppos'd *Lady*, his sonne; which the *Host* receiues as an *omen* of mirth. But complaines, that *Lovel* is gon to bed melancholique, when *Prudence* appears drest in the new suit, applauded by her *Lady*, and employd to retriue *Louel*. The 110 *Host* encounters them, with this relation of *L. Beauforts* mariage, which is seconded by the *L. Latimer*, and all the seruants of the house. In this while, *L. Beaufort* comes in, and professes it, calls for his bed, and bride-bowle, to be made ready, the *Host* forbids both, shewes whom hee hath 115 married, and discouers him to be his *sonne*, a boy. The *Lord* Bridegrome confounded, the *Nurse* enters like a franticke bed-lem, cries out on *Flie*, sayes shee is vndone, in her daughter, who is confessed to be the *Lord Frampuls* child, sister to the other *Lady*, the *Host* to be their Father. She 120 his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on *Louel*, the other on the *Lord Beaufort*, the *Inne* vpon *Flie*, who had beene a *Gipsey* with him, offers a portion with *Prudence*, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken, by the *Lord Latimer*, to wife; for the crowne of her vertue, and 125 goodnesse. And all are contented.

ARGUMENT. 109 suit,] suit O  
114 professes] profesles O

111, 112, 113 L.] L. O.  
120 Father.] Father, F3

## The Scene BARNET.

### The PERSONS of the PLAY.

With some short Characterisme of the chiefe Actors.

**G**ood-stocke, the Host (*playd well*) alias, the Lord Frampul. *He pretends to be a Gentleman, and a Scholer, neglected by the times, turnes Host, and keepes an Inne, the Signe of the light Heart, in Barnet: is supposed to haue one*  
 5 *onely Sonne, but is found to haue none, but two Daughters, Francis, and Lætitia, who was lost yong. &c.*

Loüel. *A compleat Gentleman, a Souldier, and a Scholer, is a melancholy Guest in the Inne: first quarreld, after, much honor'd, and below'd by the Host. He is knowne to haue beene*  
 10 *Page, to the old Lo. Beaufort, follow'd him in the French warres, after a companion of his studies, and left Guardian to his sonne. Hee is assisted in his loue to the Lady Frampul, by the Host, and the Chambermayd, Prudence. He was one, that acted well too.*

15 **Ferret.** *Who is also called Stote, and Vermin, is Lovels seruant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knowes the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable, and timely discoveries of them.*

**Franke.** *Suppos'd a boy, and the Hosts sonne, borrowed to*  
 20 *be drest for a Lady, and set vp as a stale by Prudence, to catch Beaufort, or Latimer, prooues to be Lætitia, sister to Frances, and Lord Frampuls yonger daughter, stolne by a begger-woman, shorne, put into boyes apparrell, sold to the Host, and brought vp by him as his sonne.*

25 **Nurse.** *A poore chare-woman in the Inne, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish begger that sold him, but is truly the Lady Frampul, who left her home melancholique, and ielous that her Lord lou'd her not, because she brought*

*him none but daughters, and liues, vknowne to her husband, as he to her.*

30

Frances. *Supposed the Lady Frampul, being reputed his sole daughter, and heire, the Barony descending vpon her, is a Lady of great fortunes, and beauty, but phantasticall : thinks nothing a felicity, but to haue a multitude of seruants, and be call'd Mistresse by them, comes to the Inne to be merry, with 35 a Chambermaid only, and her Seruants her ghests, &c.*

Prudence. *The Chamber-maid, is elected Soueraigne of the Sports in the Inne, gouernes all, commands, and so orders, as the Lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion.*

40

Lord Latimer

*and Lord Beaufort, are a paire of yong Lords, seruants and ghests to the Lady Frampul, but as Latimer fall's enamour'd of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the Hosts sonne, set vp for Lætitia, the yonger sister, 45 which shee prooues to bee indeed.*

Sir Glorious Tipto. *A Knight, and Colonell, hath the luck to thinke well of himselfe, without a riuall, talkes gloriously of any thing, but very seldome is in the right. He is the Ladies ghest, and her seruant too ; but this day vtterly neglects his 50 seruice, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inne, and the Militia below stayres, with Hodge Huffle, and Bat: Burst, ghests that come in, and Trundle, Barnabe, &c. as no other society relisheth with him.*

Fly. *Is the Parasite of the Inne, visiter generall of the 55 house, one that had beene a strolling Gipsee, but now is reclam'd, to be Inflamer of the reckonings.*

Peirce. *The Drawer, knighted by the Colonel, stil'd Sir Pierce, and yong Anone, one of the chiefe of the infantry.*

Iordan. *The Chamberlaine, Another of the Militia, & an 60 officer, commands the Tertia of the Beds.*

Iug. *The Tapster, a Through-fare of Newes.*

Peck. *The Hostler.*

Bat: Burst. *A broken Citizen, an in-and-in man.*

65 Hodge Huffle. *A cheater, his champion.*

Nick Stuffe. *The Ladies Taylor.*

Pinnacia Stuffe. *His wife.*

Trundle. *A Coachman.*

Barnabe. *A hir'd Coachman.*

70 Staggers. *The Smith.* } *Only talk'd on.*  
 Tree. *The Sadler.*

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY. 64 *in-and-in*] *in and in* O

## The Prologue.

*Y**ou are welcome, welcome all, to the new Inne ;*  
*Though the old house, we hope our cheare will win*  
*Your acceptation : we ha' the same Cooke,*  
*Still, and the fat, who sayes, you sha' not looke*  
*Long, for your bill of fare, but euery dish* 5  
*Be seru'd in, i' the time, and to your wish :*  
*If any thing be set to a wrong taste,*  
*'Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's displac'd,*  
*Remoue but that sick palat, all is well.*  
*For this, the secure dresser badd me tell,* 10  
*Nothing more hurts iust meetings, then a croud ;*  
*Or, when the expectation's growne too loud :*  
*That the nice stomach, would ha' this or that,*  
*And being ask'd, or urg'd, it knowes not what :*  
*When sharpe, or sweet, haue beene too much a feast,* 15  
*And both out-liu'd the palate of the ghest.*  
*Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,* —  
*They doe confesse a weake, sick, queasie age,*  
*And a shrew'd grudging too of ignorance,*  
*When clothes and faces 'boue the men aduance :* 20  
*Heare for your health, then, But at any hand,*  
*Before you iudge, vouchsafe to vnderstand,*  
*Concoct, digest : if then, it doe not hit,*  
*Some are in a consumption of wit,*  
*Deepe, he dares say, he will not thinke, that all——* 25  
*For Hecticks are not epidemicall.*





# THE NEW INNE.

## Act I. Scene I.

*Host. Ferret.*

I Am not pleas'd, indeed, you are i' the right ;  
 Nor is my house pleas'd, if my signe could speake,  
 The signe o' the light Heart. There, you may read it ;  
 So may your master too, if he looke on't.  
 A heart weigh'd with a fether, and out-weigh'd too : 5  
 A brayne-child o' mine owne ! and I am proud on't !  
 And if his worship thinke, here, to be melancholy,  
 In spight of me or my wit, he is deceiu'd ;  
 I will maintayne the *Rebus* 'gainst all humors,  
 And all complexions i' the body of Man, 10  
 That's my word, or i' the Isle of Britaine !

*Fer.* You haue reason good mine host. *Hos.* Sir I haue  
 rime too.

Whether it be by chance or art,  
*A heauy purse makes a light Heart.*  
 There 'tis exprest ! first, by a purse of gold, 15  
*A heauy purse*, and then two Turtles, *makes*,  
 A heart with a light stuck in't, *a light heart* !  
 Old Abbot *Islip* could not inuent better,  
 Or Prior *Bolton* with his *bolt* and *Ton*.  
 I am an Innekeeper, and know my grounds, 20  
 And study 'hem ; Brayne o' man, I study 'hem :  
 I must ha' iouiall guests to driue my ploughs,

1. i. *A Room in the Inn.* | *Enter Host, followed by Ferret.* G 5 out-  
 weigh'd] out weigh'd O 6 mine] my F3 12 *Fer.* not in O origin-  
 ally 13-14 *One line in O originally* 14 *A . . . Heart*] a heauy  
 purse makes a light heart O originally 16 *A . . . purse*] A heauy  
 purse O originally makes] makes O originally 17 *a light heart*]  
 a light heart O originally 19 *bolt . . . ton*] bolt . . . Ton O originally

And whistling boyes to bring my haruest home,  
 Or I shall heare no Flayles thwack. Here, your master,  
 25 And you ha' beene this for<t>night, drawing fleas  
 Out of my mattes, and pounding 'hem in cages  
 Cut out of cards, & those rop'd round with pack-thred,  
 Drawne thorow birdlime ! a fine subtilty !  
 Or poring through a multiplying glasse,  
 30 Vpon a captiu'd crab-louse, or a cheese-mite  
 To be dissected, as the sports of nature,  
 With a neat Spanish needle ! Speculations  
 That doe become the age, I doe confesse !  
 As measuring an Ants egges, with the Silke-wormes,  
 35 By a phantastique instrument of thred,  
 Shall giue you their iust difference, to a haire !  
 Or else recouering o' dead flyes, with crums !  
 (Another queint conclusion i' the *physicks*)  
 Which I ha' seene you busie at, through the key-hole——  
 40 But neuer had the fate to see a flye——*Ent. Louel.*  
 Aliue i' your cups, or once heard, *Drinke mine host,*  
 Or such a chearfull chirping charme come from you.

## Act I. Scene 2.

*Lovel. Ferret. Host.*

What's that ? what's that ? *Fer.* A buzzing of mine host  
 About a flye ! a murmure that he has.

*Host.* Sir I am telling your Stote here, Monsieur *Ferret*,  
 (For that I heare's his name) and dare tell you, Sir,  
 5 If you haue a minde to be melancholy, and musty,  
 There's Footmans Inne, at the townes end, the stockes,  
 Or Carriers Place, at signe o'the broken Waine,  
 Mansions of State ! Take vp your harbour there ;  
 There are both flyes and fleas, and all variety

1. i. 24 Here,] Here *O* originally      38 *physicks*] *physicks O* originally  
 39 ha'] ha *O*      41 *Drinke . . . host*] *drinke mine host O*      1. ii. *G*  
*continues the scene.*      *Lovel F3: Lovel O*      *Lovel. Ferret.] Lovel, Ferret,*  
*O* originally      6 end,] end *O* originally      7 Place] place *O* originally

Of vermine, for inspection, or dissection. 10

*Lov.* We ha' set our rest vp here, Sir, i' your Heart.

*Host.* Sir set your heart at rest, you shall not doe it :

Vnlesse you can be iouiall. Brayne o'man,  
Be iouiall first, and drinke, and dance, and drinke.  
Your lodging here, and wi' your daily dumps, 15  
Is a mere libell 'gayn' my house and me ;

And, then, your scandalous commons. *Lov.* How mine host ?

*Host.* Sir, they doe scandall me, vpo' the road, here.

A poore quotidian rack o'mutton, roasted,  
Drie, to be grated ! and that driuen downe 20  
With beare, and butter-milke, mingled together,  
Or clarified whey, instead of Claret !

It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,  
My *Magna charta*, *Cor lætificat*,  
To drinke such balder-dash, or bonny-clabbee ! 25  
Gi'me good wine, or catholique, or christian,

Wine is the word, that glads the heart of man :  
And mine's the house of wine, *Sack*, say's my bush,  
*Be merry, and drinke Sherry* ; that's my poësie !  
For I shall neuer ioy i' my light heart, 30

So long as I conceiue a sullen ghest,  
Or any thing that's earthy ! *Lov.* Humorous Host.

*Host.* I care not if I be. *Lov.* But airy also,  
Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench  
Vpo' your priuiledges, or great charter, 35  
(For those are euey hostlers language now)

Say, you were borne beneath those smiling starres,  
Haue made you Lord, and owner of the Heart,  
Of the Light Heart in *Barnet* ; suffer vs  
Who are more *Saturnine*, t'enioy the shade 40

Of your round roofe yet. *Host.* Sir I keepe no shades  
Nor shelters, I : for either Owles or Rere-mise.

1. ii. 11 ha'] ha O Heart] heart O originally 12 it :] it ; O  
originally 15 here] heare O originally 16 'gayn'] 'gayn' corr.  
O : 'gen O originally : 'gain F3 18 here.] here O 21 beare, ...  
butter-] Beare ... Butter- O originally 22 whey] Whey O originally  
25 balder-dash] balder dash O

## Act 1. Scene 3.

*Ferret. Host. Louel.*

He'll make you a bird of night, Sir. *Host.* Blesse you child,

You'll make your selues such. *Lov.* 'That your son mine host? *En. Fra.* (*the Host speakes to his child o' the by*)

*Host.* He's all the sonnes I haue Sir. *Lov.* Pretty boy!

Goes he to schoole? *Fer.* O Lord, Sir, he prates Latine  
 5 And 'twere a parrat, or a play-boy. *Lov.* Thou—  
 Commend'st him fitly. *Fer.* To the pitch, he flies, Sir,  
 Hee'll tell you what is Latine for a looking-glasse,  
 A beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.

*Lov.* What's that? *Fer.* A wench, i' the Inn-phrase, is al these;

10 { A looking-glasse in her eye,  
 { A beard-brush with her lips,  
 { A rubber with her hand,  
 { And a warming pan with her hips.

*Host.* This, in your scurrile *dialect.* But my Inne  
 15 Knowes no such language. *F.* That's because, mine host,  
 You doe professe the teaching him your selfe.

*Host.* Sir, I doe teach him somewhat. By degrees,  
 And with a funnell, I make shift to fill  
 The narrow vessell, he is but yet, a botteli.

20 *Lov.* O let him lose no time, though. *Hos.* Sir, he do's not.

*Lov.* And lesse his manners. *Hos.* I prouide for those, too.

Come hither *Franke*, speake to the gentleman  
 In Latine: He is melancholy; say,  
 I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.

25 *Fra.* *Subtristis visu' es esse aliquantulum patri,*

1. iii. Enter Frank. G, continuing the scene  
 9 A] a O 14 Inne] son F. Cunningham conj.  
 continuously as prose

2 st. dir. by]] by O  
 25-6, 28-9 G prints

*Qui te lautè excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit. Lov. Pulchrè.*

*Host.* Tell him, I feare it bodes vs some ill luck,

His too reseruednesse. *Fra. Veretur pater,*

*Ne quid nobis mali ominis apportet iste*

*Nimis præclusus vultus. Lov. Bellè.* A fine child ! 30

You wou'not part with him, mine host ? *H.* Who told you

I would not ? *Lov.* I but aske you. *Hos.* And I answer.

To whom ? for what ? *Lov.* To me, to be my Page.

*Host.* I know no mischiefe yet the child hath done,

To deserue such a destiny. *Lov.* Why ? *Ho.* Go down boy, 35

And get your breák-fast. Trust me, I had rather

Take a faire halter, wash my hands, and hang him

My selfe, make a cleane riddance of him : then——*Lo.*

What ?

*Host.* Then dam him to that desperate course of life.

*Lov.* Call you that desperate, which by a line 40

Of institution, from our Ancestors,

Hath beene deriu'd downe to vs, and receiu'd

In a succession, for the noblest way

Of breeding vp our youth, in letters, armes,

Faire meine, discourses, ciuill exercise, 45

And all the blazon of a Gentleman ?

Where can he learne to vault, to ride, to fence,

To moue his body gracefuller ? to speake

His language purer ? or to tune his minde,

Or manners, more to the harmony of Nature 50

Then, in these nourceries of nobility ?——

*Host.* I that was, when the nourceries selfe, was noble,

And only vertue made it, not the mercate,

That titles were not vented at the drum,

Or common out-cry ; goodnesse gaue the greatnesse, 55

And greatnesse worship : Euery house became

An Academy of honour, and those parts——

We see departed, in the practise, now,

Quite from the institution. *Lov.* Why doe you say so ?

x. iii. 35 *Lov.* . . . down] *Lo.* . . . downe *O* originally 36 After  
'break-fast.' [*Exeunt Frank and Ferret.*] G 53 mercate] Market F3

- 60 Or thinke so enviously ? doe they not still  
 Learne there, the *Centaures* skill, the art of *Thrace*,  
 To ride ? or *Pollux* mystery, to fence ?  
 The *Pyrrhick* gestures, both to dance, and spring  
 In armour, to be actiue for the Warres ?
- 65 To study figures, numbers, and proportions,  
 May yeeld 'hem great in counsels, and the arts  
 Graue *Nestor*, and the wise *Vlysses* practis'd ?  
 To make their English sweet vpon their tongue !  
 As reu'rend *Chaucer* sayes ? *Host*. Sir you mistake,
- 70 To play Sir *Pandarus* my copy hath it,  
 And carry messages to Madam *Cresside*.  
 Instead of backing the brave Steed, o' mornings,  
 To mount the Chambermaid ; and for a leape  
 O'the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house :
- 75 For exercise of armes, a bale of dice,  
 Or two or three packs of cards, to shew the cheat,  
 And nimblenesse of hand : mistake a cloake  
 From my Lords back, and pawne it. Ease his pockets  
 Of a superfluous Watch ; or geld a iewell
- 80 Of an odde stone, or so. Twinge three or foure buttons  
 From off my Ladyes gowne. These are the arts,  
 Or seuen liberall deadly sciences  
 Of Pagery, or rather Paganisme,  
 As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,
- 85 He may, perhaps, take a degree at *Tiburne*,  
 A yeare the earlier : come to read a lecture  
 Vpon *Aquinas* at *S. Thomas* a Waterings,  
 And so goe forth a Laureat in hempe circle !  
*Lov*. Yo'are tart, mine host, and talke about your  
 seasoning,
- 90 Ore what you seeme : it should not come, me thinkes,  
 Vnder your cap, this veine of salt, and sharpnesse !  
 These strikings vpon learning, now and then ?

i. iii. 61 *Centaures* . . . *Thrace*] *Centaures* . . . *Thrace* *O* originally  
 63 *Pyrrhick*] *Pyrrhick* *O* originally      68 tongue l] tongue, *O* originally  
 85 *Tiburne*] *Tiburne* *O* originally

How long haue you, (if your dul ghest may aske it,)  
Droue this quick trade, of keeping the light-heart,  
Your Mansion, Palace here, or Hostelry ? 95  
*Host.* Troth, I was borne to somewhat, Sir, aboue it.  
*Lov.* I easily suspect that : Mine host, your name ?  
*Hos.* They call me Good-stock. *Lov.* Sir, and you confesse it,  
Both i'your language, treaty, and your bearing.  
*Hos.* Yet all, Sir, are not sonnes o'the white Hen ; 100  
Nor can we, as the *Songster* sayes, come all  
To be wrapt soft and warme in fortunes smock :  
When she is pleas'd to trick, or trompe mankinde :  
Some may be Cotes, as in the cards ; but, then  
Some must be knaues, some varlets, baudes, and ostlers, 105  
As aces, duizes, cards o' ten, to face it  
Out, i'the game, which all the world is. *Lov.* But,  
It being i'your free-will (as 'twas) to choose  
What parts you would sustaine, me thinkes, a man  
Of your sagacity, and cleare nostrill, should 110  
Haue made, another choise, then of a place  
So sordid, as the keeping of an Inne :  
Where eury *Iouial* Tinker, for his chinke,  
May cry, *Mine host, to crambe, giue vs drinke ;*  
*And doe not slinke, but skinke, or else you stinke.* 115  
*Rogue, Baud, and Cheater,* call you by the surnames,  
And knowne *Synonyma* of your profession.  
*Hos.* But if I be no such ; who then's the Rogue,  
In vnderstanding, Sir, I meane ? who erres ?  
Who tinkleth then ? or personates *Thom.* Tinker ? 120  
Your weazill here may tell you I talke baudy,  
And teach my boy it ; and you may beleue him :  
But Sir at your owne peril, if I doe not :  
And at his too, if he doe lie, and affirme it.  
No slander strikes, lesse hurts, the innocent. 125

i. iii. 93 you, (if . . . it,)] you, if . . . it, *O originally* 95 Hostelry ?]  
Hostelry. *O* 97 name ?] name. *O* 106 duizes] duces *W* 114  
*Mine host, to*] mine host, to *O*



- If I be honest, and that all the cheat  
 Be, of my selfe, in keeping this Light Heart,  
 Where, I imagine all the world's a Play ;  
 The state, and mens affaires, all passages  
 130 Of life, to spring new *scenes*, come in, goe out,  
 And shift, and vanish ; and if I haue got  
 A seat, to sit at ease here, i' mine Inne,  
 To see the *Comedy* ; and laugh, and chuck  
 At the variety, and throng of humors,  
 135 And dispositions, that come iustling in,  
 And out still, as they one droue hence another :  
 Why, will you enuy me my happinesse ?  
 Because you are sad, and lumpish ; carry a Loade-stone  
 I'your pocket, to hang kniues on ; or Iet rings,  
 140 T'entice light strawes to leape at 'hem : are not taken  
 With the alacrities of an host ! 'Tis more,  
 And iustlier, Sir, my wonder, why you tooke  
 My house vp, *Fidlers* Hall, the Seate of noyse,  
 And mirth, an Inne here, to be drousie in,  
 145 And lodge your lethargie in the Light Heart,  
 As if some cloud from Court had beene your Harbinger,  
 Or Cheape-side debt-Bookes, or some Mistresse charge,  
 Seeing your loue grow corpulent, gi' it a dyet,  
 By absence, some such mouldy passion !  
 150 *Lo.* 'Tis guess'd vn<sup>h</sup>appily. *Fe.* Mine host, yo'are cal'd.  
*H.* I come, boyes. *L(o).* *Ferret* haue not you bin plough-  
 ing  
 With this mad Oxe, mine host ? nor he with you ?  
*Fer.* For what Sir ? *Lou.* Why, to finde my riddle out.  
*Fer.* I hope, you doe beleeeue, Sir, I can finde  
 155 Other discourse to be at, then my Master  
 With Hostes, and Host'lers. *Lou.* If you can, 'tis well.  
 Goe downe, and see, who they are come in, what ghests ;  
 And bring me word.

1. iii. 130 *scenes.*] *scenes* O      140 light] young G      148 gi' it]  
 gave it G      149 absence, some] absence some, O      150 After  
 'vn<sup>h</sup>appily.' *Aside.* | *Re-enter Ferret.* G      151 After 'boyes.' *Exit.* G  
 155 my] o' my O *originally*      158 After 'word.' *Exit Ferret.* G

Act 1. Scene 4.

*Lovel.*

O loue, what passion art thou !  
 So tyrannous ! and trecherous ! first t'en-slaue,  
 And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee !  
 That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,  
 Can more dissemble thee, then he can beare 5  
 Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome !  
 And lesse, conceale, or hide thee, then a flash  
 Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it  
 Open, to all discouery, euen of those,  
 Who haue but halfe an eye, and lesse of nose ! 10  
 An Host, to find me ! who is, commonly,  
 The log, a little o' this side the signe-post !  
 Or, at the best, some round-growne thing ! a Iug,  
 Fac'd, with a beard, that fills out to the ghests,  
 And takes in, fro' the fragments o' their iestes ? 15  
 But, I may wrong this, out of sullennes,  
 Or my mis-taking humor ? Pray thee, phant'sie,  
 Be layd, againe. And, gentle-Melancholy,  
 Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent,  
 As the tame louer should be, and as foolish. 20

Act 1. Scene 5.

*Host. Ferret. Lovel.*

My Ghest, my Ghest, be Iouiall, I beseech thee.  
 I haue fresh golden ghests, ghests o' the game :  
 Three coach-full ! Lords ! and Ladies ! new come in.  
 And I will cry them to thee, 'and thee, to them,  
 So I can spring a smile, but i' this brow, 5  
 That like the rugged Roman Alderman,—

1. iv. Act] Act. O G continues the scene. 3 betray, all] betray all,  
 O originally 4 creature] Creature O originally 13 round-growne]  
 round growne O 19 O originally added Enter Host. 1. v. Scene]  
 Scene. O Host. Ferret.] Host, Ferret, O originally G continues the  
 scene. 1 Iouiall] Iouial O originally 2 I haue] I'haue O: I have F3  
 6 Alderman,—] Alderman— O originally

Old master Grosse, surnam'd 'Αγέλαστος,

Was neuer seene to laugh, but at an Asse. *Ent. Ferret.*

*Fer.* Sir here's the Lady *Frampul.* *Lou.* How! *Fer.*

And her train.

10 Lord *Beaufort*, & Lord *Latimer*, the Coronel

*Tipto'*, with Mistris *Cis*, the Chamber-mayd :

*Trundle*, the Coachman—— *Lou.* Stop, discharge the house :

And get my horses ready, bid the Groome

Bring 'hem to the back-gate. *Hos.* What meane you Sir ?

15 *Lou.* To take faire leaue, mine Host. *Hos.* I hope, my  
Ghest,

Though I haue talked somewhat aboue my share,

At large, and bene i'the altitudes, th'extrauagants,

Neither my selfe, nor any of mine haue gi'n you

The cause, to quit my house, thus, on the sodaine.

20 *Lou.* No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,

From such a rudenes ; I was now beginning

To tast, and loue you : and am heartily sorry,

Any occasion should be so compelling,

To vrge my abrupt departure, thus. But——

25 Necessity's a Tyran, and commands it.

*Hos.* She shall command me first to fire my bush ;

Then breake vp house : Or, if that will not serue,

To breake with all the world. Turne country bankrupt,

I' mine owne towne, vpo' the Mercat-day,

30 And be protested, for my butter, and egges,

To the last bodge of oates, and bottle of hay ;

Ere you shall leaue me, I will breake my heart :

Coach, and Coach-horses, Lords, and Ladies pack ;

All my fresh ghests shall stinke ! I'le pul my signe down,

35 Conuert mine Inne, to an Almes-house ! or a Spittle,

For lazers, or switch-sellers ! Turne it, to

An Academy o' rogues ! or gi' it away

1. v. 7 'Αγέλαστος,] *Αγέλαστος.* O 8 at] as F3 11 *Cis*] *Pru W*  
12 house] *This over-running word was at first tucked in at the end of l.*  
11, but adjusted and placed at the end of l. 13 14 After '-gate.' *Exit*  
*Ferret.* G 28 bankrupt,] bankrupt. O 33 pack:] pack ? O 34 signe  
down,] signe, down O

For a free-schoole, to breed vp beggers in,  
 And send 'hem to the canting Vniuersities,  
 Before you leaue me. *Lov.* Troth, and I confesse, 40  
 I am loath, mine host, to leaue you : your expressions  
 Both take, and hold me. But, in case I stay,  
 I must enioyne you and your whole family  
 To priuacy, and to conceale me. For,  
 The secret is, I would not willingly, 45  
 See, or be seene, to any of this ging,  
 Especially, the Lady. *Hos.* Braine o'man,  
 What monster is she ? or Cocatrice in veluet,  
 That kills thus ? *Lov.* O good words, mine host. She is  
 A noble Lady ! great in blood ! and fortune ! 50  
 Faire ! and a wit ! but of so bent a phant'sie,  
 As she thinks nought a happinesse, but to haue  
 A multitude of seruants ! and, to get them,  
 (Though she be very honest) yet she venters  
 Vpon these precipices, that would make her 55  
 Not seeme so, to some prying, narrow natures.  
 We call her, Sir, the Lady *Frances Frampul*,  
 Daughter and heire to the Lord *Frampul*. *Hos.* Who ?  
 He that did liue in Oxford, first, a student,  
 And, after, married with the daughter of—— *Lo.* Silly. 60  
*Hos.* Right, of whom the tale went, to turne Puppet-m<sup>r</sup>.  
*Lov.* And trauell with *Yong Goose*, the Motion-man.  
*Hos.* And lie, and liue with the *Gipsies* halfe a yeare  
 Together, from his wife. *Lo.* The very same :  
 The mad Lord *Frampul* ! And this same is his daughter ! 65  
 But as cock-brain'd as ere the father was !  
 There were two of 'hem, *Frances* and *Lætitia* ;  
 But *Lætice* was lost yong ; and, as the rumor  
 Flew then, the mother vpon it lost her selfe.  
 A fond weake woman, went away in a melancholy, 70  
 Because she brought him none but girles, she thought  
 Her husband lou'd her not. And he, as foolish,

i. v. 39 Vniuersities,] Vniuersities O 59 liue *W. conj.*: loue O  
 65 daughter] daughter O

Too late resenting the cause giu'n, went after,  
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

75 *Hos.* A strange division of a familie !

*Lov.* And scattered, as i' the great confusion !

*Hos.* But yet the Lady, th'heire, enioyes the land.

*Lov.* And takes all lordly wayes how to consume it  
As nobly as she can ; if cloathes, and feasting,

80 And the authoriz'd meanes of riot will doe it. *Ent. Fer.*

*Host.* She shewes her extract, and I honor her for it.

## Act 1. Scene 6.

*Ferret. Lovel. Host. Prudence.*

Your horses Sir are ready ; and the house

Dis——*Lou.* Pleas'd, thou thinkst ? *Fer.* I cannot tel,  
dischargd -

I' am sure it is. *Lou.* Charge it again, good *Ferret.*

And make vnready the horses : Thou knowst how.

5 *Chalke,* and renew the rondels. I am, now,

Resolu'd to stay. *Fer.* I easily thought so,

When you should heare what's purpos'd. *L.* What ?

*Fer.* To throw

The house out o' the windo' ? *Host.* Braine o' man,

I shall ha'the worst o' that ! will they not throw

10 My houshold stuffe out, first ? Cushions, and Carpets,  
*Chaires,* stooles, & bedding ? is not their sport my ruine ?

*Lov.* Feare not, mine host, I am not o' the fellowship.

*Fer.* I cannot see, Sir, how you will auoid it ;

They know already, all, you are i'the house.

15 *Lov.* Who know ? *F.* The Lords : they haue seene me,  
& enquir'd it.

*Lov.* Why were you seene ? *Fer.* Because indeed I had  
No med'cine, Sir, to goe inuisible :

No Ferne-seed in my pocket ; Nor an Opal

1. vi. Act 1. Scene 6.] Act. I. Scene. 6. O *Ferret. Lovel. Host.]*  
*Ferret. Lovel. Host.* O originally *Prudence* a late correction in O : *Cicelie*  
O originally (see p. 391). 2 Pleas'd] Pleas'd O originally 4 how.]  
how, O originally 5 Chalke.] Chalke O originally now.] now O  
8 windo' F3] windo O 15 Lov.] L. O originally

Wrapt in a Bay-leafe, i' my left fist,  
To charme their eyes with. *H.* He dos giue you reasons 20  
As round as *Giges* ring : which, say the Ancients,  
Was a hoop ring ; and that is, round as a hoop !

*Lov.* You will ha' your *Rebus* still, mine host. *Hos.* I must.

*Fer.* My Lady, too, lookt out o'the windo', & cal'd me.  
And see where Secretary *Pru.* comes from her, *Ent. Pru.* 25  
Emploi'd vpon some Ambassy vnto you——

*Host.* Ile meet her, if she come vpon employment ;  
Faire Lady, welcome, as your host can make you.

*Pru.* Forbeare, Sir, I am first to haue mine audience,  
Before the complement. This gentleman 30  
Is my addresse to. *Host.* And it is in state.

*Pru.* My Lady, Sir, as glad o' the encounter  
To finde a seruant here, and such a seruant,  
Whom she so values ; with her best respects,  
Desires to be remembred : and inuites 35  
Your noblenesse, to be a part, to day,  
Of the society, and mirth intended  
By her, and the yong Lords, your fellow-seruants.  
Who are alike ambitious of enioying  
The faire request ; and to that end haue sent 40  
Me, their imperfect Orator, to obtaine it :  
Which if I may, they haue elected me,  
And crown'd me, with the title of a soueraigne  
Of the dayes sports deuised i'the Inne,  
So you be pleas'd to adde your suffrage to it. 45

*Lov.* So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistresse *Prudence* ?  
You cannot thinke me of that course condition,  
T'enuy you any thing. *Host.* That's nobly say'd !  
And like my ghest ! *Lov.* I gratulate your honor ;

1. vi. 19, 20 fist, [ To charme their] fist to charm [ Their G 20 reasons]  
reasons, Sir, G 21 *Giges* *O* originally : Gyges W 22 hoop[]  
*O* originally added the stage direction *En. Cic.* 23 *Rebus* *rebus* *O*  
originally *Hos.*] *H.* *O* originally must.] must: *O* 24 windo']  
windo *O* 25 *Pru.*] *Cis* *O* originally *Ent. Pru.* not in *O* originally:  
in G after l. 27 29, 32 *Pru.*] *Cis.* *O* originally 46 *Prudence*  
*Cicely* *O* originally 47 condition] disposition *O* originally, G  
48 *Host.*] *Ho.* *O* originally

- 50 And should, with cheare, lay hold on any handle,  
That could aduance it. But for me to thinke,  
I can be any rag, or particle  
O' your Ladyes care, more then to fill her list,  
She being the Lady, that professeth still
- 55 To loue no soule, or body, but for endes ;  
Which are her sports : And is not nice to speake this,  
But doth proclame it, in all companies :  
Her Ladiship must pardon my weake counsels,  
And weaker will, if it decline t'obay her.
- 60 *Pru.* O master *Louel*, you must not giue credit  
To all that Ladies publicly professe,  
Or talke, o'th' vollee, vnto their seruants :  
Their tongues and thoughts, oft times lie far asunder.  
Yet, when they please, they haue their cabinet-counsels,
- 65 And reserud thoughts, and can retire themselues  
As well as others. *Host.* I, the subtlest of vs !  
Al that is borne within a Ladies lips——  
*Pru.* Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host.  
*Hos.* Or kisse, or drinke afore me. *Pru.* Stay, excuse me ;
- 70 Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her Ladyships  
Slighting, or disesteeme, Sir, of your seruice,  
Hath formerly begot any distaste,  
Which I not know of : here, I vow vnto you,  
Vpon a Chambermaids simplicity,
- 75 Reseruing, still, the honour of my Lady,  
I will be bold to hold the glasse vp to her,  
To shew her Ladyship where she hath err'd,  
And how to tender satisfaction :  
So you vouchsafe to proue, but the dayes venter.
- 80 *Hq.* What say you, Sir ? where are you ? are you within ?  
*Lov.* Yes : I will waite vpon her, and the company.  
*Hos.* It is enough, *Queene Prudence* ; I will bring him :  
And, o' this kisse. I long'd to kisse a *Queene* !

1. vi. 59 it] I W      60 *Louel*,] *Louel* O      62 o'th'] o'th O  
64 cabinet-counsels] cabinet counsels some copies of O (see p. 387)      80  
*Strikes Louel on the breast.* add G      83 o'] on G After 'kisse.' [*hisses*  
*her. Exit Prudence.*] G

*Lov.* There is no life on earth, but being in loue !  
 There are no studies, no delights, no businesse, 85  
 No entercourse, or trade of sense, or soule,  
 But what is loue ! I was the laziest creature,  
 The most vnprofitable signe of nothing,  
 The veriest drone, and slept away my life  
 Beyond the Dormouse, till I was in loue ! 90  
 And, now, I can out-wake the Nightingale,  
 Out-watch an vsurer, and out-walke him too,  
 Stalke like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a treasure,  
 And all that phant'si'd treasure, it is loue !

*Host.* But is your name *Loue-ill*, Sir, or *Loue-well* ? 95  
*I* would know that. *Lov.* I doe not know't my selfe,  
 Whether it is. But it is Loue hath beene  
 The hereditary passion of our house,  
 My gentle host, and, as I guesse, my friend ;  
 The truth is, I haue lou'd this Lady long, 100  
 And impotently, with desire enough,  
 But no successe : for I haue still forborne  
 To expresse it, in my person, to her. *Hos.* How then ?

*Lov.* I ha' sent her toyes, verses, and *Anagram's*,  
 Trials o' wit, mere trifles she has commended, 105  
 But knew not whence they came, nor could she guesse.

*Host.* This was a pretty ridling way of wooing !

*Lov.* I oft haue bene, too, in her company ;  
 And look'd vpon her, a whole day ; admird her ;  
 Lou'd her, and did not tell her so ; lou'd still, 110  
 Look'd still, and lou'd : and lou'd, and look'd, and sigh'd ;  
 But, as a man neglected, I came of,  
 And vnregarded— *Host.* Could you blame her, Sir,  
 When you were silent, and not said a word ?

*Lov.* O but I lou'd the more : and she might read it 115  
 Best, in my silence, had she bin— *Host.* As melancholique  
 As you are. 'Pray you, why would you stand mute, Sir ?

*Lov.* O thereon hangs a history, mine host.  
 Did you euer know, or heare, of the Lord *Beaufort*,



- 120 Who seru'd so brauely in *France*? I was his page,  
 And, ere he dy'd, his friend! I follow'd him,  
 First, i'the warres; and i' the times of peace,  
 I waited on his studies: which were right.  
 He had no *Arthurs*, nor no *Rosicleer's*,
- 125 No *Knights o'the Sunne*, nor *Amadis de Gaule's*,  
*Primalions*, and *Pantagruel's*, publike Nothings;  
 Abortiues of the fabulous, darke cloyster,  
 Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:  
 But great *Achilles*, *Agamemnons* acts,
- 130 Sage *Nestors* counsels, and *Vlysses* slights,  
*Tydidies* fortitude, as *Homer* wrought them  
 In his immortall phant'sie, for examples  
 Of the *Heroick* vertue. Or, as *Virgil*,  
 That master of the *Epick* poeme, limn'd
- 135 Pious *Aeneas*, his religious Prince,  
 Bearing his aged Parent on his shoulders,  
 Rapt from the flames of *Troy*, with his yong sonne!  
 And these he brought to practise, and to vse.  
 He gaue me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
- 140 Then show'd his bounties on me, like the *Howres*,  
 That open-handed sit vpon the clouds,  
 And presse the liberality of heauen  
 Downe to the laps of thankfull men! But then,  
 The trust committed to me, at his death,
- 145 Was aboue all! and left so strong a tye  
 On all my powers! as time shall not dissolue!  
 Till it dissolue it selfe, and bury all!  
 The care of his braue heire, and only sonne!  
 Who being a vertuous, sweet, yong, hopefull Lord,
- 150 Hath cast his first affections on this Lady.  
 And though I know, and may presume her such,  
 As, out of humor, will returne no loue;  
 And therefore might indifferently be made

1. vi. 126 and om. W      127 fabulous,] *The comma has dropped out in some copies.*      137 sonne] sonne. O originally, F3      140 *Howres*] *Howres* O originally, F3      141 clouds] Clouds O originally, F3      143 then,] then! O originally, F3

The courting-stock, for all to practise on,  
 As she doth practise on all vs, to scorne : 155  
 Yet, out of a religion to my charge,  
 And debt profess'd, I ha' made a selfe-decree,  
 Ne're to expresse my person ; though my passion  
 Burne me to cinders. *Host.* Then yo'are not so subtle,  
 Or halfe so read in Loue-craft, as I tooke you. 160  
 Come, come, you are no Phœnix : an' you were,  
 I should expect no miracle from your ashes.  
 Take some aduice. Be still that rag of loue,  
 You are. Burne on, till you turne tinder.  
 This Chambermaid may hap to proue the steele, 165  
 To strike a sparke out o' the flint, your mistresse,  
 May beget bonfires yet, you doe not know,  
 What light may be forc'd out, and from what darknes.  
*Lov.* Nay, I am so resolu'd, as still Ile loue,  
 Tho' not confesse it. *Host.* That's, Sir, as it chanches : 170  
 Wee'll throw the dice for it : Cheare vp. *Lov.* I doe.

## Act 2. Scene i.

*Lady. Prudence.*

Come wench, this sute will serue : dispatch, make ready.  
 It was a great deale with the biggest for me ;  
 Which made me leaue it off after once wearing.  
 How do's it fit ? wil't come together ? *Pru.* Hardly.  
*Lad.* Thou must make shift with it. Pride feelles no pain. 5  
 Girt thee hard, *Pru.* Pox o' this errand Taylour,  
 He angers me beyond all marke of patience.  
 These base *Mechanicks* neuer keepe their word,  
 In any thing they promise. *Pru.* 'Tis their trade, madam,  
 1. vi. 158 Ne're] N'ere *corr.* O : Nere O originally, F3 160 Loue-  
 craft] loue-craft O originally 161 Phœnix:] Phœnix, O originally,  
 F3 164 on,] on O originally, F3 166 sparke] sparkle O origi-  
 nally, F3 mistresse,] mistresse O originally : Mistress F3 169  
 Ile] Ile O originally loue,] loue O 171 doe.] doe : O originally  
 II. i.] A Room in the Inn. | Enter Lady Frampul, and Prudence pinning on  
 her lady's gown. G 4 wil't W : wilt O Hardly] hardly O 9  
 madam,] madam ; O : Madam, F3

10 To sweare and breake, they all grow rich by breaking,  
More then their words ; their honesties, and credits,  
Are still the first commodity they put off.

*Lad.* And worst, it seemes, which makes 'hem do't so often.

If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd,  
15 But, with the company, the body politique——

*Pru.* Frustrate our whole designe, hauing that time,  
And the materials in so long before ?

*Lad.* And he to faile in all, and disappoint vs ?  
The rogue deserues a torture—— *Pru.* To be crop'd  
20 With his owne Scizzers. *Lad.* Let's deuise him one.

*Pru.* And ha' the stumps sear'd vp with his owne searing  
candle ?

*Lad.* Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow ?  
I'le ha' the Leasse of his house cut out in measures.

*Pru.* And he be strangl'd with 'hem ? *Lad.* No, no life  
25 I would ha' touch't, but stretch'd on his owne yard  
He should be a little, ha' the *strappado* ? *Pru.* Or an ell of  
taffata

Drawne thorow his guts, by way of glister, & fir'd  
With *aqua vitæ* ? *Lad.* Burning i' the hand  
With the pressing iron cannot saue him. *Pru.* Yes,  
30 Now I haue got this on : I doe forgiue him,  
What robes he should ha' brought. *Lad.* Thou art not  
cruell,

Although streight-lac'd, I see, *Pru ! Pru.* This is well.

*Lad.* 'Tis rich enough ! But 'tis not what I meant thee !  
I would ha' had thee brauer then my selfe,  
35 And brighter farre. 'Twill fit the *Players* yet,  
When thou hast done with it, and yeeld thee somewhat.

*Pru.* That were illiberall, madam, and mere sordid  
In me, to let a sute of yours come there.

*Lad.* Tut, all are *Players*, and but serue the *Scene*. *Pru,*  
40 Dispatch ; I feare thou dost not like the prouince,

Thou art so long a fitting thy selfe for it.

Here is a Scarfe, to make thee a knot finer.

*Pr.* You send me a feasting, madame. *La.* Weare it wench.

*Pru.* Yes, but, with leaue o' your Ladiship, I would tel you

This can but beare the face of an odde iourney. 45

*Lad.* Why *Pru*? *Pru.* A Lady of your ranke and quality, To come to a publique Inne, so many men, Yong Lords, and others, i' your company!

And not a woman but my selfe, a Chamber-maid!

*Lad.* Thou doubt'st to be ouer-layd *Pru*? Feare it not, 50 I'le beare my part, and share with thee, i'the venter.

*Pru.* O but the censure, madame, is the maine, What will they say of you? or iudge of me?

To be translated thus, 'boue all the bound Of fitnessse, or *decorum*? *Lad.* How now! *Pru*! 55

Turn'd foole vpo' the suddaine? and talke idly I' thy best cloathes? shoot bolts, and sentences, T'affright babies with? as if I liu'd

To any other *scale*, then what's my owne? Or sought my selfe, without my selfe, from home? 60

*Pru.* Your Ladyship will pardon me, my fault: If I haue ouer-shot, I'le shoote no more.

*Lad.* Yes shoot againe, good *Pru*, Ile ha' thee shoot, And aime, and hit: I know 'tis loue in thee, And so I doe interpret it. *Pru.* Then madame, 65 I'd craue a farther leaue. *Lad.* Be it to licence, It sha' not want an eare, *Pru*, Say, what is it?

*Pru.* A toy I haue, to raise a little mirth, To the designe in hand. *Lad.* Out with it, *Pru*, If it but chime of mirth. *Pru.* Mine host has, madame, 70 A pretty boy i' the house, a deinty child,

11. i. 44 Yes, but,] Yes, but, O 51 I'le] I le O 55 How] How, O  
56 suddaine?] suddaine, O originally 57 cloathes?] cloathes!  
O originally: Clothes! F3 sentences,] sentences O originally 59  
scale,] scale O originally: Scale F3 61 fault:] fault, O originally, F3  
66 I'd] I'd O, F3 69 it, Pru,] it Pru. O originally, F3

His sonne, and is o' your Ladiships name too, *Frances*,  
 Whom if your Ladiship would borrow of him,  
 And giue me leaue to dresse him, as I would,  
 75 Should make the finest Lady, and kins-woman,  
 To keepe you company, and deceiue my Lords,  
 Vpo' the matter, with a fountaine o' sport.

*Lad.* I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth  
 That it may breed : but is he bold enough,  
 80 The child ? and well assur'd ? *Pru.* As I am, madame,  
 Haue him in no suspicion, more then me.  
 Here comes mine host : will you but please to aske him,  
 Or let me make the motion ? *Lad.* Which thou wilt, *Pru.*

## Act 2. Scene 2.

*Host. Lady. Prudence. Franke.*

Your Ladiship, and all your traine are welcome.

*Lad.* I thank my hearty host. *Host.* So is your Soue-  
 rainty,

Madame, I wish you ioy o' your new gowne.

*Lad.* It should ha' bin, my host, but *Stuffe*, our Taylor,  
 5 Has broke with vs, you shall be o' the counsell.

*Pru.* He will deserue it, madame ; my Lady has heard  
 You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'd see him.

*Lad.* I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him.

*Host.* Your Ladiship shall presently, *Ho. Ser.* <within.>  
 Anone.

10 Bid *Franke* come hither, *Anone*, vnto my Lady.

It is a bashfull child, homely brought vp,

In a rude hostelry. But the light Heart

It is his fathers, and it may be his.

11. i. 72 *Frances*] Francis 1716 79 breed:] breed, *O* originally, F3  
 81 me.] me: *O* originally 11. ii. Enter *Host.* G, continuing the scene  
 2 So] so *O* Souerainty] souerainty *O* originally 4 Taylor,] Taylor *O*  
 6 madame:] madame, *O* 8 him.] him, *O* corr.: him, host. *O*  
 originally: him, Host. F3 9 After 'presently' Goes to the door. G  
 Ho. Ser. Anone.] Ho Ser. Anone. corr. *O*, not in *O* originally 10  
 Anone] anone *O* originally: anon F3 Lady.] Lady, *O* 13 It is]  
 Is *O* originally, F3: Is now W

Here he comes. *Frank* salute my Lady. *Fra.* I doe  
What, madame, I am design'd to by my birth-right, 15  
As heire of the light Heart, bid you, most welcome.

*Lad.* And I beleeeue your most, my prettie boy,  
Being so *emphased* by you. *Fra.* Your Ladiship,  
If you beleeeue it such, are sure to make it.

*Lad.* Pretily answer'd! Is your name *Francis*? *Fra.*  
Yes. 20

*Lad.* I loue mine own the better. *Fra.* If I knew yours,  
I should make haste to doe so too, good madame.

*Lad.* It is the same with yours. *F.* Mine then acknow-  
ledgeth

The lustre it receiues, by being nam'd, after.

*Lad.* You will win vpon me in complement. *Fra.* By  
silence. 25

*Lad.* A modest, and a faire well-spoken-child.

*Hos.* Her Ladiship, shall haue him, soueraigne *Pru*,  
Or what I haue beside : diuide my heart,  
Betweene you and your Lady. Make your vse of it :  
My house is yours, my sonne is yours. Behold, 30  
I tender him to your seruice ; *Franke*, become  
What these braue Ladies would ha' you. Only this,  
There is a chare-woman i' the house, his nurse,  
An Irish woman, I tooke in, a beggar,  
That waits vpon him ; a poore silly foole, 35  
But an impertinent, and sedulous one,  
As euer was : will vex you on all occasions,  
Neuer be off, or from you, but in her sleepe ;  
Or drinke, which makes it. She doth loue him so,  
Or rather doate on him. Now, for her, a shape, 40  
As we may dresse her (and I'll helpe) to fit her,  
With a tuft-taffata cloake, an old *French* hood,

11. ii. 14 After 'comes.' Enter *Frank*. G doe] doe. O originally: do. F3  
15 design'd to] desin'd to doe, O originally: design'd to do, F3 16  
you,] you O originally, F3 17 I] I O originally. your] you  
F3 18 *emphased*] *emphased*, O originally, F3 Ladiship] Ladyship,  
madam W, G ('madame' of l. 20 in the uncorrected copies being tucked in  
at the end of l. 19) 20 Yes. corr. O: Yes madame. O originally: Yes,  
Madam. F3 26 a om. F3 39 drinke,] drinke O

And other pieces, *heterogene* enough.

*Pru.* We ha' brought a standard of apparrell, down,  
45 Because this Taylor fayld vs i' the maine.

*Hos.* She shall aduance the game. *Pru.* About it then.  
And send but *Trundle*, hither, the coachman, to me :

*Hos.* I shall : But *Pru*, let *Louel* ha' faire quarter.

*Pru.* The best. *Lad.* Our Host (me thinks) is very game-  
some !

50 *Pru.* How like you the boy ? *Lad.* A miracle ! *Pru.*  
Good Madame,

But take him in, and sort a sute for him,

Ile giue our *Trundle* his instructions ;

And wayt vpon your Ladiship, i' the instant.

*Lad.* But *Pru*, what shall we call him, when we ha' drest  
him ?

55 *Pr.* My Lady-*No-body*, Any thing, what you wil.

*Lad.* Call him *Lætitia*, by my sisters name,  
And so 'twill minde our mirth too, we haue in hand.

## Act 2. Scene 3.

*Prudence. Trundle.*

Good *Trundle*, you must straight make ready the Coach,

And lead the horses out but halfe a mile,

Into the fields, whether you will, and then

Drue in againe, with the Coach-leaues put downe,

5 At the backe gate, and so to the backe stayres,

As if you brought in some body, to my Lady,

A Kinswoman, that she sent for. Make that answer

If you be askd ; and giue it out i'the house, so.

*Tru.* What trick is this, good Mistrisse Secretary,

10 You'd put vpon vs ? *Pru.* Vs ? Do you speake plurall ?

*Tru.* Me and my mares are vs. *Pru.* If you so ioyne 'hem,

ii. ii. 48 <i>Aside.</i> add G	49 After 'best.' <i>Exit Host.</i> G	50
Madame,] Madame O	55 thing,] thing O	57 'twill] t'will O minde]
mend L. <i>Theobald conj.</i> , G	<i>Exit.</i> add G	ii. iii. Scene] Scene. O
<i>Enter Trundle.</i> G, continuing the scene	7 for.] for, O	10
You'd] You'd O	11 'hem,] 'hem. O	

Elegant *Trundle*, you may vse your figures.

I can but vrge, it is my Ladies seruice.

*Tru.* Good Mistrisse *Prudence*, you can vrge inough.

I know you're Secretary to my Lady, 15

And Mistresse Steward. *Pru.* You'l still be *trundling*,

And ha' your wages stopt, now at the *Audite*.

*Tru.* Tis true, you're Gentlewoman o'the horse too.

Or what you will beside, *Pru*, I do thinke it

My best to'obey you. *Pru.* And I thinke so too, *Trundle.* 20

## Act 2. Scene 4.

*Beaufort. Latimer. Host.*

Why here's returne inough of both our venters,

If we doe make no more discouery. *Lat.* What ?

Then o' this Parasite ? *Bea.* O, he's a deinty one.

The Parasite o'the house. *Lat.* Here comes mine Host.

*Hos.* My Lords, you both are welcome to the Heart. 5

*Bea.* To the light heart we hope. *Lat.* And mery, I  
sweare.

We neuer yet felt such a fit of laughter,

As your glad heart hath offerd vs, sin' we entred.

*Bea.* How came you by this propertie ? *Hos.* Who ?  
my Fly ?

*Bea.* Your Fly if you call him so. *Hos.* Nay, he is that. 10

And will be still. *Beau.* In euery dish and pot ?

*Hos.* In euery cup, and company, my Lords,

A Creature of all liquors, all complexions,

Be the drinke what it will, hee'l haue his sip.

*Lat.* He'is fitted with a name. *Hos.* And he ioyes in't. 15

I had him when I came to take the Inne, here,

Assign'd me ouer, in the Inuentory,

II. iii. 19 it] it: O, F3 20 *Exeunt.* add G II. iv. Act 2.  
Scene 4.] Act. 2. Scene. 4. O: SCENE II. | *Another Room in the*  
*Same.* | *Enter Lord Beaufort and Lord Latimer.* G 2 What] what O  
3 O.] O O originally 4 Here] here O Host] host O originally Enter  
Host. add G 6 mery.] mery O originally: marry F3 9 Who]  
who O 10 Nay] nay O originally 12 cup] Cup O originally, F3  
15 in't.] in't: O



As an old implement, a peice of houshold-stuffe,  
 And so he doth remaine. *Bea.* Iust such a thing,  
 20 We thought him. *Lat.* Is he a scholler? *Hos.* Nothing  
 lesse.

But colours for it, as you see, wear's black :  
 And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne *Latin*,  
 After the Schoole. *Bea.* Of *Stratford* o' the Bow.  
 For *Lillies Latine*, is to him vnknow.

25 *Lat.* What calling ha's he? *Hos.* Only to call in,  
 Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,  
 Bring vp the shot i'the reare, as his owne word is,  
*Bea.* And do's it in the discipline of the house?

As Corporall o'the field, *Maestro del Campo*!

30 *Hos.* And visiter generall, of all the roomes :  
 He ha's form'd a fine *militia* for the Inne, too.

*Bea.* And meanes to publish it? *Hos.* With all his titles.  
 Some call him Deacon *Fly*, some Doctor *Fly*,  
 Some Captaine, some Lieutenant. But my folkes  
 35 Doe call him Quarter-master, [*Fly*,] which he is.

## Act 2. Scene 5.

*Tipto. Host. Flie. Beaufort. Latimer.*

Come Quarter-master *Fly*. *Hos.* Here's one, already,  
 Hath got his Titles. *Tip.* Doctor! *Fly.* Noble Colonel!  
 No Doctor, yet a poore professor of ceremony,  
 Here i' the Inne, retainer to the host,  
 5 I discipline the house. *Tip.* Thou read'st a lecture,  
 Vnto the family here, when is thy day?

11. iv. 20 him.] him, *O originally* 21 see, . . . black :] see: . . .  
 black, *O originally*, F3 24 vnknow] vn-known *O originally*: un-  
 known F3 25, 31 ha's] has' O 25 in.] in, still. *O originally*: in  
 still, F3 29 *Campo*!] *Campo*, *O originally*, F3 30 roomes:] roome,  
*O originally*: Room: F3 31 Inne.] Inne *O originally* 33 Doctor  
*Fly*,] Doctor *Fly*. O 34 Lieutenant] Lieutenant O 35 *Fly*,  
 om. Editor 11. v. Act 2. Scene 5.] Act. 2. Scene. 5. O: Enter  
 colonel *Tipto* and *Fly*. G, continuing the scene. *Beaufort. Latimer.*] L.  
*Bea. L. Lati.* *O originally*: L. *Beaufort*, L. *Latimer*. F3 3 yet a G:  
 yet. A O 5 lecture,] lecture. O 6 thy] the *O originally*

*Fli.* This is the day. *Tip.* I'le heare thee, and ha' thee a  
Doctour,  
Thou shalt be one, thou hast a Doctors looke !  
A face disputatiue, of *Salamanca*.

*Hos.* Who's this ? *Lat.* The glorious Colonel *Tipto*, Host. 10

*Bea.* One talkes vpon his tiptoes, if you'l heare him.

*Tip.* Thou hast good learning in thee, *macte Fly*.

*Fly.* And I say *macte*, to my Colonel.

*Host.* Well *macted* of 'hem both. *Bea.* They are match'd  
i'faith.

*Tip.* But *Fly*, why *macte* ? *Fly.* *Quasi magis aucte*, 15  
My honourable Colonel. *Tip.* What, a *Critique* ?

*Host.* There's another accession, *Critique Fly*.

*Lat.* I feare a taynt here i' the *Mathematiques*.

They say, lines *paralell* doe neuer meet ;  
He has met his *paralell* in wit, and schole-craft. 20

*Bea.* They side, not meet, man, mend your *metaphor*,  
And saue the credit of your *Mathematiques*.

*Tip.* But *Fly*, how cam'st thou to be here, committed  
Vnto this Inne ? *Fly.* Vpon suspicion o' drinke, Sir,  
I was taken late one night, here, with the Tapster, 25  
And the vnder-officers, and so deposited.

*Tip.* I will redeeme thee, *Fly*, and place thee better,  
With a faire Lady. *Fly.* A Lady, sweet Sir *Glorious* !

*Tip.* A Sou'raigne Lady. Thou shalt be the Bird  
To Soueraigne *Pru*, Queene of our sports, her *Fly*, 30  
The *Fly* in houshold, and in ordinary ;  
Bird of her eare, and she shall weare thee there !  
A *Fly* of gold, enamel'd, and a schoole-*Fly*.

*Host.* The schoole, then, are my stables, or the cellar,  
Where he doth study, deeply, at his houres, 35  
Cases of cups, I doe not know how spic'd  
With conscience, for the Tapster, and the Hostler : as  
Whose horses may be cossen'd ? or what lugs  
Fil'd vp with froth ? that is his way of learning.

II. v. 7 and ha'] and I'le ha' O originally, F3 10 Host.] Host, O  
16 What.] What O 21 meet.] meet O 24 Fly.] Fly, O: om. F3  
34 then.] then O

- 40 *Tip.* What antiquated Fether's that, that talkes ?  
*Fly.* The worshipfull host, my patron, M<sup>r</sup>. *Good-stock* :  
 A merry Greke, and cants in Latine, comely,  
 Spins like the parish top. *Tip.* I'll set him vp, then.  
 Art thou the *Dominus* ? *Host.* *Fac-totum* here, Sir.
- 45 *Tip.* Host reall o'the house ? and Cap of Maintenance ?  
*Host.* The Lord o'the light Heart, Sir, *Cap a pie* ;  
 Whereof the Fether is the Embleme, Colonel,  
 Put vp, with the Ace of Hearts ! *Tip.* But why in *Cuerpo* ?  
 I hate to see an host, and old, in *Cuerpo*.
- 50 *Host.* *Cuerpo* ? what's that ? *Tip.* Light, skipping hose  
 and doublet.  
 The horse boyes garbe ! poore blank, and halfe blank *Cuerpo*,  
 They relish not the grauity of an host,  
 Who should be King at Armes, and ceremonies,  
 In his owne house ! know all, to the goldweights.
- 55 *Bea.* Why that his *Fly* doth for him here, your Bird.  
*Tip.* But I would doe it my selfe, were I my Host,  
 I would not speake vnto a Cooke of quality,  
 Your Lordships footman, or my Ladies *Trundle*,  
 In *Cuerpo* ! If a Dog but stayd below
- 60 That were a dog of fashion, and well nos'd,  
 And could present himselfe ; I would put on  
 The *Savoy* chaine about my neck ; the ruffe ;  
 And cuffes of *Flanders* ; then the *Naples* hat ;  
 With the *Rome* hatband ; and the *Florentine* Agate ;
- 65 The *Millan* sword ; the cloake of *Genoa* ; set  
 With *Brabant* buttons ; all my giuen pieces :  
 Except my gloues, the natiues of *Madrid*,  
 To entertaine him in ! and complement  
 With a tame cony, as with a Prince that sent it.
- 70 *Hos.* The same deeds, though, become not euery man.  
 What fits a *Colonel*, will not fit an Host.

*Tip.* Your *Spanish* Host is neuer seen in *Cuerpo*,

ii. v. 62 ruffe:] Ruff F3      63 hat:] Hat, F3      65 *Genoa* :]  
*Genoa* F3      70 man.] man, O originally: man; F3      71 What]  
That O originally, F3, G: That that 1716, W      Host.] host, O originally  
72 Host] host O originally

Without his *Paramento's*, cloake, & sword. *Fli.* Sir,  
He ha's the father of swords within, a long sword  
Blade *cornish*, stil'd, of Sir *Rud Hudibras*. 75

*Tip.* And, why a long sword, bully bird? thy sence?

*Fli.* To note him a tall-man, and a Master of fence:

*Tip.* But doth he teach the *Spanish* way of *Don Lewis*?

*Fli.* No, the Greeke Master he. *Tip.* What cal you him?

*Fli.* *Euclide*.

*Tip.* Fart vpon *Euclide*, he is stale, & antique, 80  
Gi' me the modernes. *Fli.* Sir he minds no modernes,  
Go by, *Hieronymo*! *Tip.* What was he? *Fli.* The *Italian*,  
That plaid with Abbot *Antony*, i'the Friars,  
And *Blinkin-sops* the bold. *Tip.* I mary, those,  
Had fencing names, what are become o' them? 85

*Hos.* They had their times, and we can say, they were.  
So had *Caranza* his: so hath *Don Lewis*.

*Tip.* *Don Lewis* of *Madrid*, is the sole Master  
Now, of the world! *Hos.* But this, o'the other world.  
*Euclide* demonstrates! he! Hee's for all! 90  
The only Fencer of name, now in *Elysium*.

*Fli.* He do's it all, by lines, and angles, *Colonel*,  
By parallels, and sections, has his *Diagrammes*!

*Bea.* Wilt thou be flying, *Fly*? *Lat.* At all, why not?  
The ayre's as free for a fly, as for an *Eagle*. 95

*Bea.* A Buzzard! he is in his contemplation.

*Tip.* *Euclide* a Fencer, and in the *Elysium*!

*Hos.* He play'd a prize, last weeke, with *Archimedes*,  
And beate him, I assure you. *Tip.* Doe you assure me?  
For what? *Hos.* For foure i'the hundred. Gi' me fue, 100  
And I assure you, againe. *Tip.* Host peremptory,

11. v. 73 *Paramento's*,] *Paramento's* O originally, F3 73-5 Sir.  
| He . . . sword | Blade . . . *Hudibras*. corr. O: Sir he has the father |  
Of swords, within a long sword; Blade *cornish* stil'd | Of Sir *Rud Hugh-*  
*dibras*. O originally, F3 76 And, why] And with O originally, F3  
79 What] what O 85 what are] what's O originally, F3: what is G  
87 *Caranza* his] *Caranza*-his O hath] had O originally, F3 89  
world! . . . world.] world. . . world O originally, F3 91 Fencer]  
fencer O originally 92 *Colonel*,] *Colonel*. O originally 96 *Bea.*]  
*Bea* O contemplation.] contemplation! O originally, F3 97 Fencer]  
fencer O originally 99 him.] him O originally, F3 101 Host]  
Host, O peremptory] Peremptory O originally, F3

You may be tane : But where ? whence had you this ?

*Hos.* Vpo' the road, A post, that came from thence,  
Three dayes agoe, here, left it with the Tapster.

105 *Fli.* Who is indeed a thorough-fare of newes,  
*Jack Iug* with the great belly, a witty fellow !

*Hos.* Your Bird here heard him. *Tip.* Did you heare him,  
Bird ?

*Hos.* Speake i'the faith of a flie. *Fli.* Yes, and he told vs,  
Of one that was the Prince of *Oranges* fencer,

110 *Tip.* *Steunus* ? *Fli.* Sir the same, had challeng'd *Euclide*  
At thirty weapons, more then *Archimedes*  
Ere saw, and engines : most of his owne Inuention.

*Tip.* This may haue credit, and chimes reason, this !  
If any man endanger *Euclide*, Bird,

115 Obserue, (that had the honor to quit *Europe*

This forty yeare) 'tis he. He put downe *Scaliger* !

*Fli.* And he was a great Master. *Bea.* Not of fence, *Fly.*

*Tip.* Excuse him, Lord, he went o' the same grounds.

*Bea.* On the same earth I thinke, with other mortals ?

120 *Tip.* I meane, sweet Lord, the *Mathematiques*. *Basta* !  
When thou know'st more, thou wilt take lesse, greene honor.  
He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants——

*Fli.* He writ a booke o'the quadrature o'the Circle.

*Tip.* *Cyclometria*, I read—— *Bea.* The title onely.

125 *Lat.* And *Indice*. *Bea.* If it had one : of that, *quære*.  
What insolent, halfe-witted things, these are ?

*Lat.* So are all smatterers, insolent, and impudent.

*Bea.* They lightly go together. *Lat.* 'Tis my wonder !

Two *Animals* should hawke at all discourse thus !

II. v. 102 tane:] tane, *O* originally, *F3* 105 thorough-fare] thorough  
fare *O* originally 106 great] broken *O* originally, *F3* 107 him,] him *O*  
108 After 'flie.' *Exit.* *G* 109 *Oranges*] *Orange* *G* 111 At . . .  
weapons,] A . . . weapons *O* originally 112 saw, . . . Inuention,]  
saw ; . . . Inuention: *O* originally: saw, . . . Inuention. *F3* engines:]  
Engines; *F3* 115-16 (that . . . yeare)] that . . . yeare, *O* originally, *F3*  
116 'tis] tis *O* *Scaliger* !] *Scaliger.* *O* originally, *F3* 119 mortals;  
Mortals *O* originally, *F3* 123 Circle.] Circle, *O* originally, *F3* 125  
one:] one. *corr.* *O* : one *O* originally, *F3* that, *quære.*] that *quære* *O*  
originally: that *quære*, *F3* 128, 132 'Tis] T'is *O* 128 wonder!]  
wonder *F3* 129 *Animals* *corr.* *O*, *F3*: *animals* *O* originally

Flie euery subiect to the Marke, or retriue—— 130  
*Bea.* And neuer ha' the lucke to be i' the right !  
*Lat.* 'Tis some folkes fortune ! *Bea.* Fortune's a Bawd,  
 And a blind Begger : 'tis their vanity !  
 And shewes most vilely ! *Tip.* I could take the heart, now,  
 To write vnto *Don Lewis*, into *Spaine*, 135  
 To make a progresse to the *Elysian* fields,  
 Next summer—— *Bea.* And perswade him die for fame,  
 Of fencing with a shadow ! Where's mine Host ?  
 I would he had heard this buble breake, i'fayth.

Act 2. Scene 6.

*Host. Tipto. Prudence. Beaufort. Latimer.*

*Franke. Nurse. Lady. Flie. Lovel.*

Make place, stand by, for the Queene Regent, Gentlemen.

*Tip.* This is thy Queen, that shalbe, Bird, our Soueraign.

*Bea.* Translated *Prudence* ! *Pru.* Sweet my Lord, hand  
 off ;

It is not now, as when plaine *Prudence* liu'd,  
 And reach'd her Ladiship—— *Host.* The Chamber-pot. 5

*Pru.* The looking-glasse, mine Host, loose your house  
*Metaphore* !

You haue a negligent memory, indeed ;  
 Speake the host's language. Here's a yong Lord,  
 Will make 't a precedent else. *Lat.* Well acted *Pru.*

*Host.* First minute of her raigne ! what will she doe 10  
 Forty yeare hence ? God blesse her ! *Pru.* If you'll kisse,  
 Or complement, my Lord, behold a Lady,  
 A stranger, and my Ladyes kinswoman.

*Bea.* I doe confesse my rudenesse, that had need  
 To haue mine eye directed to this beauty. 15

*Fra.* It was so little, as it ask'd a *perspicill*.

*Bea.* Lady, your name ? *Fra.* My Lord, it is *Lætitia*.

II. v. 132 'Tis O 134 now.] now. O: now F3 II. vi.  
 Act] Act. O Re-enter Host, with Prudence richly dressed, Frank as a lady,  
 Nurse, and lady Frampul. G, continuing the scene 6 Metaphore!]  
 Metaphore ? O 7 You haue] you'haue O

- Bea.* *Lætitia* ! a faire omen ! And I take it.  
 Let me haue still such *Lettice* for my lips :
- 20 *But* that o' your family, Lady ? *Fra.* Silly, Sir.  
*Bea.* My Ladyes kinswoman ? *Fra.* I am so honour'd.  
*Host.* Already, it takes ! *Lad.* An excellent fine boy.  
*Nur.* He is descended of a right good stock, Sir.  
*Bea.* What's this ? an Antiquary ? *Host.* An Antiquity,  
 25 By th' dresse, you'd sweare ! An old Welsh Heralds  
 widow :
- She's a wild-Irish borne, Sir, and a Hybride,  
 That liues with this yong Lady, a mile off here,  
 And studies *Vincent* against *Yorke*. *Bea.* She'l conquer,  
 If she read *Vincent*. Let me study her.
- 30 *Host.* She's perfect in most pedigrees, most descents :  
*Bea.* A Baud, I hope, and knowes to blaze a coate.  
*Host.* And iudgeth all things with a single eye.  
*Fly,* come you hither ; No discouery  
 Of what you see, to your Colonel *Toe*, or *Tip*, here,  
 35 But keepe all close, tho' you stand i'the way o' preferment,  
 Seeke it, off from the roade ; no flattery for't :  
 No licke-foote, paine of loosing your *proboscis* :  
 My Licorish *Fly*. *Tip.* What sayes old veluet-head ?  
*Fly.* He will present me himselfe, Sir, if you will not.
- 40 *Tip.* Who ? he present ? what ? whom ? An Host ? A  
 Groome ?  
 Diuide the thanks with me ? share in my glories ?  
 Lay vp. I say no more. *Hos.* Then silence, Sir,  
 And heare the sou'raigne. *Tip.* Hostlers ? to vsurpe  
 Vpon my *Sparta* or *Prouince*, as they say ?  
 45 No broome but mine ? *Hos.* Still Colonel, you mutter !  
*Tip.* I dare speake out, as *Cuerpo*. *Fli.* Noble Colonel—  
*Tip.* And carry what I aske—— *Hos.* Ask what you  
 can Sr:  
 So't be i'the house. *Tip.* I ask my rights & priuiledges,

ii. vi. 20 Silly] Syllly W      22 After ' takes ! ' *Aside to Lady F. G*  
 26 borne,] borne! O      30 She's] She s O      31 *Aside.* add G  
 32 eye.] eye, O      38 After 'Fly.' *Aside to Fly. G*      42 silence,] silence O

And though for forme I please to cal't a suit,  
I haue not beene accustomed to repulse. 50

*Pru.* No sweet Sir *Glorious*, you may still command—

*Hos.* And go without. *Pru.* But yet Sir being the first,  
And call'd a suit, you'll looke it shall be such  
As we may grant. *Lad.* It else denies it selfe.

*Pru.* You heare the opinion of the Court. *Tip.* I mind 55  
No Court opinions. *Pru.* 'Tis my Ladies, though.

*Tip.* My Lady is a Spinster, at the Law,  
And my petition is of right. *Pru.* What is it?

*Tip.* It is for this poore learned bird. *Hos.* The *Fly*?

*Tip.* Professour in the Inne, here, of small matters : 60

*Lat.* How he commends him ! *Hos.* As, to saue himselfe  
in him.

*Lad.* So do all *Politiques* in their commendations.

*Hos.* This is a State-bird, and the verier flie ?

*Tip.* Heare him *problematize*. *Pr.* Blesse vs, what's that ?

*Tip.* Or *sylogize*, *elenchize*. *Lad.* Sure, petard's, 65  
To blow vs vp. *Lat.* Some ingenious strong words !

*Hos.* He meanes to erect a castle i' the ayre,  
And make his flie an Elephant to carry it.

*Tip.* Bird of the Arts he is, and *Fly* by name !

*Pru.* *Buz.* *Hos.* Blow him off good *Pru*, they'l mar all else. 70

*Tip.* The Soueraigne's honor is to cherish learning.

*Pru.* What, in a *Fly* ? *Tip.* In any thing industrious.

*Pr.* But Flies are busie ! *Lad.* Nothing more troublesom,  
Or importune ! *Tip.* Ther's nothing more domestick,  
Tame, or familiar then your Flie in *Cuerpo*. 75

*Hos.* That is when his wings are cut, he is tame indeed,  
else

Nothing more impudent, and greedy ; licking :

*Lad.* Or sawcy, good Sir *Glorious*. *Pr.* Leauue your  
Aduocate-ship,

Except that we shall call you Orator Flie,  
And send you downe to the dresser, and the dishes. 80



*Hos.* A good flap, that ! *Pru.* Commit you to the steem !

*Lad.* Or els condemn you to the bottles. *Pr.* And pots.  
There is his quarry. *Hos.* He will chirp, far better,  
Your bird, below. *Lad.* And make you finer *Musique*.

85 *Pru.* His *buz* will there become him. *Tip.* Come away.

*Buz*, in their faces : Giue 'hem all the *Buz*,  
*Dor* in their eares, and eyes, *Hum*, *Dor*, and *Buz* !

I will statuminate and vnderprop thee.

If they scorne vs, let vs scorne them—— Wee'll finde

90 The thorough-fare below, and *Quære* him,  
Leaue these relicts, *Buz* ; they shall see that I,  
Spight of their jeares, dare drinke, and with a Flie.

*Lat.* A faire remoue at once, of two impertinents !

Excellent *Pru* ! I loue thee for thy wit,

95 No lesse then State. *Pru.* One must preserue the other.

*Lad.* Who's here ? *Pru.* O *Lovel*, Madam, your sad  
seruant.

*Lad.* Sad ? he is sollen still, and weares a cloud  
About his browes ; I know not how to approach him.

*Pru.* I will instruct you, madame, if that be all,

100 Goe to him and kisse him. *Lad.* How, *Pru* ? *Pru.* Goe,  
and kisse him,

I doe command it. *Lad.* Th'art not wilde, wench ! *Pru.* No,  
Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your Sou'raigne.

*Lad.* Hath too much brauery made thee mad ? *Pru.*  
Nor proud.

Doe, what I doe enioyne you. No disputing

105 Of my prerogatiue, with a front, or frowne ;

Doe not detrect : you know th'authority

Is mine, and I will exercise it, swiftly,

If you prouoke me. *Lad.* I haue wouen a net

To snare my selfe in ! Sir I am enioyn'd

110 To tender you a kisse ; but doe not know

Why, or wherefore, onely the pleasure royall

11. vi. 92 *Exeunt Tipto and Fly.* add G After 95 *Enter Lovel. G*  
97 sollen] sullen F3 106 detrect] detract F3 109 After 'Sir'  
To Lovel. G

Will haue it so, and vrges— Doe not you  
Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forc't thus.  
There 'tis. *Lov.* And welcome. Was there euer kisse  
That relish'd thus ! or had a sting like this, 115  
Of so much *Nectar*, but, with *Aloës* mixt.

*Pru.* No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.

*Lov.* It had, me thinks, a *quintessence* of either,  
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.  
How soone it pass'd away ! how vnrecovered ! 120  
The distillation of another soule

Was not so sweet ! and till I meet againe,  
That kisse, those lips, like relish, and this taste,  
Let me turne all, consumption, and, here waste.

*Pru.* The royall assent is past, and cannot alter. 125

*Lad.* You'l turne a Tyran. *Pru.* Be not you a Rebelle,  
It is a name is alike-odious.

*Lad.* You'l heare me ? *Pru.* No, not o' this argument.  
Would you make lawes, and be the first that break 'hem ?  
The example is pernicious in a subiect, 130  
And of your quality, most. *Lat.* Excellent Princesse !

*Host.* Iust Queene ! *Lat.* Braue Sou'raigne ! *Host.* A  
she-Traian ! this !

*Bea.* What is't ? Proceede, incomparable *Pru* !  
I am glad I am scarce at leasure to applaud thee.

*Lat.* It's well for you, you haue so happy expressions. 135

*Lad.* Yes, cry her vp, with acclamations, doe,  
And cry me downe, runne all with soueraignty :  
Prince *Power* will neuer want her *Parasites*.

*Pru.* Nor *Murmure* her pretences : Master *Lovel*,  
For so your libell here, or bill of complaint, 140  
Exhibited, in our high Court of Sou'raignty,  
At this first hower of our raigne, declares  
Against this noble Lady, a dis-respect  
You haue conceiu'd, if not receiu'd, from her.

II. vi. 114 After "'tis." Kisses him. G 116 *Aside.* add G 124  
all,] all F3 *Aside.* add G. 128 o'] on G 132 Sou'raigne !]  
Sou'raigne. O 133 Proceede,] Proceede O

- 145 *Host.* Receiued, so the charge lies in our bill.  
*Pru.* We see it, his learned Councell, leaue your planing.  
 We that doe loue our iustice, aboue all  
 Our other Attributes ; and haue the nearnesse,  
 To know your extraordinary merit ;
- 150 As also to discern this Ladyes goodnesse ;  
 And finde how loth shee'd be, to lose the honour,  
 And reputation, she hath had, in hauing .  
 So worthy a seruant, though but for few minutes——  
 Do here enioyne. *Hos.* Good ! *Pru.* Charge, will, & command
- 155 Her Ladiſhip, pain of our high displeasure  
 And the committing an extreame contempt,  
 Vnto the Court, our crowne and dignity.  
*Host.* Excellent Soueraigne ! And egregious *Pru* !  
*Pru.* To entertaine you for a payre of howres,
- 160 (Choose, when you please, this day) with all respects,  
 And valuation of a principall seruant,  
 To giue you all the titles, all the priuiledges,  
 The freedoms, fauours, rights, she can bestow.  
*Hos.* Large, ample words, of a braue latitude !
- 165 *Pru.* Or can be expected, from a Lady of honor,  
 Or quality, in discourse, accesse, addresse. (*Hos.* Good.)  
*Pru.* Not to giue eare, or admit conference  
 With any person but your selfe. Nor there,  
 Of any other argument, but loue,
- 170 And the companion of it, gentile courtship.  
 For which your two howres seruice, you shall take  
 Two kisses. *Hos.* Noble ! *Pru.* For each howre, a kisse,  
 To be tane freely, fully, and legally ;  
 Before vs ; in the Court here, & our presence. *Hos.* Rare !
- 175 *Pru.* But those howres past, and the two kisses paid,  
 The binding caution is, neuer to hope.  
 Renewing of the time, or of the suit,  
 On any circumstance. *Hos.* A hard condition !  
*Lat.* Had it beene easier, I should haue suspected

The sou'raignes iustice. *Hos.* O you are seruant, 180  
My Lord, vnto the Lady, and a Riual:

In point of law, my Lord, you may be challeng'd.

*Lat.* I am not iealous! *Host.* Of so short a time  
Your Lor(d)ship needs not, and being done, *in foro.*

*Pru.* What is the answer? *Host.* He craues respite,  
madame, 185

To aduise with his learned Councell. *Pru.* Be you he,  
And goe together quickly. *Lad.* You are, no Tyran?

*Pru.* If I be madam, you were best appeale me!

*Lat.* *Beaufort*— *Bea.* I am busie, pr'ythee let me alone:  
I haue a cause in hearing too. *Lat.* At what Barre? 190

*Bea.* Lou(e)'s Court o' Requests! *Lat.* Bring't into the  
Souerainty:

It is the nobler Court, afore Iudge *Pru.*  
The only learned mother of the Law!

And Lady o' conscience, too! *Bea.* 'Tis well enough  
Before this mistresse of Requests, where it is. 195

*Host.* Let 'hem not scorne you. Beare vp master *Lovel*,  
And take your howres, and kisses, They are a fortune.

*Lov.* Which I cannot approue, and lesse make vse of.

*Host.* Still i' this cloud! why cannot you make vse of?

*Lov.* Who would be rich to be so soone vndone? 200  
The beggars best is wealth, he doth not know:  
And, but to shew it him, inflames his want:

*Host.* Two howers at height? *Lov.* That ioy is too too  
narrow,

Would bound a loue, so infinite as mine:  
And being past, leaues an eternall losse. 205

Who so prodigiously affects a feast,  
To forfeit health, and appetite, to see it?  
Or but to taste a spoone-full, would forgoe  
All gust of delicacy euer after?

*Host.* These, yet, are houres of hope. *Lov.* But all houres  
following 210

Yeares of despaire, ages of misery !  
 Nor can so short a happinesse, but spring  
 A world of feare, with thought of loosing it ;  
 Better be neuer happy, then to feele

215 A litt(l)e of it, and then loose it euer.

*Host.* I doe confesse, it is a strict iniunction ;  
 But, then the hope is, it may not be kept.  
 A thousand things may interuene. We see  
 The winde shift often, thrice a day, sometimes ;

220 Decrees may alter vpon better motion,  
 And riper hearing. The best bow may start,  
 And th'hand may vary. *Pru* may be a sage  
 In Law, and yet not soure ; sweet *Pru*, smooth *Pru*,  
 Soft, *debonaire*, and amiable *Pru*,

225 May doe as well as rough, and rigid *Pru* ;  
 And yet maintayne her, venerable *Pru*,  
*Maiestique Pru*, and *Serenissimous Pru*.  
 Trie but one hower first, and as you like  
 The loose o'that, draw home and prove the other.

230 *Lov.* If one howre could, the other happy make,  
 I should attempt it. *Hos.* Put it on : and doe.

*Lov.* Or in the blest attempt that I might die !

*Hos.* I mary, there were happinesse indeed ;  
 Transcendent to the Melancholy, meant.

235 It were a fate, aboue a monument,  
 And all inscription, to die so. A Death  
 For Emperours to enioy ! And the Kings  
 Of the rich East, to pawne their regions for ;  
 To s(h)ow their treasure, open all their mines,  
 240 Spend all their spices to embalme their corps,  
 And wrap the inches vp in sheets of gold,  
 That fell by such a noble destiny !

And for the wrong to your friend, that feare's away,  
 He rather wrongs himselfe, following fresh light,  
 245 New eies to sweare by. If Lord *Beaufort* change,

It is no crime in you to remaine constant.

And vpon these conditions, at a game

So vrg'd vpon you. *Pru.* Sir your resolution——

*Hos.* How is the Lady affected? *Pru.* Sou'raignes vse  
not

To aske their subiects suffrage where 'tis due ; 250

But where conditionall. *Host.* A royall Sou'raigne !

*Lat.* And a rare States-woman. I admire her bearing  
In her new regiment. *Host.* Come choose your houres,  
Better be happy for a part of time,

Then not the whole : and a short part, then neuer. 255

Shall I appoint 'hem, pronounce for you? *Low.* Your  
pleasure.

*Host.* Then he designs his first houre after dinner ;  
His second after supper. Say yee? Content?

*Pru.* Content. *Lad.* I am content. *Lat.* Content. *Fra.*  
Content.

*Bea.* What's that? I am content too. *Lat.* You haue  
reason, 260

You had it on the by, and we obseru'd it.

*Nur.* Trot I am not content : in fait' I am not.

*Host.* Why art not thou content, Good *Shelee-nien*?

*Nur.* He tauk so desperate, and so debausht,  
So baudy like a Courtier, and a Lord, 265  
God blesse him, one that tak'th Tobacco. *Host.* Very well  
mixt.

What did he say? *Nur.* Nay, nothing to the purpossh,  
Or very little, nothing at all to purpossh.

*Host.* Let him alone, Nurse. *Nur.* I did tell him of *Serly*  
Was a great family come out of *Ireland*, 270  
Descended of *O Neale*, *Mac Con*, *Mac Dermot*,  
*Mac Murrough*, but he mark'd not. *Host.* Nor doe I,  
Good Queene of Heralds, ply the bottle, and sleepe.

## Act 3. Scene 1.

*Tipto. Flie. Iug. Peirce. Iordan. Ferret. Trundle. <Peck.>*

I like the plot of your *Militia*, well !

It is a fine *Militia*, and well order'd !

And the diuision's neat ! 'Twill be desir'd

Only, the'expressions were a little more *Spanish* :

5 For there's the best *Militia* o' the world !

To call 'hem *Tertias*. *Tertia* of the kitchin,

The *Tertia* of the cellar, *Tertia* of the chamber,

And *Tertia* of the stables. *Fly*. That I can, Sir,

And find out very able, fit commanders,

10 In euery *Tertia*. *Tip*. Now you are i' the right !

As i' the *Tertia* o' the kitchin, your selfe

Being a person, elegant in sawces,

There to command, as prime *Maestro del Campo*,

Chiefe Master of the palate, for that *Tertia* :

15 Or the Cooke vnder you, 'cause you are the Marshall ;

And the next officer i' the field, to the Host.

Then for the cellar, you haue young *Anone*,

Is a rare fellow, what's his other name ?

*Fly*. *Pierce*, Sir. *Tip*. Sir *Pierce*, I'll ha' him a Cauallier.

20 Sir *Pierce Anon*, will pierce vs a new hogs-head !

And then your thorow-fare, *Iug* here, his *Alferez* :

An able officer, gi[u]'me thy beard, round *Iug*,

I take thee by this handle, and doe loue

One of thy inches ! I' the chambers, *Iordan*, here !

25 He is the *Don, del Campo* o' the beds.

And for the stables, what's his name ? *Fly*. Old *Peck*.

*Tip*. *Maestro del Campo*, *Peck* ! his name is *curt*,

A monosyllabe, but commands the horse well.

*Fly*. O, in an *Inne*, Sir, we haue other horse,

30 Let those troopes rest a while. Wine is the horse,

That wee must charge with here. *Tip*. Bring vp the troopes,

Or call, sweet *Fly*, 'tis an exact *Militia*,

III. i] *A Lower Room in the Inn.* | *Enter col. Tipto, Fly, and Jug.* G  
9 commanders,] commanders. O 26 Old] old O 32 call,] call O

And thou an exact professor, *Lipsius Fly*,  
 Thou shalt be cal'd, and *Iouse* : *Iack Ferret*, welcome,  
 Old Trench-master, and *Colonel* o' the *Pyoners*, 35  
 What canst thou bolt vs now ? a Coney ? or two  
 Out of *Thom* : *Trundles* burrow, here, the Coach ?  
 This is the master of the carriages !  
 How is thy driuing *Thom* : good, as 'twas ?  
*Tru*. It serues my Lady, and our officer *Pru*. 40  
 Twelue mile an houre ! *Thom* has the old trundle still.  
*Tip*. I am taken with the family, here, fine fellows !  
 Viewing the muster roll. *Tru*. They are braue men !  
*Fer*. And of the *Fly*-blowne discipline all, the Quarter-  
 master !  
*Tip*. The *Fly*'s a rare bird, in his profession ! 45  
 Let's sip a priuate pinte with him, I would haue him  
 Quit this light signe of the light heart, my bird :  
 And lighter house. It is not for his tall  
 And growing grauity so Cedar-like,  
 To be the second to an Host in *Cuerpo*, 50  
 That knowes no *elegancies*—vse his owne  
*Dictamen*, and his *Genius*, I would haue him  
 Flie high, and strike at all. Heer's yong *Anone*, too.  
*Pei*. What wine is't Gentlemen, white or claret ? *Tip*.  
 White,  
 My briske *Anone*. *Pei*. I'le draw you *Iuno*'s milke 55  
 That died the Lilies, Colonel. *Tip*. Do so *Peirce*.  
*Pec*. A plague of all Iades, what a clap he has gi'n me ?  
*Fli*. Why how now Cossen ? *Tip*. Who is that ? *Fer*.  
 The Hostler.  
*Fli*. What ayl'st thou Cossen *Peck* ? *Pec*. O me, my  
 hanches !  
 As sure as you liue, Sir, he knew perfectly 60

III. i. 34 After '*Iouse*' Enter *Ferret* and *Trundle*. G 39 'twas]  
 twas O 42 fellows!] fellows? O 51 *elegancies*—] *elegancies*, O  
 53 After 'all.' Enter *Pierce*. G 54-5 White.] White. O White, |  
 My . . . milke. G's arrangement: claret? | *Tip*. White. . . . *Anone*. | *Pei*.  
 Ile . . . milke O 56 After 'Colonel.' Exit. G After '*Peirce*.' Enter  
*Peck*. G 58 Who is] Who's O *Fer*. . . . Hostler. a separate line  
 in O 59 After '*Peck*?' Takes him aside. G



I meant to Cossin him. He did leere so on me,  
 And then he sneerd. As who would say, take heed S<sup>r</sup>ah,  
 And when he saw our halfe-pecke, which you know  
 Was but an old court-dish, Lord how he stamp't !  
 65 I thought, 't had beene for ioy. When suddainly  
 He cuts me a backe caper with his heeles,  
 And takes me iust o'the crouper. Downe come I  
 And my whole ounce of oates ! Then he neighed out,  
 As if he had a Mare by the tayle. *Fli.* Troth Cossin,  
 70 You are to blame to vse the poore dumbe Christians,  
 So cruelly, defraud 'hem o' their *dimensum*.  
 Yonder's the Colonels horse (there I look'd in)  
 Keeping our Ladies Eue ! The diuell a bit  
 He ha's got, sin'e he came in yet ! There he stands,  
 75 And lookes and lookes, but 'tis your pleasure, Cosse,  
 He should looke leane enough. *Pec.* He ha's hay before  
 him.

*Fli.* Yes, but as grosse as hempe, and assoone will choake  
 him,

Vnlesse he eat it butter'd. H'had foure shoes,  
 And good ones, when he came in : It is a wonder,  
 80 With standing still he should cast three. *Pec.* Troth Quarter-  
 Master,

This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts  
 Our standing manners quickly : Once a weeke,  
 I meet with such a brush to mollifie me.  
 Sometimes a brace, to awake my Conscience,  
 85 Yet still, I sleepe securely. *Fli.* Cossin *Peck*,  
 You must vse better dealing, fayth you must.

*Pec.* Troth, to giue good example, to my successors,  
 I could be well content to steale but two girths,  
 And now and then a saddle-cloth, change a bridle,  
 90 For exercise : and stay there. *Fli.* If you could,  
 There were some hope, on you, Cosse. But the fate is,

III. i. 62 say,] say O      71 *dimensum.*] *dimensum*, O      74 sin'e ]  
 sin' F3      75 'tis] t'is O      76 *Pec.* . . . him. a separate line in O  
 89 saddle-cloth] *hyphen faint in O*      90 could,] could O      91 is,] is O

You're drunke so early, you mistake whole Saddles :  
Sometimes a horse. *Pec.* I there's— *Fli.* The wine,  
come Cosse,

Ile talk with you anone. *Pec.* Doe, loose no time,  
Good Quarter-Master. *Tip.* There are the horse, come,  
*Flie.*

95

*Fli.* Charge, in Boyes, in ; Lieutenant o' the ordinance,  
Tobacco, & pipes. *Tip.* Who's that ? Old *Jordan*, good !  
A comely vessell, and a necessary.

New-scour'd he is : Here's to thee, Martiall *Fly.*

In milke, my yong *Anone* sayes. *Pei.* Cream o' the grape ! 100  
That drop't from *Iuno's* breasts, and sprung the Lilly!

I can recite your fables, *Fly.* Here is, too,

The blood of *Venus*, mother o' the Rose !

*Ior.* The dinner is gone vp. *Iug.* I heare the whistle.

*Ior.* I, and the fidlers. We must all goe waite. 105

*Pei.* Pox o'this waiting, Quarter Master *Fly.*

*Fly.* When Chambermaids are soueraignes, waite their  
Ladies.

*Fly* scornes to breath— *Pec.* Or blow vpon them, he.

*Pei.* Old Parcel *Peck* ! Art thou there ? how now ?  
lame ?

*Pec.* Yes faith : it is ill halting afore criples, 110  
I ha' got a dash of a lade, here, will stick by me.

*Pei.* O you haue had some phant'sie, fellow *Peck* ;  
Some reuelation— *Pec.* What ? *Pei.* To steale the hay,  
Out o' the racks againe : *Fly.* I told him so,  
When the ghests backs were turn'd. *Pei.* Or bring his  
peck, 115

The bottome vpwards, heap'd with oates ; and cry,  
Here's the best measure vpon all the roade ! when

III. i. 93 After 'there's' Re-enter *Pierce* with wine. G 93-5 Verse  
re-arranged by W: in O Sometimes . . . there's— | *Fli.* The . . . anone. |  
*Pec.* Doe. . . Master. | *Tip.* There . . . Flie. 94 After 'anone.'  
*They come forward.* G 95 Good] good O *Flie*] *Flie* O 96 After 'in ;'  
*Enter Jordan.* G 97 that ? . . . good ] that ? *Fly.* Old *Jordan.* *Tip.*  
*Good.* W conj. 99 Martiall] marshal G 100 After 'sayes.'  
*Drinks.* G 102 *Fly.*] *Fly.* O 103 Music within. add G 106  
Master] Master, O 108 Or] or O 115 peck.] peck O

You know the ghest, put in his hand, to feele,  
 And smell to the oates, that grated all his fingers  
 120 Vpo' the wood— *Pec.* Mum! *Pei.* And found out your  
 cheat.

*Pec.* I ha' bin i'the cellar, *Peirce.* *Pei.* You were then,  
 there,

Vpo' your knees; I doe remember it:  
 To ha' the fact conceald. I could tell more,  
 Soping of saddles, cutting of horse tailes,  
 125 And cropping—pranks of ale, and hostelry—

*Fly.* Which he cannot forget, he sayes, yong *Knight*:  
 No more then you can other deeds of darknesse,  
 Done i' the cellar. *Tip.* Well said, bold professor.

*Fer.* We shall ha' some truth explain'd. *Pei.* We are all  
 mortall,

130 And haue our visions. *Pec.* Truly it seemes to me  
 That euery horse has his whole peck, and tumbles  
 Vp to the eares in littour, *Fly.* When, indeed,  
 There's no such matter; not a smell of prouander.

*Fer.* Not so much straw as would tie vp a horse-taile!

135 *Fly.* Nor any thing i'the rack, but two old cobwebs!  
 And so much rotten hay, as had beene a hens nest!

*Tru.* And yet he's euer apt to sweepe the mangers!

*Fer.* But puts in nothing. *Pei.* These are fits, and fancies,  
 Which you must leaue, good *Peck.* *Fly.* And you must pray

140 It may be reueal'd to you, at some-times,  
 Whose horse you ought to cosen; with what conscience;  
 The how; and when; a Parsons horse may suffer—

*Pei.* Who's master's double benefic'd; put in that.

*Fly.* A little greasing i'the teeth; 'tis wholesome:

145 And keepes him in a sober shuffle. *Pei.* His saddle too  
 May want a stirrop. *Fly.* And, it may be sworne,  
 His learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.

*Pec.* They haue euer oates i' their cloake-bags, to affront  
 vs.

*Fly.* And therefore 'tis an office meritorious,

III. i. 118 know . . . ghest,] know, the guest G      132 indeed,] indeed O

To tith such soundly. *Pei.* And a graziers may, 150  
*Fer.* O they are pinching puckfists ! *Tru.* And suspicious.  
*Pei.* Suffer before the masters face, sometimes.  
*Fly.* He shall thinke he sees his horse eate halfe a bushell,  
*Pei.* When the slight is, rubbing his gummes with salt,  
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble, 155  
Like an old woman that were chewing brawne,  
And drop 'hem out againe. *Tip.* Well argued, Cauallier.  
*Fly.* It may doe well : and goe for an example :  
But Cosse, haue care of vnderstanding horses,  
Horses with angry heeles, Nobility horses, 160  
Horses that know the world ; let them haue meat  
Till their teeth ake ; and rubbing till their ribbes  
Shine like a wenchs forehead. They are Diuels else  
Will looke into your dealings. *Pec.* For mine own part,  
The next I cossen o' the pampred breed, 165  
I wish he may be found'red. *Fli.* Foun-der-ed.  
Prolate it right. *Pec.* And of all foure, I wish it,  
I loue no crouper complements. *Pei.* Whose horse was it ?  
*Pec.* Why, M<sup>r</sup> Bursts. *Pei.* Is *Bat Burst* come ? *Pec.* An  
howre  
He has beene heere. *Tip.* What *Burst* ? *Pei.* Mas. *Bartol-*  
*mew Burst.* 170  
One that hath beene a Citizen, since a Courtier,  
And now a Gamester. Hath had all his whirls,  
And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,  
Once a *Bat*, and euer a *Bat* ! a Rere-mouse,  
And Bird o' twilight, he has broken thrice. 175  
*Tip.* Your better man, the *Geno'way* Prouerbe say's,  
Men are not made of steele. *Pei.* Nor are they bound  
Alwayes to hold. *Fli.* Thrice honourable Colonel !  
Hinges will crack—— *Tip.* Though they be Spanish  
iron.

*Pei.* He is a merchant still, Aduenturer, 180

III. i. 150 may.] may O 157 argued, Cauallier.] argued Cauallier, O  
166 Founder-ed G: Foun-de-red O 169-70 Verse re-arranged by  
G: in O, Pec. Why . . . come ? | Pec. An . . . heere. | Tip. What . . .  
Burst. 170 Mas.] Mas, O: query, omit 'Mas.'

At in, and in : and is our thorough-fares friend.

*Tip.* Who ? *Iugs ?* *Pei.* The same : and a fine gentleman

Was with him ! *Pec.* M<sup>r</sup> *Huffle.* *Pei.* Who ? *Hodge Huffle ?*

*Ti.* What's he ? *Pei.* A cheater, & another fine gentleman,

185 A friend o'the Chamberlaynes ! *Iordans !* M<sup>r</sup> *Huffle.*

He is *Bursts* protection. *Fli.* Fights, and vapors for him.

*Pei.* He will be drunk so ciuilly—— *Fli.* So discreetly——

*Pei.* And punctually ! iust at his houre. *Fli.* And then, Call for his *Iordan*, with that *hum* and state,

190 As if he piss'd the *Politiques !* *Pei.* And sup

With his tuft-taffata night-geere, heere, so silently !

*Fli.* Nothing but Musique ! *Pei.* A dozen of bawdy songs.

*Tip.* And knowes the Generall this ? *Fl.* O no, S<sup>t</sup>. *Dormit,*

*Dormit Patronus*, still, the master sleepes.

195 They'll steale to bed. *Pei.* In priuate Sir, and pay

The Fidlers with that modesty, next morning.

*Fli.* Take a *disiune* of muscadell, and egges !

*Pei.* And packe away i' their trundling cheats, like *Gipsies !*

*Tru.* Mysteries, mysteries, *Ferret.* *Fer.* I, we see, *Trundle*,  
200 What the great Officers, in an Inne, may doe ;

I doe not say the Officers of the Crowne,

But the light heart. *Tip.* I'll see the *Bat*, and *Huffle.*

*Fer.* I ha' some busines Sir, I craue your pardon——

*Tip.* What ? *Fer.* To be sober. *Tip.* Pox, goe get you gone then.

205 *Trundle* shall stay. *Tru.* No, I besech you Colonel,

Your Lordship ha's a minde to bee drunke priuate,

III. I. 183 *Huffle ?* *Huffle.* O originally 195 pay] pay, O 197  
*disiune*] *dejeune W* 198 *Gipsies* ? *Gipsies ?* O 199 I.] I O  
200 Inne.] Inne O 201 Crowne.] Crowne O 204 After 'sober.'  
*Exit.* G 205 No.] No O

With these braue Gallants ; I will step aside  
Into the stables, and salute my Mares.

*Pei.* Yes doe : and sleepe with 'hem, let him go—base  
whip-stocke.

Hee's as drunke as a fish now, almost as dead.

210

*Tip.* Come, I will see the flicker mouse, my Flie.

### Act 3. Scene 2.

*Prudence* vs her'd by the *Host*, takes her seat of Iudica-  
ture, *Nurse*, *Franke*, the two Lords *Beaufort*, and  
*Latimer*, assist of the Bench : The *Lady* and  
*Louel* are brought in, and sit on the  
two sides of the stage, confront-  
ing each the other.

⟨*Jug. Iordan.*⟩ *Ferret.* *Trundle.* ⟨*Musicians.*⟩

*Pru.* Heere set the hower ; but first produce the parties :  
And cleere the court. The time is now of price.

*Hos.* *Jug*, get you down, and *Trundle* get you vp,  
You shall be Crier. *Ferret* here, the Clearke.

*Iordan*, smell you without, till the Ladies call you ;  
Take down the Fidlers too, silence that noyse,  
Deepe, i' the cellar, safe. *Pru.* Who keepes the watch ?

*Hos.* Old *Sheelinin* heere, is the Madame Tel-clocke.

*Nur.* No fait and trot, sweet Maister, I shall sleep ;  
I fait, I shall. *Bea.* I pr'y thee, doe then, *Schrich-  
Owle.*

10

She brings to mind the fable o' the Dragon,  
That kept the *Hesperian* fruit. Would I could charme  
her.

*Hos.* *Trundle* will do it with his *hum*. Come *Trundle*.  
Precede him *Ferret*, i' the forme.

III. i. 208 *Exit.* add G      211 *Exeunt.* add G      III. ii. SCENE II. |  
*Another Room in the Same, furnished as a Tribunal, etc.* | *Music.* Enter  
*the Host, ushering Prudence, who takes her seat of judicature, assisted by  
Lord Beaufort and Lord Latimer ; the Nurse, Frank, Jug, Iordan, Trundle,  
and Ferret.* G      7 After 'safe.' *Exeunt Jug, Iordan, and Musicians.* G

15 *Fer. Oyez, oyez, oyez.*

Whereas there hath beene awarded,  
By the Queene Regent of Loue,  
In this high court of soueraignty,  
Two speciall howers of addresse,  
20 To *Herebert Lovel*, appellant,  
Against the Lady *Frampul*, defendant,  
*Herebert Lovel*, Come into the Court,  
Make challenge to thy first hower,  
And saue thee, and thy bayle.

*Tru. Oyez, &c.*

Whereas, &c.  
By the Qu. &c.  
In this high, &c.  
Two speciall, &c.  
To *Herebert*, &c.  
Against the, &c.  
*Herebert Lov.* &c.  
Make, &c.  
And saue, &c.

*<Enter Lovel.>*

25 *Hos. Loe*, louting where he comes into the Court !  
Clarke of the sou'raignty take his apparance.  
And how accoutred, how design'd he comes !

*Fer. 'Tis done.* Now Crier, call the Lady *Frampul*,  
And by the name of,

30 *Francis*, Lady *Frampul*, defendant,  
Come into the Court,  
Make answer to the award,  
And saue thee, and thy bayle.

*Tru. Francis, &c.*  
Come into the, &c.  
Make answer, &c.  
And saue thee, &c.

*Enter Lady.*

*Hos.* She makes a noble, and a iust apparance.

35 Set it downe likewise, and how armd she comes.

*Pru.* Vsher of Loues Court, giue 'hem their oath,  
According to the forme, vpon Loue's *Missal*.

*Hos.* Arise, and lay your hands, vpon the Booke.

*Herebert Lovel* Appellant, and Lady *Frances Frampul*,

40 Defendant, you shall sweare vpon the Liturgie of Loue,  
*Ouid de arte amandi*, that you neither haue, ne will haue, nor  
in any wise beare about you, thing, or things, pointed, or  
blunt, within these lists, other than what are naturall, and

III. ii. 15, 50 *Oyez, oyez, oyez*] *O yes, O yes, O yes* F3 *Oyez, &c.*] *O yez, &c.* O 16 *As Ferret proclaims, Trundle repeats after him, at the breaks here, and through the rest of this scene.* G 20 *Herebert*] *Herbert W.* G 21 defendant,] defendant some copies of O After 24 *Enter Lovel, and ranges himself on the one side.* G 28 *'Tis*] *T's O, F3* 33 *St. dir. Enter*] *Enter O Lady.*] *Lady O Enter Lady Frampul, and takes her place on the other side.* G 36 *'hem*] *them both G oath,] oath. O* 42 *wise*] *The i faint or missing in O*

allow'd by the Court : No enchanted Armes, or weapons,  
Stones of vertue, *Herbe of Grace*, Charme, Character, Spel, 45  
Philtre, or other power, then *Loues* only, and the iustnesse  
of your cause. So helpe you Loue, his Mother, and the con-  
tents of this Booke : Kisse it. Returne vnto your seats.  
Crier bid silence.

*Tru. Oyez. Oyez. Oyez.*

50

*Fe.* I'the name o'the Soueraigne of | *Tru.* I'the &c.

Loue

Notice is giuen by the Court,

Notice is &c.

To the Appellant, and Defendant,

To the Ap. &c.

That the first houre of addresse proceeds.

That the &c.

And *Loue* saue the Soueraigne.

And *Loue* &c. 55

*Tru.* Euery man, or woman keep silence paine of im-  
prisonment.

*Pru.* Do your endeouours, in the name of *Loue*.

*Lov.* To make my first approaches, then, in loue.

*Lad.* Tell vs what *Loue* is, that we may be sure

There's such a thing, and that it is in nature. 60

*Lov.* Excellent Lady, I did not expect

To meet an Infidell ! much lesse an Atheist !

Here in *Loue's* lists ! of so much vnbeleefe !

To raise a question of his being—— *Host.* Well-charg'd !

*Lov.* I rather thought, and, with religion, thinke, 65

Had all the character of loue beene lost,

His lines, demensions, and whole signature

Raz'd, and defac'd, with dull humanity :

That both his nature, and his essence might

Haue found their mighty instauration here, 70

Here where the confluence of faire, and good,

Meets to make vp all beauty. For, what else

Is *Loue*, but the most noble, pure affection

Of what is truly beautifull, and faire ?

Desire of vnion with the thing beloued ? 75

III. ii. 46 iustnesse] iustneste O

48 After 'it.' *Lov.* kisses the

book. G 49 silence.] silence, O

55 *Loue* &c.] loue &c. O

58 loue] *Loue* F3

66 character] characters W



(*Beau.* Haue the assistants of the Court their votes,  
And writ of priuiledge, to speake them freely ?

*Pru.* Yes, to assist ; but not to interrupt.

*Bea.* Then I haue read somewhere, that man and woman  
80 Were, in the first creation, both one piece,  
And being cleft asunder, euer since,  
Loue was an appetite to be reioyn'd.

As for example—— *Nur.* *Cramo-cree !* what meansh' tou ?

*Bea.* Only, to kisse, and part. *Hos.* So much is lawfull.

85 *Lat.* And stands with the prerogatiue of loues Court !

*Lou.* It is a fable of *Plato's*, in his Banquet,  
And vtter'd, there, by *Aristophanes*.

*Hos.* 'Twas well remembred here, and to good vse.)  
But on with your description, what *Loue* is.

90 Desire of vnion with the thing belou'd.

*Lou.* I meant a definition. For I make  
The efficient cause, what's beautifull, and faire.  
The formall cause, the appetite of vnion.  
The finall cause, the vnion it selfe.

95 But larger, if you'l haue it, by description,  
It is a flame, and ardor of the minde,  
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in anothers :  
Trans-ferres the Louer into the Loued.

The he, or she, that loues, engraues, or stamps  
100 Th' *Idea* of what they loue, first in themselues :  
Or, like to glasses, so their mindes take in  
The formes of their belou'd, and them reflect.  
It is the likenesse of affections,  
Is both the parent, and the nurse of loue.

105 Loue is a spirituall coupling of two soules,  
So much more excellent, as it least relates  
Vnto the body ; circular, eternall ;  
Not fain'd, or made, but borne : And then, so pretious,  
As nought can value it, but it selfe. So free,  
110 As nothing can command it, but it selfe.

And in it selfe, so round, and liberall,  
As where it fauours, it bestowes it selfe.

(*Bea.* And, that doe I ; here my whole selfe, I tender,  
According to the practise o'the Court.

*Nur.* I, 'tish a naughty practish, a lewd practish, 115  
Be quiet man, dou shalt not leip her, here.

*Bea.* Leape her ? I lip her, foolish Queene at Armes,  
Thy blazon's false : wilt thou blaspheme thine office ?)

*Lov.* But, we must take, and vnderstand this loue  
Along still, as a name of dignity ; 120  
Not pleasure. (*Hos.* Mark you that, my light yong Lord ?)

*Lov.* True loue hath no vnworthy thought, no light,  
Loose, vn-becoming appetite, or straine,  
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

(*Bea.* I relish not these *philosophicall* feasts ; 125  
Giue me a banquet o' sense, like that of *Ouid* :  
A forme, to take the eye ; a voyce, mine eare ;  
Pure *aromatiques*, to my sent ; a soft,  
Smooth, deinty hand, to touch ; and, for my taste,  
*Ambrosiack* kisses, to melt downe the palat.) 130

*Lov.* They are the earthly, lower forme of louers,  
Are only taken with what strikes the senses !  
And loue by that loose scale. Although I grant,  
We like, what's faire and gracefull in an obiect,  
And (true) would vse it, in the all we tend to, 135  
Both of our ciuill, and domestick deedes.  
In ordering of an army, in our style,  
Apparell, gesture, building, or what not ?  
All arts, and actions doe affect their beauty.  
But put the case, in trauayle I may meet 140  
Some gorgeous Structure, a braue Frontispice,  
Shall I stay captiue i' the outer court,  
Surpris'd with that, and not aduance to know  
Who dwels there, and inhabiteth the house ?

III. ii. 114 To *Frank.* add G

'tish G 121 To lord B. add G  
1716, W sent] Scent F3

115 I, 'tish W : I'tish O: Ay,

128 *aromatiques*] Aromatick  
135 the] them F3

- 145 There is my friendship to be made, within ;  
 With what can loue me againe : not, with the walles,  
 Dore, windo'es, architrabes, the frieze, and coronice.  
 My end is lost in louing of a face,  
 An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,  
 150 Whose all is but a statue, if the mind  
 Moue not, which only can make the returne.  
 The end of loue is, to haue two made one  
 In will, and in affection, that the mindes  
 Be first inoculated, not the bodies.  
 155 *Bea.* Gi' me the body, if it be a good one.  
*Fra.* Nay, sweet my Lord, I must appeale the Soueraigne  
 For better quarter ; If you hold your practise :  
*Tru.* Silence, paine of imprisonment : Heare the Court.  
*Lov.* The bodyes loue is fraile, subiect to change,  
 160 And alter(s) still, with it : The mindes is firme,  
 One, and the same, proceedeth first, from weighing,  
 And well examining, what is faire, and good ;  
 Then, what is like in reason, fit in manners ;  
 That breeds good will : good will desire of vnion.  
 165 So knowledge first, begets beneuolence,  
 Beneuolence breeds friendship, friendship loue.  
 And where it starts or steps aside from this,  
 It is a mere degenerous appetite,  
 A lost, oblique, depraue'd affection,  
 170 And beares no marke, or character of Loue.  
*Lad.* How am I changed ! By what alchimy  
 Of loue, or language, am I thus translated !  
 His tongue is tip'd with the *Philosophers stone*,  
 And that hath touch'd me th(o)rough euery vaine !  
 175 I feele that transmutation o' my blood,  
 As I were quite become another creature,  
 And all he speakes, it is proiection !  
*Pru.* Well fain'd, my Lady : now her parts begin !  
*Lat.* And she will act 'hem subtilly. *Pru.* She fails me else.

III. ii. 155 *Kisses Frank.* add G  
 166 loue.] loues *O originally, F3*

160 alters G : alter O  
 174 thorough] thro' my *W*

*Lov.* Nor doe they trespasse within bounds of pardon, 180  
 That giuing way, and licence to their loue,  
 Di-uest him of his noblest ornaments,  
 Which are his modesty, and shamefac'tnesse :  
 And so they doe, that haue vnfit designes,  
 Vpon the parties, they pretend to loue. 185  
 For, what's more monstrous, more a prodigie,  
 Then to heare me protest truth of affection  
 Vnto a person that I would dishonor ?  
 And what's a more dishonor, then defacing  
 Anothers good, with forfeiting mine owne ? 190  
 And drawing on a fellowship of sinne ?  
 From note of which, though (for a while) we may  
 Be both kept safe, by caution, yet the conscience  
 Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto  
 Cal'd by the name of loue, becomes destroyd 195  
 Then, with the fact : the innocency lost,  
 The bating of affection soone will follow :  
 And Loue is neuer true, that is not lasting,  
 No more then any can be pure, or perfect,  
 That entertaines more than one obiect. *Dixi.* 200  
*Lad.* O speake, and speake for euer ! let min<e> eare  
 Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet !  
 No sense can euer surfet on such truth !  
 It is the marrow of all louers tenents !  
 Who hath read *Plato*, *Heliodore*, or *Tatius*, 205  
*Sydney*, *D'Vrfe*, or all Loues *Fathers*, like him ?  
 He's there the Master of the Sentences,  
 Their Schoole, their Commentary, Text, and Glosse,  
 And breathes the true diuinity of Loue !  
*Pru.* Excellent actor ! how she hits this passion ! 210  
*Lad.* Where haue I liu'd, in heresie, so long  
 Out o' the Congregation of Loue,  
 And stood irregular, by all his Canons ?

III. ii. 183 shamefac'tnesse] Shamfac'dness F3  
 sinne ; O 201 mine eare G : min'eare O  
 is O, F3: He's W, G

191 sinne ?]  
 207 He'is] He,

- Lat.* But doe you thinke she playes? *Pru.* Vpo' my Soueraignty,
- 215 Marke her anon. *Lat.* I shake, and am halfe iealous.  
*Lad.* What penance shall I doe, to be receiu'd,  
 And reconciled, to the Church of Loue?  
 Goe on procession, bare-foot, to his Image,  
 And say some hundred penitentiall verses,
- 220 There, out of *Chaucers Troilus, and Cresside*?  
 Or to his mothers shrine, vow a Waxe-candle  
 As large as the Towne May-pole is, and pay it!  
 Enioyne me any thing this Court thinks fit,  
 For I haue trespass'd, and blasphemed Loue.
- 225 I haue, indeed, despis'd his *Deity*,  
 Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew not.  
 Now I adore Loue, and would kisse the rushes  
 That beare this reuerend Gentleman, his Priest,  
 If that would expiate—— but, I feare it will not.
- 230 For, tho' he be somewhat strooke in yeares, and old  
 Enough to be my father, he is wise,  
 And onely wise men loue, the other couet.  
 I could begin to be in loue with him,  
 But will not tell him yet, because I hope
- 235 T'enioy the other houre, with more delight,  
 And proue him farther. *Pru.* Most *Socratick* Lady!  
 Or, if you will, *Ironick*! gi' you ioy  
 O' you<r> *Platonick* loue here, M<sup>r</sup> *Lovel*.  
 But pay him his first kisse, yet, i' the Court,
- 240 Which is a debt, and due: For the houre's run.  
*Lad.* How swift is time, and slily steales away  
 From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?  
 I should haue thought it scarce had run ten minutes,  
 When the whole houre is fled. Here, take your kisse, Sir,
- 245 Which I most willing tender you, in Court.  
 (*Bea.* And we doe imitate——) *Lad.* And I could wish,

III. ii. 217 reconciled] reconcil'd O      220 and] and O, F3  
 230 strooke] struck F3      237 will,] will O      238 your F3  
 245 Kisses Lov. add G      246 After 'imitate' Kisses Frank. G

It had bene twenty——so the Soueraignes  
Poore narrow nature had decreed it so——  
But that is past, irreuocable, now :  
She did her kind, according to her latitude—— 250

*Pru.* Beware, you doe not coniure vp a spirit  
You cannot lay. *Lad.* I dare you, doe your worst,  
Shew me but such an iniustice : I would thanke you  
To alter your award. *Lat.* Sure she is serious !  
I shall haue another fit of iealousie ! 255

I feele a grudging ! *Host.* Cheare vp, noble ghest,  
We cannot guesse what this may come to, yet ;  
The braine of man, or woman, is vncertaine !

*Lov.* Tut, she dissembles ! All is personated,  
And counterfeit comes from her ! If it were not, 260  
The *Spanish* Monarchy, with both the *Indies*,  
Could not buy off the treasure of this kisse,  
Or halfe giue balance for my happinesse.

*Host.* Why, as it is yet, it glads my light Heart  
To see you rouz'd thus from a sleepy humor, 265  
Of drouzy, accidentall melancholy ;

And all those braue parts of your soule awake,  
That did before seeme drown'd, and buried in you !  
That you expresse your selfe, as you had back'd  
The *Muses* Horse ! or got *Bellerophons* armes ! 270

What newes with *Fly* ? *Fly.* Newes, of a newer Lady,  
A finer, fresher, brauer, bonnier beauty,  
A very *bona-Roba*, and a Bouncer !

In yeallow, glistening, golden Satten. *Lad. Pru,*  
Adiourne the Court. *Pru.* Cry *Trundle*—— *Tru.* Oyez, 275  
Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance to  
giue vnto the Court; Keepe the second houre, and Loue saue  
the Sou'raigne.

III. ii. After 270 Enter *Fly.* G  
attendance | To . . . houre, | And

276-8 As verse in O, Any . . .  
278 Exeunt. add G

## Act 4. Scene 1.

*Iug. Barnabe. Iordan.*

*O Barnabe ! Ior.* Welcome *Barnabe !* Where hast thou beene ?

*Bar.* I' the foule weather. *Iug.* Which has wet thee, *Ban.*

*Bar.* As drie as a chip ! Good *Iug*, a cast o' thy name, As well as thy office ; two iugges ! *Iug.* By, and by.

5 *Ior.* What Lady's this thou hast brought here ? *Bar.* A great Lady !

I know nò more : one, that will trie you, *Iordan.*

Shee'll finde your gage, your circle, your capacity.

How do's old *Staggers* the Smith ? and *Tree*, the Sadler ?

Keep they their peny-club, stil ? *Ior.* And th' old *catch* too,  
10 Of whoop *Barnaby*—— *Bar.* Doe they sing at me ?

*Ior.* They're reeling at it, in the parlour, now :

*Bar.* Ile to 'hem : Gi' mee a drinke first. *Ior.* Where's thy hat ?

*Bar.* I lost it by the way—— Gi' me another.

*Iug.* A hat ? *Bar.* A drinke. *Iug.* Take heed of taking cold, *Ban*——

15 *Bar.* The wind blew't off at *High-gate*, and my Lady Would not endure mee, light, to take it vp,  
But made me driue bare-headed i' the raine.

*Ior.* That she might be mistaken for a Countesse ?

*Bar.* Troth, like inough ! She might be an o're-grown Dutchesse,

20 For ought I know. *Iug.* What ! with one man ! *Bar.* At a time,

They cary no more, the best of 'hem. *Io.* Nor the brauest.

*Bar.* And she is very braue ! *Ior.* A stately gowne !

And peticote, she has on ! *Bar.* Ha' you spi'd that, *Iordan* ?

IV. i. SCENE I. | *A Room in the Inn.* | Enter *Jug, Barnaby, and Iordan.* G 2 *Ban.*] *Ban. O : Bar.* 1716, W : *Barnaby G* 4 *Exit.*  
add G After 11 *Re-enter Jug with wine.* G 12 After 'first'  
*Drinks. G* Where's] Wheres O 14 After 'drinke' *Drinks. G*  
*Ban F3 : Ban O : Bar.* 1716, W 15 blew 't off] blew toff O  
originally

You're a notable peerer, an old *Rabbi*,  
 At a smocks-hem, boy. *Iug.* As he is *Chamberlane*, 25  
 He may doe that, by his place. *Ior.* What's her Squire ?  
*Bar.* A toy, that she allowes eight-pence a day.  
 A slight Man-net, to port her, vp, and downe.  
 Come shew me to my play-fellowes, old *Staggers*,  
 And father *Tree*. *Ior.* Here, this way, *Barnabe*. 30

Act 4. Scene 2.

*Tipto. Burst. Huffle. Fly.*

Come, let vs take in *fresco*, here, one quart.

*Bur.* Two quarts, my man of war, let'vs not be stinted.

*Huf.* Aduance three *iordans*, varlet o' the house.

*Tip.* I do not like your *Burst*, Bird ; He is sawcy :  
 Some Shop-keeper he was ? *Fly.* Yes, Sir. *Tip.* I knew it. 5  
 A broke-wing'd Shop-keeper ? I nose 'hem, streight.  
 He had no Father, I warrant him, that durst own him ;  
 Some foundling in a stall, or the Church porch ;  
 Brought vp i'the *Hospitall* ; and so bound Prentise ;  
 Then Master of a shop ; then one o'th' Inquest ; 10  
 Then breakes out Bankrupt ; or starts Alderman :  
 The originall of both is a Church-porch——

*Fli.* Of some, my Colonel. *Tip.* Good fayth, of most  
 O' your shop Citizens, th'are rude Animals !  
 And let 'hem get but ten mile out a towne, 15  
 Th'out-swagger all the *wapen-take*. *Fli.* What's that ?

*Tip.* A *Saxon* word, to signifie the *hundred*.

*Bur.* Come let vs drinke, Sir *Glorious*, some braue health  
 Vpon our tip-toos. *Tip.* To the health o' the *Bursts*.

*Bu.* Why *Bursts* ? *Ti.* Why *Tipto's* ? *Bu.* O, I cry you  
 mercy ! 20

*Tip.* It is sufficient. *Huf.* What is so sufficient ?

*Tip.* To drinke to you is sufficient. *Huf.* On what terms ?

IV. i. 26 What's] Whats O IV. ii. SCENE II. | The Court of the Inn. |  
 Enter Tipto, Burst, Huffle, and Fly. G 1 let vs] let'vs O 2 let'vs]  
 let's W 9 i'the] it'he O 10 o'th'] o'th O 13 most] most ! O  
 15 towne,] towne O 16 out-swagger] out swagger O 20 O,] O' O



*Tip.* That you shall giue security to pledge me.

*Huf.* So you will name no *Spaniard*, I will pledge you.

- 25 *Tip.* I rather choose to thirst : and will thirst euer,  
Then leaue that creame of nations, vn-cry'd vp.  
Perish all wine, and gust of wine. *Huf.* How, spill it ?  
Spill it at me ? *Tip.* I wreck not, but I spilt it.

*Fli.* Nay pray you be quiet, noble bloods. *Bur.* No  
*Spaniards*,

- 30 I crie, with my cossen *Huffle.* *Huf.* *Spaniards* ? *Pilchers* ?

*Tip.* Do not prouoke my patient blade. It sleep's,  
And would not heare thee : *Huffle*, thou art rude,  
And dost not know the *Spanish* composition.

*Bur.* What is the *Recipe* ? Name the *ingredients*.

- 35 *Tip.* Valor. *Bur.* Two ounces ! *Tip.* Prudence. *Bur.*  
Half a dram !

*Tip.* Iustice. *Bur.* A peny weight ! *Tip.* Religion.

*Bur.* Three scruples ! *Tip.* And of *gravidad*. *Bur.* A  
face-full !

*Tip.* He carries such a dose of it in his lookes,  
Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect,

- 40 To him, from *Sauages*, and reputation  
With all the sonnes of men. *Bur.* Will it giue him credit  
With Gamesters, Courtiers, Citizens, or Tradesmen ?

*Tip.* Hee'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard !  
Or turne off his *Mustaccio* ! His meere *cuello*,

- 45 Or Ruffe about his necke, is a Bill of *Exchange*  
In any Banke, in *Europe* ! Not a Marchant  
That sees his gate, but straight will furnish him  
Vpon his pase ! *Huf.* I haue heard the *Spanish* name  
Is terrible, to children in some Countries ;

- 50 And vs'd to make them eat—their bread and butter :  
Or take their worm-seed. *Tip.* *Huffle*, you doe shuffle :

iv. ii. 27 After ' wine.' Throws the wine at him. G How,] How O :  
How ! F3 28 wreck] wreck F3 spilt] spill W 35-7 Re-  
arranged in F3 : *Tip.* . . . Ounces ! | *Tip.* . . . Dram ! | *Tip.* . . . weight !  
| *Tip.* . . . Scruples ! | *Tip.* . . . -full ! 37 *gravidad*] *gravidad* O :  
*Gravidad* F3 45 necke,] necke O After 51 Enter *Stuff*, and  
*Pinnacia* his wife richly habited. G

—to them : *Stuffe, Pinnacia.*

*Bur.* Slid heer's a Lady ! *Huf.* And a Lady gay !

*Tip.* A well-trimm'd Lady ! *Huf.* Let's lay her a boord.

*Bur.* Let's haile her first. *Tip.* By your sweet fauour,  
Lady,

*Stu.* Good Gentlemen be ciuill, we are strangers. 55

*Bur.* And you were *Flemings*, Sir ! *Huf.* Or *Spaniards* !

*Tip.* The'are here, haue beene at *Seuil* i' their dayes,  
And at *Madrid* too ! *Pin.* He is a foolish fellow,  
I pray you minde him not, He is my *Protection*.

*Tip.* In your protection, he is safe, sweet Lady. 60  
So shall you be, in mine. *Huf.* A share, good Coronell.

*Tip.* Of what ? *Huf.* Of your fine Lady ! I am *Hodge*,  
My name is *Huffle*. *Tip.* Huffling *Hodge*, be quiet.

*Bur.* And I pray you, be you so, *Glorious Coronel*,  
*Hodge Huffle* shall be quiet. *Huf.* A Lady gay, gay. 65  
For she is a Lady gay, gay, gay. For she's a Lady gay.

*Tip.* Bird o'the *Vespers*, *Vespertilio* Burst ;  
You are a Gentleman, o' the first head,  
But that head may be broke, as all the Body is—  
*Burst*, if you tie not vp your *Huffle*, quickly. 70

*Huf.* Tie dogs, not man. *Bur.* Nay pray thee, *Hodge*, be  
still.

*Tip.* This steele here rides not, on this thigh, in vaine.

*Huf.* Shew'st thou thy steele, & thigh, thou glorious Dirt,  
Then *Hodge* sings *Sampson*, and no ties shall hold.

—————*Peirce.* *Iug.* *Iorden.* {*To them.*

*Pei.* Keepe the peace gentlemen : what do you mean ? 75

*Tip.* I will not discompose my selfe, for *Huffle*.

*Pin.* You see what your entreaty, and pressure still  
Of gentlemen, to be ciuill, doth bring on ?  
A quarrell ? and perhaps man-slaughter ? You  
Will carry your goose about you, stil ? your planing Iron ? 80

iv. ii. 52 heer's] heers O 53. 54 Let's] Lett's O 53 a boord].  
aboard F3 65 Huf.] Huf. [singing.] G 67 Vespertilio] Vespertilio, O  
71 man] men W Bur. F3 : Hur. O 74 They fight. add G  
After 74 st. dir. them.] them O originally After 76 Exeunt all (but  
Stuff and Pin.) fighting. G

Your tongue to smooth all ? is not here fine stuffe ?

*Stu.* Why wife ? *Pin.* Your wife ? ha' not I forbidden you that ?

Doe you thinke I'll call you husband i' this gowne,  
Or any thing, in that iacket, but *Protection* ?

85 Here tie my shooe ; and shew my vellute petticoate,  
And my silke stocking ! why doe you make me a Lady,  
If I may not doe like a Lady, in fine clothes ?

*Stu.* Sweet heart, you may doe what you will, with me.

*Pin.* I ; I knew that at home ; what to doe with you ;  
90 But why was I brought hither ? to see fashions ?

*Stu.* And weare them too, sweet heart, but this wild  
Company——

*Pin.* Why doe you bring me in wild Company ?  
You'd ha' me tame, and ciuill, in wild Company ?  
I hope I know, wild Company are fine Company,  
95 And in fine company, where I am fine my selfe,  
A Lady may doe any thing, deny nothing  
To a fine party, I haue heard you say't.

—————*To them Peirce.*

*Pei.* There are a Company of Ladies aboue  
Desire your Ladiships Company, and to take  
100 The surety of their lodgings, from the affront  
Of these halfe-beasts, were heere een now, the *Centaures*.

*Pin.* Are they fine Ladies ? *Pei.* Some very fine Ladies.

*Pin.* As fine as I ? *Pei.* I dare vse no comparisons,  
Being a seruant, sent—— *Pin.* Spoke, like a fine fellow !  
105 I would thou wert one ; I'de not then deny thee :  
But, thank thy Lady.

—————*To them Host.*

*Hos.* Madam, I must craue you  
To afford a Lady a visit, would excuse  
Some harshnesse o' the house, you haue receiu'd  
From the brute ghests. *Pin.* This's a fine old man !

iv. ii. 85 vellute] Velvet F3 87 clothes ?] clothes. O 96  
thing.] thing. O 101 Centaures.] Centaures, O 106 thy] my F3  
After ' Lady.' Exit *Pierce*. | Enter *Host*. G

I'd goe with him an' he were a little finer !

110

*Stu.* You may sweet heart, it is mine *Host.* *Pin.* Mine *Host !*

*Host.* Yes *madame*, I must bid you welcom. *Pin.* Do then.

*Stu.* But doe not stay. *Pin.* I'll be aduis'd by you, yes !

# Act 4. Scene 3.

—To them *Latimer.* *Beaufort.* *Lady.* *Pru.* *Frank.*

*Host.* *Pinnacia.* *Stuffe.*

What more then *Thracian* Barbarisme was this !

*Bea.* The battayle o' the *Centaures*, with the *Lapithes !*

*Lad.* There is no taming o' the *Monster* drinke.

*Lat.* But what a *glorious* beast our *Tipto* shew'd !

He would not discompose himselfe, the *Don !*

5

Your *Spaniard*, nere, doth discompose himselfe.

*Bea.* Yet, how he talkt, and ror'd i' the beginning !

*Pru.* And ran as fast, as a knock'd Marro'bone.

*Bea.* So they did all at last, when *Lovel* went downe,  
And chas'd 'hem 'bout the Court. *Lat.* For all's *Don Lewis !*

10

Or fencing after *Euclide !* *Lad.* I nere saw

A lightning shoot so, as my seruant did,

His rapier was a *Meteor*, and he wau'd it

Ouer 'hem, like a *Comet !* as they fled him !

I mark'd his manhood ! euery stoope he made

15

Was like an *Eagles*, at a flight of *Cranes !*

(As I haue read somewhere.) *Bea.* Brauely exprest :

*Lat.* And like a *Louer !* *Lad.* Of his valour, I am !  
He seem'd a body, rarifi'd, to ayre !

Or that his sword, and arme were of a peece,

20

They went together so ! Here, comes the *Lady.*

*Bea.* A bouncing *Bona-roba !* as the *Flie* sayd.

*Fra.* She is some *Giantesse !* Ile stand off,

iv. ii. 111 Mine] mine O iv. iii. Scene] Scene. O SCENE III.  
[A Room in the Same. | Enter Lord Latimer, Lord Beaufort, Lady  
Frambul, Prudence, Frank, and Nurse. G 10 'hem 'bout] hem  
bout O After 21 Enter Host, with Pinnacia. G

For feare she swallow me. *La.* Is not this our Gown, *Pru* ?  
 25 That I bespoke of *Stuffe* ? *Pru.* It is the fashion !

*Lad.* I, and the Silke ! Feele, sure it is the same !

*Pru.* And the same Peticote, lace, and all ! *Lad.* Ile  
 sweare it.

How came it hither ? make a bill of inquiry.

*Pru.* Yo'haue a fine sute on, Madam ! and a rich one !

30 *Lad.* And of a curious making ! *Pru.* And a new !

*Pin.* As new, as Day. *Lat.* She answers like a fish-wife.

*Pin.* I put it on, since Noone, I doe assure you.

*Pru.* Who is your Taylor ? *Lad.* 'Pray you, your  
 Fashioners name.

*Pin.* My Fashioner is a certaine man o' mine owne,  
 35 He's i' the house : no matter for his name.

*Host.* O, but to satisfie this beuy of Ladies :

Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you well-come.

*Pin.* He's one, in truth, I title my *Protection* :

Bid him come vp. *Host.* Our new Ladies *Protection* !

40 What is your Ladiships stile ? *Pin.* Countesse *Pinnacia*.

*Host.* Countesse *Pinnacias* man, come to your Lady.

*Pru.* Your Ladiships Taylor ! mas. *Stuffe* ! *Lad.* How  
*Stuffe* ?

He the *Protection* ! *Hos.* *Stuffe* lookes like a remnant.

*Stu.* I am vndone, discouerd ! *Pru.* 'Tis the suit,  
 Madame,

45 Now, without scruple ! and this, some deuise

To bring it home with. *Pin.* Why, vpon your knees ?

Is this your Lady Godmother ? *Stu.* Mum, *Pinnacia*.

It is the Lady *Frampol* : my best customer.

*Lad.* What shew is this, that you present vs with ?

50 *Stu.* I doe beseech your Ladiship, forgiue me.

She did but say the suit on. *Lad.* Who ? Which she ?

*Stu.* My wife forsooth. *Lad.* How ? Mistresse *Stuffe* ?  
 Your wife !

iv. iii. 39 *Host.* [*calls.*] G 40 *Pinnacia*] *Pinnaccia* O  
 After 41 *Enter Stuff.* G 42 mas.] mas, O: Mass, F3: master G  
 44 After 'discouer'd !' *Falls on his knees.* G 'Tis] Tis O 47 Your  
 Lady] lady your W

Is that the riddle? *Pru.* We all look'd for a Lady,  
A Dutchesse, or a Countesse at the least.

*Stu.* She is my owne lawfully begotten wife, 55  
In wedlocke. We ha' beene coupled now seuen yeares.

*Lad.* And why thus masqu'd? You like a footman, ha!  
And she your Countesse! *Pin.* To make a foole of himselfe  
And of me too. *Stu.* I pray thee, *Pinnace*, peace.

*Pin.* Nay it shall out, since you haue cald me wife, 60  
And openly dis-Ladied me! though I am dis-Countess'd,  
I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall see. *Hos.*  
Silence!

*Pi.* It is a foolish tricke Madame, he has;  
For though he be your Taylour, he is my beast.  
I may be bold with him, and tell his story. 65  
When he makes any fine garment will fit me,  
Or any rich thing that he thinkes of price,  
Then must I put it on, and be his *Countesse*,  
Before he carry it home vnto the owners.  
A coach is hir'd, and foure horse, he runnes 70  
In his veluet lackat thus, to *Rumford*, *Croyden*,  
*Hounslow*, or *Barnet*, the next bawdy road:  
And takes me out, carries me vp, and throw's me  
Vpon a bed. *Lad.* Peace thou immodest woman:  
She glories in the brauery o' the vice. 75

*Lat.* 'Tis a queint one! *Bea.* A fine *species*,  
Of fornicating with a mans owne wife,  
Found out by (what's his name?) *Lat.* M<sup>r</sup> *Nic.* *Stuffe*!

*Host.* The very figure of preoccupation  
In all his customers best clothes. *Lat.* He lies 80  
With his owne *Succuba*, in all your names.

*Bea.* And all your credits. *Host.* I, and at all their costs.

*Lat.* This gown was then bespoken, for the *Soueraigne*?

*Bea.* I marry was it. *Lad.* And a maine offence,  
Committed 'gainst the *soueraignty*: being not brought 85

rv. iii. 57 masqu'd] mas'qd O      61 -Countess'd.] -Countess'd] O  
62 Silence] silence O      70 horse] Horses F3      76 'Tis] Tis O  
84 Lad.] Lat. F3

Home i' the time. Beside, the prophanation,  
Which may call on the censure of the Court.

*Host.* Let him be blanketted. Call vp the Quarter-master.  
Deliuier him ore, to *Flie.* *Stu.* O good my Lord.

90 *Host.* Pillage the Pinnacle. *Lad.* Let his wife be stript.

*Bea.* Blow off her vpper deck. *Lat.* Teare all her tackle.

*Lad.* Pluck the polluted robes ouer her eares ;  
Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire o'them :

*Pru.* To rags, and cinders, burn th'idolatrous vestures.

95 *Hos.* *Flie*, & your fellowes, see that the whole censure  
Be thoroughly executed. *Fly.* Wee'l tosse him, brauely,  
Till the stuffe stinke againe. *Host.* And send her home,  
Diuested to her flanel, in a cart.

*Lat.* And let her Footman beat the bason afore her.

100 *Fli.* The Court shall be obei'd. *Hos.* *Fly*, & his officers  
Will doe it fiercely. *Stu.* Mercifull queene *Pru.*

*Pru.* I cannot help you. *Bea.* Go thy wayes *Nic.* *Stuffe*,  
Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of Venery !

*Lat.* For his owne hell ! though he run ten mile for't.

105 *Pru.* O here comes *Lovel*, for his second houre.

*Bea.* And after him, the tipe of *Spanish* valour.

## Act 4. Scene 4.

*Lady.* *Lovel.* *Tipto.* *Latimer.* *Beaufort.* *Pru.*  
*Franke.* *Nurse.* *Host.*

Seruant, what haue you there ? *Lou.* A meditation,  
Or rather a vision, Madam, and of Beauty,  
Our former subiect. *Lad.* Pray you let vs heare it.

*Lou.* *It was a beauty that I saw*  
5 *So pure, so perfect, as the frame*  
*Of all the vniuerse was lame,*  
*To that one figure, could I draw,*  
*Or giue least line of it a law !*

iv. iii. 89 After '*Flie.*' Enter *Fly.* G. 96 Wee'l] Weel O brauely,]  
brauely. O 102 After 'you.' Exit *Fly*, with *Stuff* and *Pinnacia.* G  
iv. iv. Enter *Lovel* with a paper, followed by *Tipto.* G, continuing the  
scene 2 Beauty,] Beauty O

*A skeine of silke without a knot !*  
*A faire march made without a halt !* 10  
*A curious forme without a fault !*  
*A printed booke without a blot.*  
*All beauty, and without a spot.*

*Lad.* They are gentle words, and would deserue a note,  
 Set to 'hem, as gentle. *Lov.* I haue tri'd my skill, 15  
 To close the second houre, if you will heare them,  
 My boy by that time will haue got it perfect.

*Lad.* Yes, gentle seruant. In what calme he speakes,  
 After this noise, and tumult, so vnmou'd,  
 With that serenity of countenance, 20  
 As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that  
 Which is the obiect of the second houre,  
 And nothing else. *Pru.* Well then summon the Court.

*Lad.* I haue a sute to the Soueraigne of loue,  
 If it may stand with the honour of the Court, 25  
 To change the question but from loue, to valour,  
 To heare it said, but, what true valour is,  
 Which oft begets true loue. *Lat.* It is a question  
 Fit for the Court, to take true knowledge of,  
 And hath my iust assent. *Pru.* Content. *Bea.* Content. 30

*Fra.* Content. I am content, giue him his oath.

*Host.* *Herebert Lovel*, Thou shalt sweare vpon the testa-  
 ment of loue, To make answer to this question propounded  
 to thee by the Court, What true valour is. And therein to  
 tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. 35  
 So help thee loue, and thy bright sword at need.

*Lov.* So help me loue and my good sword at need.  
 It is the greatest vertue, and the safety  
 Of all mankinde, the obiect of it is danger.  
 A certaine meane 'twixt feare, and confidence : 40  
 No inconsiderate rashnesse, or vaine appetite  
 Of false encountring formidable things ;  
 But a true science of distinguishing  
 What's good or euill. It springs out of reason,



- 45 And tends to perfect honesty, the scope  
Is alwayes honour, and the publique good :  
It is no valour for a priuate cause.
- Bea.* No ? not for reputation ? *Lov.* That's mans Idoll,  
Set vp 'gainst God, the maker of all lawes,  
50 Who hath commanded vs we should not kill ;  
And yet we say, we must for reputation.  
What honest man can either feare his owne,  
Or else will hurt anothers reputation ?  
Feare to doe base, vnworthy things, is valour,
- 55 If they be done to vs, to suffer them,  
Is valour too. The office of a man  
That's truly valiant, is considerable  
Three wayes : The first is in respect of *matter*,  
Which still is danger ; in respect of *forme*,  
60 Wherein he must preserue his dignity ;  
And in the *end*, which must be euer lawfull.
- Lat.* But men, when they are heated, and in passion,  
Cannot consider. *Lov.* Then it is not valour.  
I neuer thought an angry person valiant :
- 65 Vertue is neuer ayded by a vice.  
What need is there of anger, and of tumult ?  
When reason can doe the same things, or more ?
- Bea.* O yes, 'tis profitable, and of vse,  
It makes vs fierce, and fit to vndertake.
- 70 *Lov.* Why so will drink make vs both bold, and rash.  
Or phrensie if you will, doe these make valiant ?  
They are poore helps, and vertue needs them not.  
No man is valianter by being angry,  
But he that could not valiant be without :
- 75 So, that it comes not in the aid of vertue,  
But in the stead of it. *Lat.* He holds the right.
- Lov.* And 'tis an odious kinde of remedy,  
To owe our health to a disease. *Tip.* If man  
Should follow the *dictamen* of his passion,

He could not scape—— *Bea.* To discompose himselfe. 80

*Lat.* According to *Don Lewis!* *Host.* Or *Caranza!*

*Lov.* Good Colonel *Glorious*, whilst we treat of valour,  
Dismisse your selfe. *Lat.* You are not concern'd. *Lov.* Go  
drink,

And congregate the Hostlers, and the Tapsters,  
The vnder-officers o' your regiment ; 85

Compose with them, and be not angry valiant ! *Tipto goes out.*

*Bea.* How do's that differ from true valour ? *Lov.* Thus.

In the *efficient*, or that which makes it,  
For it proceeds from passion, not from iudgement :  
Then brute beasts haue it, wicked persons, there 90

It differs in the *subiect* : in the *forme*,

'Tis carried rashly, and with violence :

Then i' the *end*, where it respects not truth,

Or publique honesty ; but mere reuenge.

Now confident, and vndertaking valour, 95

Swayes from the true, two other wayes ; as being

A trust in our owne faculties, skill, or strength,

And not the right, or conscience o' the *cause*,

That workes it : Then i'the *end*, which is the victory,

And not the honour. *Bea.* But the ignorant valour 100

That knowes not why it undertakes, but doth it

T(o)'escape the infamy merely—— *Lov.* Is worst of all :

That valour lies, i'the eyes o' the lookers on ;

And is cal'd valour with a witnesse. *Bea.* Right :

*Lov.* The things true valour is exercis'd about, 105

Are pouerty, restraint, captiuity,

Banishment, losse of children, long disease :

The least is death. Here valour is beheld,

Properly seene ; about these it is present :

Not triuiall things, which but require our confidence. 110

And, yet to those, we must obiect our selues,

Only for honesty : if any other

Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.

And as all knowledge, when it is remou'd

Or separate from iustice, is cal'd craft, 115

- Rather then wisdome : so a minde affecting,  
 Or vndertaking dangers, for ambition,  
 Or any selfe pretext, not for the publique,  
 Deserues the name of daring, not of valour.
- 120 And ouer-daring is as great a vice,  
 As ouer-fearing. *Lat.* Yes, and often greater.  
*Low.* But as <it> is not the mere punishment,  
 But cause, that makes a martyr, so it is not  
 Fighting, or dying ; but the manner of it
- 125 Renders a man himselfe. A valiant man  
 Ought not to vndergoe, or tempt a danger,  
 But worthily, and by selected wayes :  
 He vndertakes with reason, not by chance.  
 His valour is the salt to his other vertues,
- 130 They are all vnseason'd without it. The waiting maids,  
 Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,  
 His magnanimity, his confidence,  
 His constancy, security, and quiet ;  
 He can assure himselfe against all rumour !
- 135 Despaires of nothing ! laughs at contumelies !  
 As knowing himselfe aduanced in a height  
 Where iniury cannot reach him, nor aspersion  
 Touch him with soyle ! *Lad.* Most manly vtterd all !  
 As if *Achilles* had the chaire in valour,
- 140 And *Hercules* were but a Lecturer !  
 Who would not hang vpon those lips for euer !  
 That strike such musique ? I could run on them ;  
 But modesty is such a schoole mistresse,  
 To keepe our sexe in awe. *Pru.* Or you can faine !
- 145 My subtile and dissembling Lady mistresse.  
*Lat.* I feare she meanes it, *Pru.* in too good earnest !  
*Low.* The purpose of an iniury, 'tis to vex  
 And trouble me : now, nothing can doe that,

iv. iv. 122 it F3      123 cause, that] cause that, O      124 but]  
 hut O      136 himselfe] himselfe, O      144-5 faine ! | My so  
 G : in O and F3 faine ! my | Subtile      147 iniury,] iniury O  
 148 nothing] nothing' O : the apostrophe is a misreading of the comma  
 after ' iniury ' in l. 147

To him that's valiant. He that is affected  
 With the least iniury, is lesse then it. 150  
 It is but reasonable, to conclude  
 That should be stronger, still, which hurts, then that  
 Which is hurt. Now no wickednesse is stronger,  
 Then what opposeth it : Not Fortunes selfe,  
 When she encounters vertue, but comes off 155  
 Both lame, and lesse ! why should a wise man then,  
 Confesse himselfe the weaker, by the feeling  
 Of a fooles wrong ? There may an iniury  
 Be meant me, I may choose, if I will take it.  
 But we are, now, come to that delicacie, 160  
 And tendernesse of sense, we thinke an insolence  
 Worse then an iniury, beare words worse then deeds ;  
 We are not so much troubled with the wrong,  
 As with the opinion of the wrong ! like children,  
 We are made afraid with visors ! Such poore sounds 165  
 As is the lie, or common words of spight,  
 Wise lawes thought neuer worthy a reuenge ;  
 And 'tis the narrownesse of humane nature,  
 Our pouerty, and beggery of spirit,  
 To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me ! 170  
 He broke a iest ! a third tooke place of me !  
 How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?  
 Notes of a queasie, and sick stomach, labouring  
 With want of a true iniury ! the maine part  
 Of the wrong, is, our vice of taking it. 175  
*Lat.* Or our interpreting it to be such.  
*Lov.* You take it rightly. If a woman, or child  
 Giue me the lie, would I be angry ? no,  
 Not if I were i' my wits, sure I should thinke it  
 No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs, 180  
 If I will thinke it, who are to be held  
 In as contemptible a ranke, or worse.  
 I am kept out a Masque, sometime thrust out,  
 Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,  
 rv. iv. 166 spight,] spight. O

- 185 Which (when it comes forth) is all frown, and forehead !  
 What laughter should this breed, rather then anger !  
 Out of the tumult, of so many errors,  
 To feele, with contemplation, mine owne quiet ?  
 If a great person doe me an affront,
- 190 A Giant of the time, sure, I will beare it  
 Or out of patience, or necessity !  
 Shall I doe more for feare, then for my iudgement ?  
 For me now to be angry with *Hodge Huffle*,  
 Or *Burst* (his broken charge) if he be sawcy,
- 195 Or our owne type of *Spanish* valour, *Tipto*,  
 (Who were he now necessited to beg,  
 Would aske an almes, like *Conde Oliuares*)  
 Were iust to make my selfe, such a vaine *Animal*  
 As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,
- 200 No more shall great ; if not a few, not many.  
 There's nought so sacred with vs but may finde  
 A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is  
 No lesse diuine, 'cause the prophane can reach it.  
 He is shot-free, in battayle, is not hurt,
- 205 Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant,  
 That yeelds not vnto wrongs ; not he that scapes 'hem :  
 They that do pull downe Churches, and deface  
 The holiest Altars, cannot hurt the God-head.  
 A calme wise man may shew as much true valour,
- 210 Amid'st these popular prouocations,  
 As can an able Captaine shew security,  
 By his braue conduct, through an enemies country.  
 A wise man neuer goes the peoples way,  
 But as 'the Planets still moue contrary
- 215 To the worlds motion ; so doth he, to opinion :  
 He will examine, if those accidents  
 (Which common fame cals iniuries) happen to him  
 Deseruedly, or no ? come they deseruedly,  
 They are no wrongs then, but his punishments :

If vnderesuedly, and he not guilty, 220  
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

*Lat.* Excellent ! *Bea.* Truth, and right ! *Fra.* An Oracle  
Could not haue spoken more ! *Lad.* Beene more beleeu'd !

*Pru.* The whole Court runnes into your sentence, Sir !  
And see, your second houre is almost ended. 225

*Lad.* It cannot be ! O clip the wings of time, '  
Good *Pru*, or make him stand still with a charme.  
Distill the gout into it, cramps, all diseases  
T(o)'arrest him in the foot, and fix him here :  
O, for an engine, to keepe backe all clocks ! 230

Or make the Sunne forget his motion !  
If I but knew what drinke the Time now lou'd,  
To set my *Trundle* at him, mine owne *Barnabe* !

*Pru.* Why ? I'll consult our *Shelee-nien To-mas*.

*Nur.* *Er grae Chreest.* *Bea.* Wake her not. *Nur.* *Tower*  
*een Cuppan* 235

*D'vsque bagh doone.* *Pru.* *Vsque bagh's* her drinke.  
But 'twi' not make the time drunke. *Host.* As't hath her,  
Away with her, my Lord, but marry her first. *Pru*,

*Pru.* I, that'll be sport anone too, for my Lady.  
But she hath other game to fly at yet : 240  
The houre is come, your kisse. *Lad.* My seruants song,  
first.

*Pru.* I say the kisse, first ; and I so enioyn'd it :  
At your owne perill, doe, make the contempt.

*Lad.* Well Sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

*Pru.* Nay nothing, Sir, beyond. *Lov.* One more—I except. 245  
This was but halfe a kisse, and I would change it.

*Pru.* The Court's dissolu'd, remou'd, and the play ended.  
No sound, or aire of *Loue* more, I decree it.

*Lov.* From what a happinesse hath that one word  
Throwne me, into the gulfes of misery ? 250

iv. iv. 234 *Shelee-nien*] *Shelee nien*, O. *Shakes her.* add G 235 *Cup-*  
*pan*] *Cuppaw* G 238 After 'first.' *Exit Lord B. with Frank.* G  
first. *Pru.*] first, *Pru.* F3 : Ay, G, omitting 'Pru.' 239 I, that'll be]  
That will be G 244 *Kisses Lovel.* add G 247 *Pru.*] *Pur.*  
O, F3

- To what a bottomlesse despaire? how like  
 A Court remoouing, or an ended Play  
 Shewes my abrupt precipitate estate,  
 By how much more my vaine hopes were encreas'd  
 255 By these false houres of conuersation?  
 Did not I prophesie this, of my selfe,  
 And gaue the true prognosticks? O my braine!  
 How art thou turned! and my blood congeald!  
 My sinewes slackned! and my marrow melted!  
 260 That I remember not where I haue bin,  
 Or what I am? Only my tongue's on fire;  
 And burning downward, hurles forth coales, & cinders,  
 To tell, this temple of loue, will soone be ashes!  
 Come Indignation, now, and be my mistresse,  
 265 No more of *Loues* ingratefull tyranny,  
 His wheele of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,  
 His nets of nooses, whirle-pooles of vexation,  
 His mills, to grind his seruants into powder——  
 I will goe catch the wind first in a sieue,  
 270 Weigh smoak, and measure shadowes, plough the water,  
 And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in *Loue*.  
*Lat.* My iealousie is off, I am now secure.  
*Lov.* Farewell the craft of crocodiles, womens piety,  
 And practise of it, in this art of flattering,  
 275 And fooling men. I ha' not lost my reason,  
 Though I haue lent my selfe out, for two howres,  
 Thus to be baffuld by a Chambermaid,  
 And the good Actor, her Lady, afore mine Host,  
 Of the light Heart, here, that hath laught at all——  
 280 *Host.* Who, I? *Lov.* Laugh on, Sir, Ile to bed, and  
 sleepe,  
 And dreame away the vapour of *Loue*, if th'house  
 And your leere drunkards let me. *Lad. Pru. Pru.* Sweet  
 Madame.

iv. iv. 253 Shewes] Shewes, O 257 O] o O : o' F3 265  
 tyranny.] tyranny. O 272 *Aside and exit.* add G 280 Who,]  
 Who O 282 After 'me.' *Exeunt all but Lady F. Prudence, and*  
*Nurse.* G

*Lad.* Why would you let him goe thus ? *Pru.* In whose power

Was it to stay him, prop'rer then my Ladies !

*Lad.* Why, in your Ladies ? Are not you the Soueraigne ? 285

*Pru.* Would you, in conscience, Madame, ha' me vex  
His patience more ? *Lad.* No, but apply the cure,  
Now it is vex't. *Pru.* That's but one bodies worke.  
Two cannot doe the same thing handsomely.

*Lad.* But had not you the authority, absolute ? 290

*Pru.* And were not you i' rebellion, Lady *Frampul*,  
From the beginning ? *Lad.* I was somewhat froward,  
I must confesse, but frowardnesse sometime  
Becomes a beauty, being but a visor

Put on. You'l let a Lady weare her masque, *Pru.* 295

*Pru.* But how do I know, when her Ladiship is pleas'd  
To leaue it off, except she tell me so ?

*Lad.* You might ha' knowne that by my lookes, and  
language,

Had you beene or regardant, or obseruant.

One woman, reads anothers character, 300

Without the tedious trouble of deciphering,

If she but giue her mind to't ; you knew well,

It could not sort with any reputation

Of mine, to come in first, hauing stood out

So long, without conditions, for mine honor. 305

*Pru.* I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd him,  
And put him off with scorne—— *Lad.* Who, I, with scorn ?  
I did expresse my loue, to idolatry rather,  
And so am iustly plagu'd, not vnderstood.

*Pru.* I sweare, I thought you had dissembled, Madam, 310  
And doubt, you do so yet. *Lad.* Dull, stupid, wench !

Stay i' thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd,

An idiot Chambermayd ! Hath all my care,

My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,

iv. iv. 285 your G : her O  
*Frampul* F3 : *Frampal* O  
deciphering : . . . to't, O, F3

287 No, Editor : Not O, F3 291  
301-2 deciphering, . . . to't ; W :



- 315 Honours, and titles wrought no brighter effects  
 On thy darke soule, then thus? Well! go thy wayes,  
 Were not the Tailors wife, to be demolish'd,  
 Ruin'd, vncas'd, thou shouldst be she, I vow.  
*Pru.* Why, take your spangled properties, your gown,  
 320 And scarfes. *Lad. Pru, Pru,* what doest thou meane?  
*Pru.* I will not buy this play-boyes brauery,  
 At such a price, to be vpbraided for it,  
 Thus, euery minute. *Lad.* Take it not to heart so.  
*Pru.* The Taylors wife? There was a word of scorn!  
 325 *Lad.* It was a word fell from me, *Pru,* by chance.  
*Pru.* Good Madame, please to vndeceau your selfe,  
 I know when words do slip, and when they are darted  
 With all their bitternesse: vncas'd? demolish't?  
 An idiot-Chambermaid, stupid, and dull?  
 330 Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so.  
 And thinke I doe deserue it, that, and more,  
 Much more I do. *Lad.* Here comes mine Host! No crying!  
 Good *Pru.* Where is my seruant *Lovel,* Host?  
*Hos.* Yo' ha' sent him vp to bed, would you would follow  
 him!  
 335 And make my house amends! *Lad.* Would you aduise it?  
*Hos.* I would I could command it. My light heart  
 Should leape till midnight. *Lad.* Pray thee be not sullen,  
 I yet must ha' thy counsell. Thou shalt weare, *Pru,*  
 The new gowne, yet. *Pru.* After the Taylours wife?  
 340 *Lad.* Come, be not angrie, or grieu'd: I haue a proiect.  
*Hos.* Wake *Sheleenien Thomas!* Is this your Heraldrie?  
 And keeping of records, to loose the maine?  
 Where is your charge? *Nur. Gra chreest!* *Hos.* Goe aske  
 th'oracle  
 O'the bottle, at your girdle, there you lost it:  
 345 You are a sober setter of the watch.

iv. iv. 320 After 'scarfes.' *Tearing off her gown.* G 329 idiot-]  
 idiot—O: Idiot—F3 333 After 'Pru.' *Re-enter Host.* G  
 334 Yo' ha' F3: Yo ha O would] would, O 340. *Exeunt Lady*  
 F. and Pru. add G 342 loose] lose F3 345 *Exeunt.* add G

Act 5. Scene 1.

*Host. Fly.*

Come *Fly*, and legacie, the Bird o'the heart :  
 Prime insect of the Inne, Professor, Quarter-master,  
 As euer thou deserued'st thy daily drinke,  
 Padling in sacke, and licking i'the same,  
 Now shew thy selfe an implement of price, 5  
 And helpe to raise a nap to vs, out of nothing.  
 Thou saw'st 'hem married? *Fly.* I doe thinke, I did,  
 And heard the words, I *Philip*, take thee, *Lætice*,  
 I gaue her too, was then the father *Flie*,  
 And heard the Priest do his part, far as fīue nobles 10  
 Would lead him i' the lines of matrimonie.

*Host.* Where were they married? *Fly.* I'th' new stable.

*Hos.* Ominous!

I ha' knowne many a church beene made a stable,  
 But not a stable made a church till now :  
 I wish 'hem ioy. *Fly*, was he a full priest? 15

*Fly.* He belly'd for it, had his veluet sleeues,  
 And his branch'd cassock, a side sweeping gowne,  
 All his formalities, a good cramm'd diuine!  
 I went not farre to fetch him, the next Inne,  
 Where he was lodg'd, for the action. *Hos.* Had they a  
 licence? 20

*Fly.* Licence of loue, I saw no other, and purse,  
 To pay the duties both of Church, and house,  
 The angels flew about. *Host.* Those birds send luck :  
 And mirth will follow. I had thought to ha' sacrific'd,  
 To merriment to night, i' my light Heart, *Fly*, 25  
 And like a noble Poet, to haue had  
 My last act best : but all failes i' the plot.  
*Lovel* is gone to bed ; the Lady *Frampull*

v. i. Act] Act. O SCENE 1. | A Room in the Inn. | Enter Host and  
 Fly. G 2 Inne] Inne O 8 I Philip] I, Philip G : Philip, I O  
 12 Two lines in F3, divided after 'married' I'th'] I'th O stable.]  
 stable, O

- And Soueraigne *Pru* falne out : *Tipto*, and his Regiment  
 30 Of mine-men, al drunk dumbe, from his who(o)p *Barnaby*,  
 To his hoope *Trundle* : they are his two Tropicks.  
 No proiect to reare laughter on, but this,  
 The marriage of Lord *Beaufort*, with *Lætitia*.  
 Stay ! what's here ! The sattin gowne redeem'd !  
 35 And *Pru* restor'd in't, to her Ladyes grace !  
*Fly*. She is set forth in't ! rig'd for some imployment !  
*Hos*. An Embassy at least ! *Fly*. Some treaty of state !  
*Host*. 'Tis a fine tack about ! and worth the obseruing.

## Act 5. Scene 2.

*Lady. Prudence. Host. Fly.*

- Sweet *Pru*, I, now thou art a Queene indeed !  
 These robes doe royally ! and thou becom'st 'hem !  
 So they doe thee ! rich garments only fit  
 The partyes they are made for ! they shame others.  
 5 How did they shew on good'y *Taylor*s back !  
 Like a Caparison for a Sow, God saue vs !  
 Thy putting 'hem on hath purg'd, and hallow'd 'hem  
 From all pollution, meant by the *Mechanicks*.  
*Pru*. Hang him poore snip, a secular shop-wit !  
 10 H'hath nought but his sheeres to claime by, & his measures,  
 His prentise may as well put in, for his needle,  
 And plead a stitch. *Lad*. They haue no taint in 'hem,  
 Now, o' the Taylor. *Pru*. Yes, of his wiues hanches,  
 Thus thick of fat ; I smell 'hem, o' the say.  
 15 *Lad*. It is restoratiue, *Pru* ! with thy but chafing it,  
 A barren Hindes grease may worke miracles.  
 Finde but his chamber doore, and he will rise  
 To thee ! or if thou pleasest, faine to be  
 The wretched party her selfe, and com'st vnto him  
 20 *In forma pauperis*, to craue the aide  
 Of his Knight errant valour, to the rescue

v. i. 30 whop] Whoop F3 38 They stand aside. add G  
 v. ii. Enter lady Frampul, and Prudence magnificently dressed. G, con-  
 tinuing the scene 7 'hem on] hem on O 13 Now,] Now O

Of thy distressed robes ! name but thy gowne,  
And he will rise to that ! *Pru.* Ile fire the charme first,  
I had rather dye in a ditch, with Mistresse *Shore*,  
Without a smock, as the pitifull matter has it, 25  
Then owe my wit to cloathes, or ha' it beholden.

*Host.* Still spirit of *Pru* ! *Fly.* And smelling o'the *Soueraigne* !

*Pru.* No, I will tell him, as it is, indeed ;  
I come from the fine, froward, frampull Lady,  
One was runne mad with pride, wild with selfe-loue, 30  
But late encountring a wise man, who scorn'd her,  
And knew the way to his owne bed, without  
Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recouer'd  
Part of her wits : so much as to consider  
How farre she hath trespass'd, vpon whom, and how. 35  
And now sits penitent and solitary,  
Like the forsaken Turtle, in the volary  
Of the light Heart, the cage, she hath abus'd,  
Mourning her folly, weeping at the height  
She measures with her eye, from whence she is falne, 40  
Since she did branch it, on the top o'the wood.

*Lad.* I pr'y thee *Pru*, abuse me enough, that's vse me  
As thou think'st fit, any course way, to humble me,  
Or bring me home againe, or *Lovel* on :  
Thou doest not know my suffrings, what I feele, 45  
My fires, and feares, are met : I burne, and freeze,  
My liuer's one great coale, my heart shrunk vp  
With all the fuers, and the masse of blood  
Within me, is a standing lake of fire,  
Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs, 50  
That driue a drift of sleete through all my body,  
And shoot a *February* through my veines.  
Vntil I see him, I am drunke with thirst,  
And surfeted with hunger of his presence.  
I know not whêr I am, or no, or speake, 55

Or whether thou doest heare me. *Pru.* Spare expressions.  
 Ile once more venture for your Ladiship,  
 So you will vse your fortunes reuerendly.

*Lad.* Religiously, deare *Pru*, *Loue* and his *Mother*,  
 60 Ile build them seuerall Churches, Shrines, and Altars,  
 And ouer head, Ile haue, in the glasse windowes,  
 The story of this day be painted, round,  
 For the poore Layety of loue to read,  
 Ile make my selfe their booke, nay their example,  
 65 To bid them take occasion by the forelock,  
 And play no after-games of *Loue*, hereafter.

*Host.* And here your Host, and's *Fly*, witnes your vows.  
 And like two lucky birds, bring the presage  
 Of a loud iest : Lord *Beaufort* married is. *Lad.* Ha !

70 *Fli.* All to be married. *Pru.* To whom, not your sonne ?

*Host.* The same, *Pru.* If her Ladiship could take truce  
 A little with her passion, and giue way  
 To their mirth now running. *Lad.* Runn's it mirth, let't  
 come,

It shall be well receiu'd, and much made of it.

75 *Pru.* We must of this, It was our owne conception.

## Act 5. Scene 3.

—————*Latimer. To them.*

Roome for green rushes, raise the Fidlers, Chamberlain,  
 Call vp the house in armes. *Hos.* This will rouse *Lovel*.

*Fly.* And bring him on too. *Lat.* *Shelee-neen* <Thomas>  
 Runns like a Heyfar, bitten with the Brieze,  
 5 About the court, crying on *Fly*, and cursing.

*Fly.* For what, my Lord ? *Lat.* Yo'were best heare that  
 from her,

v. ii. 58 reuerendly] reverently G 63 read.] read. F3 67 Host]  
*Host.* [coming forward with *Fly*]. G 69 Lord *Beaufort* married is]  
 Lord *Beaufort*'s married G 71 same.] same O, F3 73 let't]  
 let's F3 v. iii. Enter Lord *Latimer*. G, continuing the scene  
 1 Fidlers,] Fidler's F3 3 *Shelee-neen* Thomas G : *Shelee-neen*.  
 O, F3 (cf. iv. iv. 234, 341, v. v. 28)

It is no office, *Fly*, fits my relation.

Here come the happy couple ! Ioy, Lord *Beaufort*.

*Fly*. And my yong Lady too. *Hos*. Much ioy, my Lord !

# Act 5. Scene 4.

*Beaufort*. *Franke*. *Seruant(s)*. { *To them*.

I thanke you all, I thanke thee, Father *Fly*.

Madam, my Cossen, you looke discompos'd,

I haue beene bold with a sallad, after supper,

O' your owne lettice, here : *Lad*. You haue, my Lord.

But lawes of hospitality, and faire rites, 5

Would haue made me acquainted. *Bea*. I' your owne house,

I doe acknowledge : Else, I much had trespass'd.

But in an Inne, and publique, where there is licence

Of all community : a pardon o' course

May be su'de out. *Lad*. It will, my Lord, and carry it. 10

I doe not see, how any storme, or tempest

Can helpe it, now. *Pru*. The thing being done, and past,

You beare it wisely, and like a Lady of iudgement.

*Bea*. She is that, secretary *Pru*. *Pru*. Why secretary ?

My wise Lord ? is your braine lately married ? 15

*Bea*. Your raigne is ended, *Pru*, no soueraigne now :

Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

*Pru*. I am annul'd, how can I treat with *Lovel*,

Without a new commission ? *Lad*. Thy gown's commission.

*Host*. Haue patience, *Pru*, expect, bid the Lord ioy. 20

*Pru*. And this braue Lady too. I wish them ioy.

*Pei*. Ioy. *Ior*. Ioy. *Iug*. All ioy. *Hos*. I, the house full  
of ioy.

*Fly*. Play the bells, Fidlers, crack your strings with ioy.

*Pru*. But Lady *Letice*, you shew'd a neglect

Vn-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my Lady, your kinswoman, 25

Not to advise with her. *Bea*. Good politique *Pru*,

Vrge not your state-aduice, your after-wit ;

v. iii. 8 After 'couple!' Enter lord Beaufort, Franke, Ferret, Jordan,  
and Jug, Fiddlers, Seruants, etc. G v. iv. G continues the scene.  
Seruants] Seruant O 10 Lad. G. B. Tennant: Lat. O, F3 15 braine  
braine too G conj. 23 Music. add G

- 'Tis neare vpbraiding. Get our bed ready, Chamberlain,  
 And Host, a Bride-cup, you haue rare conceipts,  
 30 And good ingredients, euer an old Host  
 Vpo' the road, has his prouocatiue drinks.  
*Lat.* He is either a good Baud, or a Physician.  
*Bea.* 'Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.  
 A bed, the *Geniall* bed, a brace of boyes  
 35 To night I play for. *Pru.* Giue vs points, my Lord.  
*Bea.* Here take 'hem, *Pru*, my cod-piece point, and all,  
 I ha' claspes, my *Letice* armes, here take 'hem boyes.  
 What, is the chamber ready? speake, why stare you  
 On one another? *Ior.* No Sir. *Bea.* And why no?  
 40 *Ior.* My master has forbid it. He yet doubts  
 That you are married. *Bea.* Aske his vicar generall,  
 His *Fly*, here. *Fly.* I must make that good, they are  
 married.  
*Host.* But I must make it bad, my hot yong Lord.  
 Gi' him his doublet againe, the aier is peircing;  
 45 You may take cold, my Lord. See whom you ha' married,  
 Your hosts sonne, and a boy. *Fly.* You are abus'd.  
*Lad.* Much ioy, my Lord. *Pru.* If this be your *Lætitia*,  
 Shee'l proue a counterfeit mirth, and a clip'd Lady.  
*Ser.* A boy, a boy; my Lord has married a boy.  
 50 *Lat.* Raise all the house in shout, and laughter, a boy!  
*Host.* Stay, what is here! peace rascals, stop your throats.

## Act 5. Scene 5.

———*Nurse.* { *To them.*

- That magot, worme, that insect! O my child,  
 My daughter! where's that *Fly*? Ile fly in his face,  
 The vermin, let me come to him. *Fly.* Why *Nurse Shelee*?  
*Nur.* Hang thee thou *Parasite*, thou sonne of crums,  
 5 And ortes, thou hast vndone me, and my child,

v. iv. 37 *Throws off his doublet, etc.* add G 38 What, F3: What O  
 you] you! O 46 a boy] aboy O *Pulls off Frank's head-dress.* G  
 v. v. Act . . . them] *Enter Nurse hastily.* G, continuing the scene

My daughter, my deare daughter. *Ho.* What meanes this ?

*Nur.* O Sir, my daughter, my deare child is ruin'd,  
By this your *Fly*, here, married in a stable,  
And sold vnto a husband. *Host.* Stint thy cry,  
Harlot, if that be all, did'st thou not sell him 10  
To me for a boy ? and brought'st him in boyes rags,  
Here to my doore, to beg an almes of me ?

*Nur.* I did good M<sup>r</sup>, and I craue your pardon.  
But 'tis my daughter, and a girle. *Host.* Why sayd'st thou  
It was a boy, and sold'st him then, to me 15  
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, Carlin ?

*Nur.* Because you were a charitable man  
I heard, good M<sup>r</sup>, and would breed him well,  
I would ha' giu'n him you, for nothing, gladly.  
Forgiue the lie o' my mouth, it was to saue 20  
The fruit o' my wombe. A parents needs are vrgent.  
And few doe know that tyrant o're good natures.  
But you relieu'd her, and me too, the Mother,  
And tooke me into your house to be the nurse,  
For which heauen heape all blessings on your head, 25  
Whilst there can one be added. *Host.* Sure thou speakest  
Quite like another creature, then th'hast liu'd,  
Here, i'the house, a *Shelee-neen Thomas*,  
An *Irish* beggar. *Nur.* So I am, God helpe me.

*Host.* What art thou ? tell. The match is a good match, 30  
For ought I see : ring the bels once againe.

*Bea.* Stint, I say, Fidlers. *Lad.* No going off, my Lord.

*Bea.* Nor comming on, sweet Lady, things thus standing !

*Fly.* But what's the haynousnesse of my offence ?  
Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it ? 35  
In hauing your daughter match't thus happily,  
Into a noble house, a braue yong blood,  
And a prime peere o'the Realme ? *Bea.* Was that your plot,  
*Fly* ?

Gi' me a cloak, take her againe among you.

v. v. 30 tell.] tell, O : Tell : F3 31 againe] a gaine O *Music.* add G  
32 off,] off O 33 on,] on O



- 40 Ile none of your light-Heart fosterlings, no Inmates,  
*Supposititious* fruits of an Host's braine,  
 And his *Fly's* hatching, to be put vpon me.  
 There is a royall Court o'the *Star-chamber*,  
 Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,
- 45 And cleare the truth. Let beggers match with beggers.  
 That shall decide it, I will try it there.  
*Nur.* Nay then my Lord, it's not enough, I see,  
 You are licentious, but you will be wicked.  
 Yo' are not alone content to take my daughter,
- 50 Against the law ; but hauing taken her,  
 You would repudiate, and cast her off,  
 Now, at your pleasure, like a beast of power,  
 Without all cause, or colour of a cause,  
 That, or a noble, or an honest man,
- 55 Should dare t'except against, her pouerty.  
 Is pouerty a vice ? *Bea.* Th'age counts it so.  
*Nur.* God helpe your Lordship, and your peeres that  
 think so,  
 If any be : if not, God blesse them all,  
 And helpe the number o'the vertuous,
- 60 If pouerty be a crime. You may obiect  
 Our beggery to vs, as an accident,  
 But neuer deeper, no inherent basenesse.  
 And I must tell you, now, yong Lord of durt,  
 As an incensed mother, she hath more,
- 65 And better blood, running i' those small veines,  
 Then all the race of *Beauforts* haue in masse,  
 Though they distill their drops from the left rib  
 Of *Iohn o' Gaunt*. *Host.* Old mother o' records,  
 Thou know'st her pedegree, then : whose daughter is she ?
- 70 *Nur.* The daughter and coheire to the Lord *Frampull*,  
 This Ladies sister ! *Lad.* Mine ? what is her name ?  
*Nur.* *Lætitia*. *Lad.* That was lost ? *Nur.* The true  
*Lætitia*.

*Lad.* Sister, O gladnesse ! Then, you are our mother ?

*Nur.* I am, deare daughter. *Lad.* On my knees, I blesse  
The light I see you by. *Nur.* And to the author 75  
Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,  
Which hath almost, now, seuen yeare beene shut,  
Darke, as my vow was, neuer to see light,  
Till such a light restor'd it, as my children,  
Or your deare father, who (I heare) is not. 80

*Bea.* Giue me my wife, I owne her now, and will haue  
her.

*Host.* But you must aske my leaue first, my yong Lord,  
Leaue is but light. *Ferret,* goe bolt your Master,  
Here's geare will startle him. I cannot keepe  
The passion in me, I am eene turn'd child, 85  
And I must weepe. *Fly,* take away mine host,  
My beard, and cap here, from me, and fetch my Lord.  
I am her father, Sir, and you shall now  
Aske my consent, before you haue her. Wife !  
My deare and louing wife ! my honor'd wife ! 90  
Who here hath gain'd but I ? I am Lord *Frampull,*  
The cause of all this trouble ; I am he  
Haue measur'd all the Shires of *England* ouer :  
*Wales,* and her mountaines, seene those wilder nations,  
Of people in the *Peake,* and *Lancashire* ; 95  
Their Pipers, Fidlers, Rushers, Puppet-masters,  
Iuglers, and Gipseys, all the sorts of Canters,  
And Colonies of beggars, Tumblers, Ape-carriers,  
For to these sauages I was addicted,  
To search their natures, and make odde discoueries ! 100  
And here my wife, like a she *Mandeuile,*  
Ventred in disquisition, after me.

*Nur.* I may looke vp, admire, I cannot speake  
Yet, to my Lord. *Host.* Take heart, and breath, recouer,  
Thou hast recouer'd me, who here had coffin'd 105

v. v. 83 goe] Goe O 84 After 'him.' Exit *Ferret.* G 86 Pulls  
off his disguise. add G 87 Exit *Fly.* add G 92 trouble ;]  
trouble ? O After 102 Re-enter *Fly* with lord *Frampul's* robes. G

- My selfe aliue, in a poore hostelry,  
 In pennance of my wrongs done vnto thee,  
 Whom I long since gaue lost. *Nur.* So did I you,  
 Till stealing mine owne daughter from her sister,  
 110 I lighted on this errour hath cur'd all.
- Bea.* And in that cure, include my trespasse, Mother,  
 And Father, for my wife—— *Host.* No, the Star-chamber.
- Bea.* Away with that, you sowre the sweetest lettice  
 Was euer tasted. *Host.* Gi' you ioy, my Sonne,  
 115 Cast her not off againe. O call me Father,  
*Lovel*, and this your Mother, if you like :  
 But take your Mistris, first, my child ; I haue power  
 To giue her now, with her consent, her sister  
 Is giuen already to your brother *Beaufort*.
- 120 *Lov.* Is this a dreame now, after my first sleepe ?  
 Or are these phant'sies made i'the light Heart ?  
 And sold i'the new Inne ? *Host.* Best goe to bed,  
 And dreame it ouer all. Let's all goe sleepe,  
 Each with his Turtle. *Fly*, prouide vs lodgings,  
 125 Get beds prepar'd : yo' are master now o' the Inne,  
 The Lord o' the light Heart, I giue it you.  
*Fly*, was my fellow *Gipsey*. All my family,  
 Indeed, were *Gipseys*, Tapsters, Ostlers, Chamberlaines,  
 Reduced vessels of ciuility.
- 130 But here stands *Pru*, neglected, best deseruing  
 Of all that are i' the house, or i' my Heart,  
 Whom though I cannot helpe to a fit husband,  
 Ile helpe to that will bring one, a iust portion :  
 I haue two thousand pound in banke, for *Pru*,  
 135 Call for it when she will. *Bea.* And I as much.
- Host.* There's somewhat yet, foure thousand pound !  
 that's better,  
 Then sounds the prouerbe, *foure bare legs in a bed*.  
*Lov.* Me, and her mistresse, she hath power to coyne  
 Vp, into what she will. *Lad.* Indefinite *Pru*.
- 140 *Lat.* But I must doe the crowning act of bounty !  
 v. v. 107 thee,] thee O      115 After ' againe.' Enter *Lovel*. G

*Host.* What's that, my Lord? *Lat.* Giue her my selfe,  
which here

By all the holy vowes of *loue* I doe.

Spare all your promis'd portions, she is a dowry

So all-sufficient in her vertue and manners,

That fortune cannot adde to her. *Pru.* My Lord, 145

Your praises, are instructions to mine eares,

Whence, you haue made your wife, to liue your seruant.

*Host.* Lights, get vs seuerall lights. *Lov.* Stay, let my  
M<sup>rs</sup>

But heare my vision sung, my dreame of beauty,

Which I haue brought, prepar'd, to bid vs ioy, 150

And light vs all to bed, 'twill be instead

Of ayring of the sheets with a sweet odour.

*Host.* 'Twill be an incense to our sacrifice

Of *loue* to night, where I will woo afresh,

And like *Mecænas*, hauing but one wife, 155

Ile marry her, euery houre of life, hereafter.

*They goe out, with a Song.*

v. v. 142 doe.] doe, O : do. F3  
*Mecænas*] Mæcenas W

148 Stay,] Stay O

155

## Epilogue.

- P** *Layes in themselues haue neither hopes, nor feares,  
 Their fate is only in their hearers eares :  
 If you expect more then you had to night,  
 The maker is sick, and sad. But doe him right,*  
 5 *He meant to please you : for he sent things fit,  
 In all the numbers, both of sense, and wit,  
 If they ha' not miscarried ! if they haue,  
 All that his faint, and faltring tongue doth craue,  
 Is, that you not impute it to his braine.*  
 10 *That's yet unhurt, although set round with paine,  
 It cannot long hold out. All strength must yeeld.  
 Yet iudgement would the last be, i' the field,  
 With a true Poet. He could haue hal'd in  
 The drunkards, and the noyses of the Inne,*  
 15 *In his last Act ; if he had thought it fit  
 To vent you vapours, in the place of wit :  
 But better 'twas, that they should sleepe, or spew,  
 Then in the Scene to offend or him, or you.  
 This he did thinke ; and this doe you forgiue :*  
 20 *When e're the carcasse dies, this Art will liue.  
 And had he liu'd the care of King, and Queene,  
 His Art in somthing more yet had beene seene ;  
 But Maiors, and Shriffes may yearely fill the stage :  
 A Kings, or Poets birth doe aske an age.*

EPILOGUE. 20 e're F3: ere O    23 Shriffes] Sheriffs F3: shrieves W  
 24 doe] doth G

Another Epilogue there was, made for  
the Play in the Poets defence, but the  
Play liu'd not, in opinion, to  
haue it spoken.

**A** Iouiall Host, and Lord of the new Inne,  
Clep't the light Heart, with all that past therein,  
Hath beene the subiect of our Play to night,  
To giue the King, and Queene, and Court delight :  
But, then we meane, the Court aboue the stayres, 5  
And past the guard ; men that haue more of eares,  
Then eyes to iudge vs : Such as will not hisse  
Because the Chambermaid was named Cis.  
We thinke, it would haue seru'd our Scene as true,  
If, as it is, at first we'had call'd her Pru, 10  
For any mystery we there haue found,  
Or magick in the letters, or the sound.  
She only meant was, for a girle of wit,  
To whom her Lady did a Prouince fit :  
Which she would haue discharg'd, and done, as well, 15  
Had she beene christned Ioyce, Grace, Doll, or Nell.

SECOND EPILOGUE. 15 and done,] and, done O

*The iust indignation the Author  
tooke at the vulgar censure of his  
Play, by some malicious spectators,  
begat this following Ode to  
himselfe.*

Come leaue the lothed stage,  
And the more lothsome age :  
Where pride, and impudence (in faction knit)  
Vsurpe the chaire of wit !  
5 Indicting, and arrainging euery day  
Something they call a Play.  
Let their fastidious, vaine  
Commission of the braine  
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn :  
10 They were not made for thee, lesse, thou for them.  
Say, that thou pour'st them wheat,  
And they will acornes eat :  
'Twere simple fury, still, thy selfe to waste  
On such as haue no taste !  
15 To offer them a surfet of pure bread,  
Whose appetites are dead !  
No, giue them graines their fill,  
Huskes, draffe to drinke, and swill.  
If they loue lees, and leaue the lusty wine,  
20 Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.  
No doubt some mouldy tale,  
Like *Pericles* ; and stale

ODE TO HIMSELF. An earlier text of this, written in 1629 when Jonson was smarting under the failure of the play, is in Benson's Quarto edition of the *Poems*, 1640, and Duodecimo edition, 1640 (Q, D) ; in Ashmole MS. 38 of the Bodleian, on pages 80, 81, printed by Tenant (A) ; and in a Haslewood MS. collated in Dyce's copy (H). The iust . . . following om. Q, D, H. The title in A is Ben Johnsons, Ode to hym selfe 3 (in faction knit)] in faction knit, Q, D : In faction knitt A : (together knit) H 9 condemn Q, D : condem'n O : Condeme A : Jonson probably wrote condemn' to preserve the rhyme with them 10 made] born H 11 thou om. Q, D 12 will] would Q, D 14 such as] them that H 20 not, G : not ; A : not O, Q, D, A palate's] palate's, O : pallat's Q, D : Pallattes A : Palat's F3 21 some] a Q, D, H : A A 22 and] or H

As the Shrieues crusts, and nasty as his fish-  
 scraps, out (<of>) euery dish,  
 Throwne forth, and rak't into the common tub, 25  
 May keepe vp the *Play-club* :  
 There, sweepings doe as well  
 As the best order'd meale.  
 For, who the relish of these ghests will fit,  
 Needs set them, but, the almes-basket of wit. 30  
 And much good do't you then :  
 Braue *plush*, and *veluet*-men ;  
 Can feed on orts : And safe in your stage-clothes,  
 Dare quit, vpon your oathes,  
 The stagers, and the stage-wrights too (your peeres) 35  
 Of larding your large eares  
 With their foule *comick* socks ;  
 Wrought vpon twenty blocks :  
 Which, if they are torne, and turn'd, & patch't enough,  
 The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuffe. 40  
 Leaue things so prostitute,  
 And take the *Alcaick* Lute ;  
 Or thine owne *Horace*, or *Anacreons* Lyre ;  
 Warme thee, by *Pindares* fire :  
 And though thy nerues be shrunke, and blood be cold, 45  
 Ere yeares haue made thee old ;  
 Strike that disdaine-full heate  
 Throughout, to their defeate :  
 As curious fooles, and enuious of thy straine,  
 May, blushing, sweare no palsey's in thy braine. 50

ODE. 23 fish-] Fish, Q: fish, D, A: fish— G scraps,] Scrapps  
 A: Scraps Q, D: scrap'd H 24 of Q, D, A, H 27 There,]  
 Broomes Q, A: Brooms D: Broome and his H 28 As . . . meale]  
 There, as his Masters meale Q, D: Thear as his Masters Meale A: Ther,  
 as his masters meale H 31 you] yee Q: ye D 33 stage-]  
 scene Q, D: braue A 35 -wrights, too (your peeres)] -wrights,  
 to your peyces A 36 larding] stuffing Q, D, A, H 37 their  
 foule] rage of Q, D: rags of A: raggs of H 39 they are torne,  
 and turn'd] they're torne, and foule Q, D, A (they are): they are but  
 torne, and foule H 40 guilt] gilt Q, D 43 *Anacreons*]  
*Anacrians* A 42 the] th' Q, D 46 haue] hath A 50 May,  
 blushing, sweare] May blushing sweare, Q, D: May Blushing Sweare; A



But, when they heare thee sing  
 The glories of thy *King*,  
 His zeale to *God*, and his iust awe o're men ;  
 They may, blood-shaken, then,  
 55 Feele such a flesh-quake to possesse their powers :  
 As they shall cry, like ours  
 In sound of peace, or warres,  
 No Harpe ere hit the starres ;  
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet raigne :  
 60 And raysing *Charles* his chariot, 'boue his *Waine*.

*The end.*

ODE. 53 o're] of *Q, D, A*      54 may, blood-shaken, then,] may be  
 blood-shaken, then *Q, D*      56 As . . . ours] That no tun'd Harpe  
 like ours, *Q, D* : As noe tund harpe like ours ; *A* : Cause no tun'd harp  
 like ours *H*      58 No . . . starres ;] Shall truely hit the Starres : *Q, D*  
 (stars :) Shall truely hitt the starrs : *A* : Shall truly hit the stars *H*  
 59 In . . . acts When they shall read the Acts *Q, D, H* (acts,) : When  
 they shall reade, the Actes *A*      his sweet] *Charles* his *Q, D, A*  
 60 And . . . chariot,] And see his Chariot triumph *Q, D, H* (chariot):  
 And see his Charriott ; Triumphe *A*      'boue] o'er *H*      *Waine*.]  
 Waine. B. J. *Q*      Finis. Ben Johnson. add *A*

## APPENDIX XII

### THE ADAPTATIONS FROM 'THE NEW INN' IN 'LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE'

The textual correspondence between these two plays has already been discussed.<sup>1</sup> The text of the parallel passages is given here from the Beaumont and Fletcher Folio of 1647. Fletcher set the scene of the play in Barcelona, and it opens at an inn on the road to it, where Diego the Host is lectured on his lack of etiquette by Incubo, bailiff of Castel Bianco. The Host has complained of the lack of custom.

*Inc.* Gossip, I have found  
The root of all ; kneel, pray, it is thy self  
Art cause thereof : each person is the founder  
Of his own fortune, good, or bad ; but mend it,  
Call for thy cloak, and rapier.

*Die.* How ?

*Inc.* Do, call,  
And put 'em on in haste : Alter thy fortune,  
By appearing worthy of her : Dost thou think  
Her good face ere wil know a man in cuerpo ?  
In single body, thus ? in hose, and doublet ?  
The horse-boyes garb ? base blank, and half blank cuerpo ?  
Did I, or Mr Dean of Civil<sup>2</sup> our neighbor  
Ere reach our dignities in cuerpo, thinkst thou,  
In squirting hose, and doublet ? Signior, no,  
There went more to't : there were cloaks, gowns, cassocks  
And other paramentos ; Call, I say,  
His cloak, and rapier here. *Enter Hostesse.*

*Hostes.* What means your worship ?

*Inc.* Bring forth thy husbands Sword : so, hang it on,  
And now his cloak, here, cast it up ; I mean  
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.

*Hostes.* Why ? is there charm in this ?

*Inc.* Expect ; now walk,  
But not the pace of one that runs on errands ;  
For want of gravity in an Host, is odious :  
You may remember Gossip, if you please,

<sup>1</sup> Appendix VIII in vol. ii, pp. 198-200.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Seville.

(Your wife being then th'Infanta of the Gipsies,<sup>1</sup>  
 And your self governing a great mans Mules then)  
 Me a poor Squire at Madrid attending  
 A Master of Ceremonies ; But a man, beleeve it,  
 That knew his place to the gold weight, and such  
 Have I heard him oft say, ought every Host  
 Within the Catholique kings dominions  
 Be in his own house.

*Die.* How ?

*Inc.* A Master of Ceremonies :

At least vice-master, and to do nought in cuerpo,  
 That was his maxime ; I wil tell thee of him :  
 He would not speak with an Ambassadors Cook,  
 See a cold bake-meat from a forreign part  
 In cuerpo : had a dog but staid without,  
 Or beast of quality, as an English cow,  
 But to present it self, he would put on  
 His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff  
 And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat  
 With the Rome hat-band, and the Florentine agat,  
 The Millain Sword, the Cloak of Genua, set  
 With Flemish buttons, all his given peeces  
 To entertain 'em in, and complement  
 With a tame Coney, as with the Prince that sent it.

With the above compare *The New Inn*, Act II, scene v,  
 lines 48-69.

The second passage, also in the opening scene of *Love's Pilgrimage*, is a discussion between the Host and Lazaro, the ostler of the inn.

*Die.* Lazaro

*Enter Lazaro.*

How do the horses ?

*Laz.* Would you go and see Sir,  
 A — of all Jades, what a clap h'as given me :  
 As sure as you live master he knew perfectly  
 I couzend him on's Oats : he lookt upon me  
 And then he sneerd, as who should say take heed sirrah :  
 And when he saw our half peck, which you know  
 Was but an old Court dish : lord how he stampet :  
 I thought 't had been for joy, when suddenly

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *The Staple of News*, 2nd Intermean, ll. 32-4. 'Why not the . . . Infanta o' the Gipsies ? as well as . . . King of Gipsies ?'

He cuts me a back caper with his heels  
And takes me just o'th' crupper : down came I  
And all my ounce of Oates : Then he neigh'd out  
As though he had had a Mare by'th taile.

*Die.* Faith Lazaro

We are to blame to use the poor dumb serviters  
So cruelly.

*Laz.* Yonder's this other gentlemans horse  
Keeping our Lady eve : the devill a bit  
Has got since he came in yet : there he stands  
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleasure sir  
He shall look lean enough : has hay before him,  
But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him,  
Unless he eate it butter'd : he had four shoos  
And good ones when he came : 'tis a strange wonder  
With standing still he should cast three.

*Die.* O Lazaro

The devils in this trade : truth never knew it  
And to the devill we shall travell Lazaro  
Unless we mend our manners : once every week  
I meet with such a knock to molefie me  
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,  
Yet still I sleep securely.

*Laz.* Certain Master

We must use better dealing.

*Die.* 'Faith for mine own part

Not to give ill example to our issues,  
I could be well content to steal but two girths,  
And now and then a saddle cloth : change a bridle  
Onely for exercise.

*Laz.* If we could stay there

There were some hope on's Master : but the devill is  
We are drunk so early we mistake whole Saddles  
Sometimes a horse ; and then it seems to us too  
Every poore Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles  
Up to his ears in clean straw, and every bottle  
Shews at the least a dozen ; when the truth is Sir  
There's no such matter, not a smell of provinder,  
Not so much straw, as would tye up a horse tail,  
Nor any thing ith' rack, but two old cobwebs  
And so much rotten hay as had been a hens nest.

*Die.* Well, these mistakings must be mended Lazaro,

These apparitions, that abuse our senses,  
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger  
But put in nothing ; these fancies must be forgot  
And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us  
Whose horse we ought in conscience to couzen,  
And how, and when : A Parsons horse may suffer  
A little greazing in his teeth, 'tis wholesome ;  
And keeps him in a sober shuffle : and his Saddle  
May want a stirrop, and it may be sworn  
His learning lay on one side, and so brok it :  
Has ever Oates in's cloak-bag to prevent us  
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office  
To tythe him soundly.

*Laz.* And a Grazier may,  
For those are pinching puckfoysts, and suspicious :  
Suffer a myst before his eyes sometimes too,  
And think hee sees his horse eat half a bushel :  
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,  
Till all the skin come off : he shal but mumble  
Like an old woman, that were chewing brawn,  
And drop em out again.

*Die.* That may do wel too,  
And no doubt tis but venial : But good *Lazaro*  
Have you a care of understanding horses,  
Horses with angry heels, gentlemens horses,  
Horses that know the world : let them have meat  
Till their teeth ake ; and rubbing till their ribbs  
Shine like a wenches forehead ; they are devils.

*Laz.* And look into our dealings : as sure as we live  
These Courtiers horses, are a kind of Welsh prophets,  
Nothing can be hid from 'em : For mine own part  
The next I cozen of that kind, shal be founderd,  
And of all four too : Ile no more such complements  
Upon my crupper.

*Die.* Steal but a litle longer  
Till I am lam'd too, and wee'l repent together,  
It wil not be above two daies.

*Laz.* By that time  
I shal be wel again, and all forgot Sir.

*Dieg.* Why then ile stay for thee.

*Exit.*

Compare *The New Inn*, Act III, scene i, lines 57-168.

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## THE MAGNETIC LADY

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## THE TEXT

The first official record of *The Magnetic Lady* is in the lost office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, who licensed it on 12 October 1632. The entry, preserved by Malone,<sup>1</sup> is as follows :

Received of Knight,<sup>2</sup> for allowing of Ben Johnsons play called Humours Reconcil'd, or the Magnetick Lady, to bee acted, this 12th of Octob. 1632, 2l. o. o.

There is a second entry, of great interest, a year later :<sup>3</sup>

Upon a second petition of the players to the High Commission court, wherein they did mee right in my care to purge their plays of all offense, my lords Grace of Canterbury<sup>4</sup> bestowed many words upon mee, and discharged mee of any blame, and layd the whole fault of their play called The Magnetick Lady, upon the players. This happened the 24 of Octob. 1633, at Lambeth. In their first petition they would have excused themselves on mee and the poett.

Of the first petition nothing is known, but the 'offense' must have been the insertion of oaths ; for example in Act I, scene iv, line 17 ' 'Od sheild ! ' and in scene v, line 26,

Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason——

the players probably gave the full-blooded ' God shield ! ' and ' God's death '. Herbert was touchy on such points : in Davenant's play of *The Wits*, acted at Court on 28 January, 1634, he struck out ' faith ' and ' slight ', but King Charles intervened and told him they were ' asseverations, and no oaths '. He submitted, but entered, ' under favour ', a quiet protest in the office-book.<sup>5</sup>

The only entry of the play on the Stationers' Register is the belated transfer by its original publisher Thomas Walkley to Humphrey Moseley on 20 November 1658.<sup>6</sup>

The play was first printed in the 'Third Volume' of the 1640 Folio. It opens the section of new plays which includes

<sup>1</sup> *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. iii, p. 231.

<sup>2</sup> The book-keeper of the Blackfriars playhouse.

<sup>3</sup> *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. iii, p. 233. <sup>4</sup> Archbishop Laud.

<sup>5</sup> Malone, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, p. 235.

<sup>6</sup> Eyre and Rivington, *Transcript*, vol. ii, p. 206.



*A Tale of a Tub* and the fragment of *The Sad Shepherd*. Walkley's difficulties over publishing his portion of the Folio have already been described.<sup>1</sup>

In this play section of the Folio *The Magnetic Lady* is printed on signatures A to H in fours, pages 1-64. The collation is in detail—A 1 recto, Title-page, with the verso blank; A 2 recto, the scene and the characters, with the verso blank; A 3 recto to H 4 recto, the text of the play; H 4 verso, the epilogue.

The play was not well printed, and sixty-one corrections have been traced in the eleven copies we have collated. Of these only three are of textual importance. In Act 1, scene v, line 12, Polish's malapropism of '*Armenians*' for '*Arminians*' was originally repeated in Rut's correction of her blunder:

And find out the *Armenians*. Rut. The *Armenians*.

Pol. I say the *Armenians*.

In Act II, scene iii, line 12, where Rut is prescribing for Placentia after her swoon, he was made to say at first 'Give heaven', a misreading of two copies which would have defied emendation; fortunately the other copies read 'Give her vent'. A minor correction is 'sale in open market' for 'in open sale market' in Act II, scene vi, line 23. The other changes adjust the spelling and punctuation. Even so there are many lapses. Examples of spellings impossible for Jonson are '*Logorythmes*' (I. vi. 35), '*Perimiter*' (Induction, l. 110, III. iv. 98), and '*Protesis*' (1st Chorus, l. 8). '*Paralaxe*' (I. vi. 39) and '*carract*' (I. vii. 38) are seventeenth-century spellings, though it is doubtful if Jonson used them. Words are lost in the text: for example,

But the dispersed issue of <the> first one (II. vi. 59).

And therefore have the <fairer> hopes before you (III. iv. 73).

And had <cried> up for honour to her blood (IV. ii. 20).<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 145-6.

<sup>2</sup> In III. i. 28 'For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs. Polish', 'thrusting in' is a likelier correction than Gifford's 'against'.

Needle's name is omitted before his speech in v. i. 11, and Lady Loadstone's before hers in v. x. 136. Stupid blunders which the printer might easily have corrected are 'Mrs. Needle' (II. ii. 35), 'his his' (II. vi. 123) 'de defac'd' (III. iv. 16), 'graones' (III. v. 8), 'to her, to her' (v. v. 43), and 'houre' for 'honoure' (v. x. 140).

Whalley and Gifford emended a number of errors: Whalley, for instance, substituted 'reparation' for 'reputation' in III. iv. 21. There still remains an obscurity, if not a corruption, in the text of iv. vii. 44-6, where Chair, the midwife, is dilating on the necessity of women keeping their 'smock-secrets' to themselves.

No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,  
Or these shop-lights, then th'Ages, and folke in them,  
That seeme most curious.

What is the point of 'th'Ages'? Such a correction as 'th' Age is' is very doubtful with the plural 'folk in *them*' immediately following.

Finally, there are irregularities in the lists of characters prefixed to three scenes. In the second scene of the third Act, after the stage has been cleared by the hurried departure of all the characters in the first scene, the two speakers are indicated in the usual way, '*Compassse. Ironside,*' but a pointless note 'To them after' is inserted in the margin. After a dialogue of fifteen lines Compass takes Ironside off. 'This way to my lodging,' he says, and the stage is clear once more. Then, without numbering a new scene, the Folio continues

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the Stage.  
Pleasance. Item.*

At line 10 'Here Mr. *Compassse* comes', though his name is not in the heading. After disposing of Ironside he has returned from his lodging.

A possible explanation of the confusion is this. Jonson originally wrote as a scene heading:

*Compassse. Ironside.*

To them after.

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the stage.  
Pleasance. Item.*

The scene began with Compass's rebuke to Ironside for quarrelling at the dinner, throwing wine in Silkworm's face, and frightening the ladies. Ironside owed Lady Loadstone an apology, but he was in no mood to make it. So Compass very properly got him out of the house before Lady Loadstone entered. Jonson thus made a completely new scene, but forgot to mark it as such and to delete 'To them after' in the heading.

In the fifth scene of the fourth Act the names of the only speakers '*Pleasance. Compasse.*' are in the heading, but Palate enters at line 21, to be at once dismissed by Compass to join Ironside at his lodging; Palate goes off without a word, but his presence in the scene should have been noted. Practice also enters at line 24, but as he is the first speaker in the sixth scene which begins one line later, it was not necessary to mention him earlier.

In the eighth scene of the fourth Act the preliminary list of the characters is hopelessly confused. The Folio prints  
*Interest, with his Foot-boy. To them Compasse. Ironside.  
Silkeworme. Palate. Pleasance. To them the  
Lady: and after Practise.*

But Lady Loadstone, for whom Interest inquires, enters at the fifth line, in which she is directly addressed, and Compass soon follows her. At any rate he hears the accusation that he is the father of the new-born bastard and Interest's malicious suggestion that Lady Loadstone should join him as a god-parent.

In 1914 Dr. W. H. Peck edited the play for the Yale Studies in English, no. xlvii. He collated the copy in the Yale University Library with Professor J. M. Berdan's copy and noted two variants.

THE  
MAGNETICK  
LADY:  
OR,  
HVMORS  
RECONCILD.

---

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

*Iam lapides suis ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,  
Illecebris. — Claud. de Magnet.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed M. CD. XL.

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The title-page of the Folio, 1640



# THE SCENE, LONDON

## *The Persons that act.*

LADY Loadstone,	The Magnetick Lady.	
M <sup>rs</sup> . Polish,	Her Gossip, and she-Parasite.	
M <sup>rs</sup> . Placentia,	Her Neice.	
Pleasance,	Her Waiting-woman.	
M <sup>rs</sup> . Keepe,	The Neices Nourse.	5
MOTHER Chaire,	The Midwife.	
M <sup>r</sup> . Compasse,	A Scholler, Mathematick.	
CAPTAINE Ironside,	A Souldier.	
PARSON Palate,	Prelate of the Parish.	
DOCTOR Rut,	Physician to the house.	10
Tim Item,	His Apothecary.	
SIR Diaph: Silkworm,	A Courtier.	
M <sup>r</sup> . Practise,	A Lawyer.	
SIR Moath Interest,	An Vsurer, or Money-baud.	
M <sup>r</sup> . Bias,	A Vi-politique, or Sub-secretary.	15
M <sup>r</sup> . Needle,	The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.	

## CHORVS by way of Induction.

〈M<sup>r</sup>. Probee, M<sup>r</sup>. Damplay, A Boy of the house.〉

THE PERSONS THAT ACT.]      8 *Ironside*.] Ironside, his brother, G  
12 *Diaph*.] *Diaph* F: DIAPHANOUS W      13 A Lawyer] A Lawyer F  
15 *Bias*, corr. F: *Bias* F originally      After 16 G adds *Servant to Sir*  
*Moath, Serjeants, &c.*

# THE INDUCTION; OR, CHORUS.

---

*Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage,*

M<sup>r</sup>. PROBEE and M<sup>r</sup>. DAMPLAY.

A BOY of the house,

*meets them.*

**B**oy. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any fine Phansies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Idæas, Definitions of Lords, and Ladies? Waiting-women, Parasites, Knights, Captaines, Courtiers, Lawyers? what  
5 doe you lack?

*Pro.* A pretty prompt Boy for the Poëtique Shop.

*Dam.* And a bold! where's one o' your Masters, Sirrah, the Poet?

*Boy.* Which of 'hem? Sir, wee have divers that drive  
10 that trade, now: Poëts, Poet'accios, Poetasters, Poet-ito's——

*Dam.* And all Haberdashers of small wit, I presume: wee would speake with the Poët o' the day, *Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, hee is not here. But, I have the dominion of  
15 the Shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the Stage will afford for the present.

*Pro.* Therein you will expresse your owne good parts,  
*Boy.*

*Dam.* And tye us two, to you, for the gentle office.

20 *Pro.* Wee are a paire of publique persons (this Gentleman, and my selfe) that are sent, thus coupled unto you, upon state-busines.

THE INDUCTION. *Stage,*] *Stage.* F 7-8 Sirrah . . . Poet? a new  
line in F 9 Sir,] Sir F 21 you,] you F

*Boy.* It concernes but the state of the Stage, I hope !

*Dam.* O, you shall know that by degrees, *Boy.* No man leaps into a busines of state, without fourding first the state 25 of the busines.

*Pro.* Wee are sent unto you, indeed, from the people.

*Boy.* The people ! which side of the people ?

*Dam.* The Venison side, if you know it, *Boy.*

*Boy.* That's the left side. I had rather they had beene the 30 right.

*Pro.* So they are. Not the *Fæces*, or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinfull sixe-penny Mechanicks——

*Dam.* But the better, and braver sort of your people ! 35 Plush and Velvet-outsides ! that stick your house round like so many eminences——

*Boy.* Of clothes, not understandings ? They are at pawne. Well, I take these as a part of your people though ; what bring you to me from these people ? 40

*Dam.* You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poëts had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

*Pro.* I, their chiefe aime was——

*Dam.* *Populo ut placerent* : (if hee understands so much.) 45

*Boy.* *Quas fecissent fabulas.* I understand that, sin' I learn'd *Terence*, i' the third forme at *Westminster* : go on Sir.

*Pro.* Now, these people have imployed us to you, in all their names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

*Dam.* For they have had very meane ones, from this shop 50 of late, the Stage as you call it.

*Boy.* Troth, Gentlemen, I have no wares, which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venter with your people, your gay gallant people : so as you, againe, will undertake for them, that they shall know 55 a good *Play* when they heare it ; and will have the conscience, and ingenuity beside, to confesse it.



*Prob.* Wee'll passe our words for that : you shall have a brace of us to ingage our selves.

60 *Boy.* You'l tender your names, *Gentlemen*, to our booke then ?

*Dam.* Yes, here's Mr. *Probee* ; A man of most powerfull speech, and parts to perswade.

*Pro.* And M<sup>r</sup>. *Damplay*, will make good all hee under-  
65 takes.

*Boy.* Good M<sup>r</sup>. *Probee*, and M<sup>r</sup>. *Damplay* ! I like your securities : whence doe you write your selves ?

*Pro.* Of *London*, *Gentlemen* : but *Knights* brothers, and *Knights* friends, I assure you.

70 *Dam.* And *Knights* fellow's too. Every Poët writes *Squire* now.

*Boy.* You are good names ! very good men, both of you ! I accept you.

*Dam.* And what is the Title of your *Play*, here ? *The*  
75 *Magnetick Lady* ?

*Boy.* Yes, Sir, an attractive title the Author has given it.

*Pro.* A *Magnete*, I warrant you.

*Dam.* O, no, from *Magnus*, *Magna*, *Magnum*.

*Boy.* This Gentleman hath found the true magnitude——

80 *Dam.* Of his portall, or entry to the worke, according to *Vitruvius*.

*Boy.* Sir, all our worke is done without a Portall—or *Vitruvius*. *In Foro*, as a true Comædy should bee. And what is conceald within, is brought out, and made present  
85 by report.

*Dam.* Wee see not that alwayes observ'd, by your Authors of these times : or scarce any other.

*Boy.* Where it is not at all knowne, how should it be observ'd ? The most of those your people call *Authors*,  
90 never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene* ; but grope at it, i' the darke, and feeble, or fumble for

THE INDUCTION. 67 securities : corr. F : Securities, F originally  
78 *Magnum* corr. F : *Magnum* ! F originally 79 Gentleman]  
Gentleman, F 82 Sir,] Sir F 83 In] In F

it ; I speake it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

*Dam.* But, why *Humors reconcil'd* ? I would faine know.

*Boy.* I can satisfie you there, too : if you will. But, 95 perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

*Dam.* No ? why should you conceive so, *Boy* ?

*Boy.* My conceit is not ripe, yet : Ile tell you that anon. The *Author*, beginning his studies of this kind, with *every man in his Humour* ; and after, *every man out of his Humour* : 100 and since, continuing in all his *Playes*, especially those of the *Comick* thred, whereof the *New-Inne* was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himselfe now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath phant'sied to himselfe, in *Idæa*, 105 this *Magnetick Mistris*. A Lady, a brave bountifull House-keeper, and a vertuous Widow : who having a young Neice, ripe for a man and marriageable, hee makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of different humours to make up his *Perimeter*. And this hee 110 hath call'd *Humors reconcil'd*.

*Pro.* A bold undertaking ! and farre greater, then the reconciliation of both Churches, the quarrell betweene humours having beene much the ancients, and, in my poore opinion, the root of all Schisme, and Faction, both in Church 115 and Common-wealth.

*Boy.* Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still ; but how hee will speed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himselfe (it seems) lesse cares. For hee will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has lost too much 120 that way already, hee sayes. Hee will not woo the gentile ignorance so much. But carelesse of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, hee is confident it shall super-please judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to worke with the rest, by example, or otherwise. 125

THE INDUCTION. 94 know.] know ? F 96 you] y ou F 99-100  
every . . . Humour] every man in his Humour F 100 every . . .  
Humour] every man out of his Humour F 106 Lady.] Lady F  
110 Perimeter] Perimeter F 125 worke . . . rest,] worke, . . . rest F

*Dam.* Hee may be deceived in that, *Boy* : Few follow examples now, especially, if they be good.

*Boy.* The *Play* is ready to begin, *Gentlemen*, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for  
 130 whom you are Delegates ! Please you take a couple of Seates, and plant your selves, here, as neere my standing as you can: Fly every thing (you see) to the marke, and censure it ; freely. So, you interrupt not the *Series*, or thred of the Argument, to breake or pucker it, with unnecessary questions.  
 135 For, I must tell you, (not out of mine owne *Dictamen*, but the *Authors*,) A good *Play*, is like a skeene of silke : which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleasure, on the bottome, or card of your discourse, in a tale, or so ; how you will : But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all  
 140 into a knot, or elfe-lock ; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle will undoe, or separate.

*Dam.* Stay ! who be these, I pray you ?

*Boy.* Because it is your first question, (and these be the prime persons) it would in civility require an answer : but  
 145 I have heard the Poët affirme, that to be the most unlucky *Scene* in a *Play*, which needs an Interpreter ; especially, when the *Auditory* are awake : and such are you, hee presumes. *Ergo*.

143 (and these] and (these F

145 I have] I have F

# THE MAGNETICK LADY:

## OR,

### HUMORS RECONCIL'D.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Compasse, Ironside.*

**C***om.* Welcome good Captaine *Ironside*, and brother ;  
 You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by,  
 Here at a noble Ladies house i'th' street,  
 The Lady *Loadstones* (one will bid us welcome)  
 Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Guests, 5  
 Of severall humors, cariage, constitution,  
 Profession too : but so diametrall  
 One to another, and so much oppos'd,  
 As if I can but hold them all together,  
 And draw 'hem to a sufferance of themselves, 10  
 But till the Dissolution of the Dinner ;  
 I shall have just occasion to beleeve  
 My wit is magisteriall ; and our selves  
 Take infinite delight, i' the successe.

*Iro.* Troth, brother *Compasse*, you shall pardon me ; 15  
 I love not so to multiply acquaintance  
 At a meales cost, 'twill take off o' my freedome  
 So much : or bind me to the least observance.

*Com.* Why *Ironside*, you know I am a Scholler,  
 And part a Souldier ; I have beene employed, 20  
 By some the greatest States-men o' the kingdome,  
 These many yeares : and in my time convers'd  
 With sundry humors, suiting so my selfe

I. i] ACT I. SCENE I. | *The Street before Lady Loadstone's House.* | *Enter*  
*Compasse, and captain Ironside, meeting.* G

- To company, as honest men, and knaves,  
 25 Good-fellowes, Hypocrites, all sorts of people,  
 Though never so divided in themselves,  
 Have studied to agree still in the usage,  
 And handling of me (which hath beene faire too.)  
*Iro.* Sir, I confesse you to be one well read  
 30 In men, and manners ; and that, usually,  
 The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,  
 Rather subject themselves unto your censure,  
 Then give you least occasion of distaste,  
 By making you the subject of their mirth :  
 35 But (to deale plainly with you, as a brother)  
 When ever I distrust i' my owne valour :  
 Ile never beare me on anothers wit,  
 Or offer to bring off, or save my selfe  
 On the opinion of your Iudgement, gravitie,  
 40 Discretion, or what else. But (being away)  
 You're sure to have lesse wit-worke, gentle brother,  
 My humour being as stubborne, as the rest,  
 And as unmannageable. *Com.* You doe mistake  
 My Caract of your friendship, all this while !  
 45 Or at what rate I reckon your assistance,  
 Knowing by long experience, to such Animals,  
 Halfe-hearted Creatures, as these are, your Foxe, there,  
 Vnkenneld with a Cholerick, ghastly aspect,  
 Or two or three comminatory Termes,  
 50 Would run their feares to any hole of shelter,  
 Worth a dayes laughter ! I am for the sport :  
 For nothing else. *Iro.* But, brother, I ha' seene  
 A Coward, meeting with a man as valiant  
 As our St. *George* (not knowing him to be such,  
 55 Or having least opinion that hee was so)  
 Set to him roundly, I, and swindge him soundly :  
 And i' the vertue of that errour, having  
 Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after

To erre ; and thinke no person, nor no creature  
More valiant then himselfe. *Com.* I thinke that too. 60

But, Brother, (could I over-intreat you)  
I have some little plot upon the rest,  
If you would be contented, to endure  
A sliding reprehension, at my hands,  
To heare your selfe, or your profession glanc'd at 65  
In a few sleighting termes : It would beget  
Me such a maine Authority, o' the by :  
And doe your selfe no dis-repute at all !

*Iro. Compasse,* I know that universall causes  
In nature produce nothing ; but as meeting 70  
Particular causes, to determine those,  
And specifie their acts. This is a piece  
Of *Oxford* Science, staies with me ere since  
I left that place ; and I have often found  
The truth thereof, in my private passions : 75  
For I doe never feele my selfe perturb'd  
With any generall words 'gainst my profession,  
Vnlesse by some smart stroke upon my selfe  
They doe awake, and stirre me : Else, to wise  
And well-experienc'd men, words doe but signifie ; 80  
They have no power ; save with dull Grammarians,  
Whose soules are nought, but a *Syntaxis* of them.

*Com.* Here comes our *Parson*, *Parson Palate* here,  
A venerable youth ! I must salute him,  
And a great Clerke ! hee's going to the Ladies, 85  
And though you see him thus, without his Cope,  
I dare assure you, hee's our Parish Pope !  
God save my reverend Clergy, *Parson Palate*.

1. i. 61 over-intreat] over intreat *F* 62 rest], rest *F* 66 termes]  
terme *F* originally 75 my] ym *F* originally : my own *G. conj.*  
80 well-experienc'd] well experienc'd *F* but] not *W. conj.* 83 here,]  
here *F* 87 dare] do *W* After 87 Enter *Palate. G*

## ACT I. SCENE II.

*Palate, Compasse, Ironside.**Pal.* The witty Mr. *Compasse* ! how is't, with you ?*Com.* My Lady staies for you, and for your Councell,  
Touching her Neice Mrs. *Placentia Steele* !

Who strikes the fire of full fourteene, to day,

5 Ripe for a husband. *Pal.* I, she chimes, shee chimes.Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the house Physician ?He's sent for too. *Com.* To Councell ? 'time yo' were  
there.

Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch :

That wee may goe to dinner betimes, *Parson* :

10 And drinke a health or two more, to the busines.

*Iro.* This is a strange put-off ! a reverend youth,

You use him most surreverently me thinkes !

What call you him ? *Palate Please* ? or *Parson Palate* ?*Com.* All's one, but shorter ! I can gi' you his Character.

15 Hee, is the Prelate of the Parish, here ;

And governes all the Dames ; appoints the cheere ;

Writes downe the bills of fare ; pricks all the Guests ;

Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts

Within the ward ; drawes all the parish wils ;

20 Designes the Legacies ; and strokes the Gills

Of the chiefe Mourners ; And (who ever lacks

Of all the kindred) hee hath first his blacks.

Thus holds hee weddings up, and burials,

As his maine tithing ; with the Gossips stals,

25 Their pewes ; He's top still, at the publique messe ;

Comforts the widow, and the fatherlesse,

In funerall Sack ! Sits 'bove the Alderman !

For of the Ward-mote *Quest*, he better can

The mysterie, then the Levitick Law :

1. ii.] *G continues the scene*chimes, *F*add *G*lacks) *F*10 health *corr. F*13 What *corr. F*: What ? *F originally*22 kindred)] kindred, *F*3 Steele] Steele *F*health, *F originally*What ? *F originally*28 can] can, *F*

5 chimes.]

*Exit Palate.*

21 lacks]

That peece of Clark-ship doth his Vestry awe. 30  
Hee is as he conceives himselfe, a fine  
Well-furnish'd, and apparaled Divine.

*Iro.* Who made this EPIGRAMME, you? *Com.* No, a great  
Clarke

As any'is of his bulke, (*Ben: Ionson*) made it.

*Iro.* But what's the other Character, *DOCTOR Rut?* 35

*Com.* The same man made 'hem both: but his is shorter,  
And not in rime, but blanks. Ile tell you that, too.

*Rut* is a young Physician to the family:

That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature  
More then her share; licentious in discourse, 40

And in his life a profest Voluptary;

The slave of money, a Buffon in manners;

Obscene in language; which he vents for wit;

Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing,

Is any thing but civill, or a man. 45

See here they are! and walking with my Lady,

In consultation, afore the doore;

Wee will slip in, as if we saw 'hem not.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

*Lady, Palate, Rut.*

*Lad.* I, 'tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,  
My brother *Interests.* *Pal.* Who, old Sir *Moath?*

*Lad.* Hee keeps off all her Suitors, keepes the portion,  
Still in his hands: and will not part withall,  
On any termes. *Pal.* *Hinc illæ lachrymæ;* 5

Thence flowes the cause o' the maine grievance. *Rut.* That,  
It is a maine one! how much is the portion?

*Lad.* No petty summe. *Pal.* But sixteene thousand pound.

1. ii. 32 Well-furnish'd] Well furnish'd F 34 bulke,] bulke. F  
Ben: Ionson] Benj. Johnson F3 41 Voluptary] Voluptuary F3  
After 45 Re-enter Palate with Rut and lady Loadstone, in discourse.  
After 48 Iron. and Com. go into the house. G 1. iii.] G continues  
the scene 1 'tis] tis F 4 withall] with all F 6 That,]  
That F: That!— G



- Rut.* He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it downe.  
 10 When is it payable? *Lad.* When she is married.  
*Pal.* Marry her, marry her, Madam. *Rut.* Get her married.  
 Loose not a day, an houre—— *Pal.* Not a minute.  
 Pursue your project reall. *Mr. Compasse*  
 Advis'd you, too. He is the perfect Instrument,  
 15 Your Ladiship should saile by. *Rut.* Now, *Mr. Compasse*  
 Is a fine witty man; I saw him goe in, now.  
*Lad.* Is hee gone in? *Pal.* Yes, and a Fether with him,  
 Hee seemes a Souldier. *Rut.* Some new Sutor, Madam.  
*Lad.* I am beholden to him: hee brings ever  
 20 Variety of good persons to my table,  
 And I must thanke him, though my brother *Interest*  
 Dislike of it a little. *Pal.* Hee likes nothing  
 That runs your way. *Rut.* Troth, and the other cares not.  
 Hee'll goe his owne way, if he thinke it right.  
 25 *Lad.* Hee's a true friend! and ther's *Mr. Practise*,  
 The fine young man of Law, comes to the house:  
 My brother brooks him not, because he thinks  
 He is by me assigned for my Neice:  
 Hee will not heare of it. *Rut.* Not of that eare:  
 30 But yet your Ladiship doth wisely in it——  
*Pal.* 'Twill make him to lay downe the portion sooner,  
 If he but dreame you'l match her with a Lawyer.  
*Lad.* So *Mr. Compasse* sayes. It is betweene  
 The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.  
 35 *Pal.* Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silke-worme*? *Rut.* A fine  
 Gentle-man,  
 Old *Mr. Silke-wormes* Heire. *Pal.* And a neat Courtier,  
 Of a most elegant thred. *Lad.* And so my Gossip  
*Polish* assures me. Here she comes! good *Polish*  
 Welcome in troth! How do'st thou gentle *Polish*?  
 40 *Rut.* Who's this? *Pal.* Dame *Polish*, her shee-Parasite,  
 Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

1. iii. 13 *Compasse*] *Compasse*, F    15 Now, om. G    19 beholden]  
 beholding F3    26 Law,] Law F    35 *Pal.* F3: *Bal.* F    Gentle-  
 man,] Gentle-man. F    37 thred.] thred F    38 After 'comes!'  
 Enter mistress *Polish*. G    40 After 'this?' *Aside to Palate.* G

ACT I. SCENE IV.

*Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.*

*Pal.* Your Ladiship is still the Lady Loadstone  
That drawes, and drawes unto you, Guests of all sorts :  
The Courtiers, and the Souldiers, and the Schollers,  
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines,  
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow* ; 5  
They both have wrote of you, and Mr. *Compasse*.

*Lad.* Wee meane, they shall write more, ere it be long.

*Pol.* Alas, they are both dead, and 't please you ; But,  
Your Ladiship meanes well, and shall meane well,  
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice ? 10  
My charge, Mistris *Placentia Steele* ?

*Lad.* Shee is not well. *Pol.* Not well ? *Lad.* Her Doctor  
sayes so.

*Rut.* Not very well ; shee cannot shoot at Buts,  
Or manage a great Horse, but shee can cranch  
A sack of small coale ! eat you lime, and haire, 15  
Soap-ashes, Loame, and has a dainty spice  
O' the greene sicknesse ! *Pol.* 'Od sheild ! *Rut.* Or the  
Dropsie !

A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here,  
Her noble Aunt. *Pol.* Shee is a noble Aunt !  
And a right worshipfull Lady, and a vertuous ; 20  
I know it well ! *Rut.* Well, if you know it, peace.

*Pal.* Good sister *Polish*, heare your betters speake.

*Pol.* Sir, I will speake, with my good Ladies leave,  
And speake, and speake againe ; I did bring up  
My Ladies Neice, Mrs. *Placentia Steele*, 25  
With my owne Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)  
And waits upon my Lady, is her woman :  
Her Ladiship well knowes M<sup>rs</sup>. *Placentia*  
*Steele* (as I said) her curious Neice, was left

1. iv. ACT] ACT. F G continues the scene 5 *Barlow* :] *Bar-*  
low ? F 6 wrote] writ G 13 Buts,] Buts. F 18 here,]  
here F 22 *Polish*,] *Polish* F 23, 50 Sir,] Sir F

- 30 A Legacie to me ; by Father, and Mother,  
 With the Nurse, *Keepe*, that tended her : her Mother  
 Shee died in Child-bed of her, and her Father  
 Liv'd not long after : for he lov'd her Mother !  
 They were a godly couple ! yet both di'd,
- 35 (As wee must all.) No creature is immortall ;  
 I have heard our Pastor say : no, not the faithfull !  
 And they did die (as I said) both in one moneth.  
*Rut.* Sure shee is not long liv'd, if she spend breath thus.  
*Pol.* And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,
- 40 To polish, and bring up. I moulded her,  
 And fashion'd her, and form'd her ; she had the sweat  
 Both of my browes and braines, my Lady knowes it,  
 Since she could write a quarter old. *Lad.* I know not  
 That she could write so early, my good Gossip.
- 45 But I doe know she was so long your care,  
 Till she was twelve yeare old ; that I call'd for her,  
 And tooke her home, for which I thanke you *Polish*,  
 And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I sure thought  
 She had a Lease of talking, for nine lives——
- 50 *Pal.* It may be she has. *Pol.* Sir, sixteene thousand pound  
 Was then her portion ! for she was, indeed,  
 Their only child ! and this was to be paid  
 Vpon her marriage, so she married still  
 With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt :
- 55 (I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steele* her father,  
 The world condemn'd him to be very rich,  
 And very hard, and he did stand condemn'd  
 With that vaine world, till, as 'twas 'prov'd, after,  
 He left almost as much more to good uses
- 60 In Sir *Moath Interests* hands, my Ladies brother,  
 Whose sister he had married : He holds all  
 In his close gripe. But Mr. *Steele*, was liberall,  
 And a fine man ; and she a dainty Dame,  
 And a religious, and a bountifull——

1. iv. 30 Mother,] Mother F  
 My . . . it F

42 braines, my . . . it,] braines.

ACT I. SCENE V.

To them.

*Compassse, Ironside.*

You knew her Mr. *Compassse*? *Com.* Spare the torture,  
I doe confesse without it. *Pol.* And her husband,  
What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd?

*Com.* Yes.

*Pol.* And lov'd together, like a paire of Turtles? *Com.*  
Yes.

*Pol.* And feasted all the Neighbours? *Com.* Take her off, 5  
Some body that hath mercy. *Rut.* O he knowes her,  
It seemes! *Com.* Or any measure of compassion:  
Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake  
One for the soule, the other for the body!

*Pol.* She would dispute with the Doctors of Divinity 10  
At her owne table! and the Spittle Preachers!  
And find out the *Armenians*. *Rut.* The *Arminians*?

*Pol.* I say the *Armenians*. *Com.* Nay, I say so too!

*Pol.* So Mr. *Polish* called 'hem, the *Armenians*!

*Com.* And *Medes*, and *Persians*, did he not? *Pol.* Yes,  
he knew 'hem, 15

And so did Mistris *Steele*! she was his Pupill!  
The *Armenians*, he would say, were worse then Papists!  
And then the *Persians*, were our Puritanes,  
Had the fine piercing wits! *Com.* And who, the *Medes*?

*Pol.* The middle men, the Luke-warme Protestants! 20

*Rut.* Out, out. *Pol.* Sir, she would find them by their  
branching:

Their branching sleeves, brancht cassocks, and brancht  
doctrine,

Beside their Texts. *Rut.* Stint Karlin, Ile not heare:

Confute her, Parson. *Pol.* I respect no Persons,

1. v. Enter *Compassse* and *Ironside* from the house. G, continuing the  
scene 5 off,] off F 12 The *Arminians*? corr. F: The *Ar-*  
*menians*? F originally, F3 20 Protestants!] Protestants? F  
21, 29 Sir,] Sir F 23 Karlin, . . . heare:] Karlin: . . . heare, F  
24 her,] her F Persons] Parsons F3

25 Chaplins, or Doctors, I will speake. *Lad.* Yes, so't be reason,

Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason.

*Com.* Nor sense, if we be Masters of our senses !

*Iro.* What mad woman ha' they got, here, to bate ?

*Pol.* Sir, I am mad, in truth, and to the purpose ;

30 And cannot but be mad ; to heare my Ladies

Dead sister sleighted, witty Mrs. *Steele* !

*Iro.* If shee had a wit, Death has gone neere to spoile it,

Assure your selfe. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous,

And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,

35 (As one said) of Religion, in our Parish :

Shee was too learned to live long with us !

She could the Bible in the holy tongue :

And reade it without pricks : had all her *Masoreth* ;

Knew *Burton*, and his Bull ; and scribe *Prin-Gent* !

40 *Præsto-be-gon* : and all the Pharisees. *Lad.* Deare Gossip,

Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe

To see your charge, my Neice. *Pol.* I shall obey

If your wise Ladiship thinke fit : I know,

To yeild to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good woman !

45 But when she is impertinent, growes earnest,

A litle troublesome, and out of season :

Her love, and zeale transport her. *Com.* I am glad,

That any thing could port her hence. Wee now

Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.

50 I have brought your Ladiship a hungry Guest, here,

A Souldier, and my brother Captaine *Ironsides* :

Who being by custome growne a Sanguinarie,

The solemne, and adopted sonne of slaughter :

Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,

55 An execution of three daies, and nights ;

Then all the hope of numerous succession,

Or happinesse of Issue could bring to him.

1. v. 30 mad :] mad, *F3* 36 learned] learn'd *F*  
*Prynne*, gent. *G* 44 After ' Superiors.' *Exit.* *G*  
 nights, *F3*

39 *Prin-Gent*]  
 55 nights:]

*Rut.* Hee is no Suitor then ? *Pal.* So <i>t should seeme.

*Com.* And, if hee can get pardon at heavens hand,  
For all his murthers, is in as good case 60  
As a new christned Infant : (his imployments  
Continu'd to him, without Interruption ;  
And not allowing him, or time, or place  
To commit any other sinne, but those)  
Please you to make him welcome for a meale, Madam. 65

*Lad.* The noblenesse of his profession makes  
His welcome perfect : though your course description  
Would seeme to sully it. *Iro.* Never, where a beame  
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,  
Right knowing Lady. *Pal.* She hath cur'd all well. 70  
*Rut.* And hee hath fitted well the Complement.

## ACT I. SCENE VI.

To them.

*Sir Diaphanous. Practise.*

*Com.* No ; here they come ! the prime *Magnetick* Guests  
Our Lady *Loadstone* so respects : the Artick !  
And th'Antartick ! *Sir Diaphanous Silke-worme !*  
A Courtier extraordinary ; who by diet  
Of meates, and drinckes ; his temperate exercise ; 5  
Choise musick ; frequent bathes ; his horary shifts  
Of Shirts and Wast-coats ; meanes to immortalize  
Mortality it selfe ; and makes the essence  
Of his whole happinesse the trim of Court.

*Dia.* I thanke you Mr. *Compassse*, for your short 10  
Encomiastick. *Rut.* It is much in little, Sir.

*Pal.* Concise, and quick : the true stile of an Orator.

*Com.* But Mr. *Practise* here, my Ladies Lawyer !  
Or man of Law : (for that's the true writing)  
A man so dedicate to his profession, 15  
And the preferments goe along with it ;

1. v. 58 After 'then ?' *Aside to Pal. G* So it] So't F 1. vi.] *Enter*  
*Sir Diaphanous Silkworm and Practise. G,* continuing the scene  
14 that's] that is W

- As scarce the thundring bruit of an invasion,  
 Another eighty eight, threatning his Countrey  
 With ruine ; would no more worke upon him,  
 20 Then *Syracusa's* Sack, on *Archimede* :  
 So much he loves that Night-cap ! the Bench-gowne !  
 With the broad Guard o'th' back ! These shew a man  
 Betroth'd unto the study of our Lawes !  
*Pra.* Which you but thinke the crafty impositions,  
 25 Of subtile Clerks, feats of fine understanding,  
 To abuse Clots, and Clownes with, Mr. *Compasse*,  
 Having no ground in nature, to sustaine it,  
 Or light, from those cleare causes : to the inquiry  
 And search of which, your Mathematicall head,  
 30 Hath so devow'd it selfe. *Com.* Tut, all men are  
 Philosophers, to their inches. There's within,  
 Sir *Interest*, as able a Philosopher,  
 In buying, and selling ! has reduc'd his thrifte,  
 To certaine principles, and i' that method,  
 35 As hee will tell you instantly, by *Logarithmes*,  
 The utmost profit of a stock employed :  
 (Be the Commoditie what it will) the place,  
 Or time, but causing very, very little,  
 Or, I may say, no paralaxe at all,  
 40 In his pecuniary observations !  
 He has brought your Neices portion with him, Madam,  
 At least the man that must receive it ; Here  
 They come negotiating the affaire ;  
 You may perceive the Contract in their faces ;  
 45 And read th'indenture : If you'd signe 'hem. So.

1. vi. 20 *Syracusa's*] *Syracusa's* F 22 o'th'] o'th F 22-3 shew  
 a man | Betroth'd W: shew | A man betroth'd F, F3 27 it.] it F  
 34 method,] method | F 35 *Logarithmes*] *Logarithmes* F  
 45 you'd] you'll F3

ACT I. SCENE VII.

To them.

*Interest. Bias.*

*Pal.* What is he, Mr. *Compassee*? *Com.* A Vi-politique!  
Or a sub-aiding Instrument of State!

A kind of a laborious Secretary

To a great man! (and likely to come on)

Full of attendance! and of such a stride

5

In busines politique, or œconomick,

As, well, his Lord may stoope t'advise with him,

And be prescribed by him, in affaires

Of highest consequence, when hee is dull'd,

Or wearied with the lesse. *Dia.* 'Tis Mr. *Bias*,

10

Lord *Whach'um's* Politique. *Com.* You know the man?

*Dia.* I ha' seene him waite at Court, there, with his  
Maniples

Of papers, and petitions. *Pra.* Hee is one

That over-rules tho', by his authority

Of living there; and cares for no man else:

15

Neglects the sacred letter of the Law;

And holds it all to be but a dead heape,

Of civill institutions: the rest only

Of common men, and their causes, a farragoe,

Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing:

20

*Com.* And that's your quarrell at him? a just plea.

*Int.* I tell you sister *Loadstone*—— *Com.* (Hang your  
cares

This way: and heare his praises, now *Moath* opens)

*Int.* I ha' brought you here the very man! the Jewell

Of all the Court! close Mr. *Bias*! Sister,

25

Apply him to your side! or you may weare him

Here o' your brest! or hang him in your eare!

He's a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!

A Chrisolite, a Gemme: the very Agat

1. vii] Enter Sir Moth Interest and Bias. G, continuing the scene  
14 over-rules tho',] over-rules, tho' F3



- 30 Of State, and Politie : cut from the Quar  
 Of Macchiavel, a true Cornelian,  
 As *Tacitus* himselfe ! and to be made  
 The brooch to any true State-cap in Europe !  
*Lad.* You praise him brother, as you had hope to sell  
 him.
- 35 *Com.* No Madam, as hee had hope to sell your Neice  
 Vnto him. *Lad.* 'Ware your true jests, Mr. *Compassse* ;  
 They will not relish. *Int.* I will tell you, sister,  
 I cannot cry his Carract up enough :  
 He is unvaluable : All the Lords
- 40 Have him in that esteeme, for his relations,  
 Corrant's, Avises, Correspondences  
 With this Ambassadour, and that Agent ! Hee  
 Will screw you out a Secret from a Statist—,  
*Com.* So easie, as some Cobler wormes a Dog.
- 45 *Int.* And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—.  
*Com.* Till 't turne a politique insect, or a Fly !  
 Thus long. *Int.* You may be merry Mr. *Compassse*,  
 But though you have the reversion of an office,  
 You are not in <i>t, Sir. *Bia.* Remember that.
- 50 *Com.* Why, should that fright me, Mr. *Bi-*, from telling  
 Whose -as you are ? *Int.* Sir, he's one, can doe  
 His turnes there : and deliver too his letters,  
 As punctually, and in as good a fashion,  
 As ere a Secretary can in Court.
- 55 *Iro.* Why, is it any matter in what fashion  
 A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'hem ?  
*Bia.* Yes, we have certaine precedents in Court,  
 From which wee never swerve, once in an age :  
 And (whatsoere he thinkes) I know the Arts,
- 60 And Sciences doe not directlier make  
 A Graduate in our Vniversities ;  
 Then an habituall gravitie prefers  
 A man in Court. *Com.* Which by the truer stile,

Some call a formall, flat servility.

*Bia.* Sir, you may call it what you please. But wee 65  
(That tread the path of publike businesses)

Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink ;

The wearing the Callott ; the politique hood :

And twenty other *parerga*, o' the by,

You Seculars understand not : I shall trick him, 70

If his reversion come, i' my Lords way.

*Dia.* What is that, Mr. *Practise* ? you sure know ?

Mas' *Compasses* reversion ? *Pra.* A fine place

(Surveyor of the Projects generall)

I would I had it. *Pal.* What is't worth ? *Pra.* O Sir, 75

A *Nemo scit.* *Lad.* Wee'l thinke on't afore dinner.

Chorus.

**B**oy. Now, *Gentlemen*, what censure you of our *Protasis*,  
or first *Act* ?

*Pro.* Well, *Boy*, it is a faire Presentment of your *Actors*.  
And a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

*Dam.* But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded : 5  
Therefore I say, no *Act*.

*Boy.* A fine peice of Logick ! Doe you looke, Mr. *Dam-*  
*play*, for conclusions in a *Protasis* ? I thought the Law of  
*Comedy* had reserv'd ('hem) to the *Catastrophe* : and that  
the *Epitasis*, (as wee are taught) and the *Catastasis*, had 10  
beene interveening parts, to have beene expected. But you  
would have all come together, it seemes : The Clock should  
strike five, at once, with the *Acts*.

*Dam.* Why, if it could doe so, it were well, *Boy*.

*Boy.* Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speake, not 15  
strike. So, if a Child could be borne, in a *Play*, and grow up  
to a man, i' the first Scene, before hee went off the Stage :  
and then after to come forth a Squire, and bee made a  
Knight : and that Knight to travell betweene the *Acts*, and

1. vii. 71 come *F*3: came *F* 72 that,] that *F* CHORUS. 6 no  
Act *F* originally : no Act most copies of *F* (type deranged) 8 *Protasis*]  
*Protesis* *F* 9 *Comedy* ... reserv'd corr. *F*: *Comedy*, ... reserv'd,  
*F* originally 'hem] them *G* 12 together,] together *F*

20 doe wonders i' the holy land, or else where ; kill Paynims,  
wild Boores, dun Cowes, and other Monsters ; beget him a  
reputation, and marry an Emperours Daughter for his  
Mistris ; convert her Fathers Countrey ; and at last come  
home, lame, and all to be laden with miracles.

25 *Dam.* These miracles would please, I assure you : and  
take the *People* ! For there be of the *People*, that will expect  
miracles, and more then miracles from this Pen.

*Boy.* Doe they thinke this Pen can juggle ? I would we  
had *Hokos-pokos* for 'hem then, your *People* ; or *Travitanto*  
30 *Tudesko*.

*Dam.* Who's that, *Boy* ?

*Boy.* Another Juggler, with a long name. Or that your  
expectors would be gone hence, now, at the first Act ; or  
expect no more hereafter, then they understand.

35 *Dam.* Why so, my peremptory Jack ?

*Boy.* My name is *Iohn*, indeed—Because, who expect  
what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

*Pro.* Nay, there the *Boy* said well : They doe defraud  
themselves indeed.

40 *Boy.* And therefore, Mr. *Damplay*, unlesse like a solemne  
Justice of wit, you will damne our *Play*, unheard, or un-  
examin'd ; I shall intreat your Mrs. Madam *Expectation*, if  
shee be among these Ladies, to have patience, but a pissing  
while : give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees !

45 A Source of ridiculous matter may breake forth anon, that  
shall steepe their temples, and bathe their braines in  
laughter, to the fomenting of Stupiditie it selfe, and the  
awaking any velvet Lethargy in the House.

*Pro.* Why doe you maintaine your Poëts quarrell so with

CHORUS. 20 land, *F* originally: land a mis correction in *F* Pay-  
nims,] Paynims corr. *F* (omitting the comma) : Pannims, *F* originally  
21 Monsters ; corr. *F* : Monsters : *F* originally 22 Daughter corr.  
*F* : Daughter : *F* originally 23 Mistris ;] Mrs. *F* convert] Con-  
vert *F* 24 lame, *F* originally : lame a mis correction in *F* 27 then]  
then *F* originally 29 then, . . . *People* ; *F* originally : then ; . . .  
*People*, a mis correction of *F* 30 *Tudesko* corr. *F* : *Tudeske* *F* originally  
31 that,] that *F* 35 so,] so *F* 38 well : corr. *F* : well. *F*  
originally 42 Mrs.] mistress, *W* 44 degrees: corr. *F* : degrees! *F*  
originally

velvet, and good clothes, *Boy?* wee have seene him in 50  
indifferent good clothes, ere now.

*Boy.* And may doe in better, if it please the King (his Master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom hee acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though; hee will have somewhat beside, 55  
either of humane letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man though he went naked.

*Pro.* Hee is beholden to you, if you can make this good,  
*Boy.*

*Boy.* Himselfe hath done that, already, against Envy. 60

*Dam.* What's your name Sir? or your Country?

*Boy.* *Iohn Try-gust* my name: A *Cornish* youth, and the Poëts Servant.

*Dam.* West-countrey breed, I thought, you were so bold.

*Boy.* Or rather sawcy: to find out your palate, Mr. 65

*Damplay.* Faith we doe call a Spade, a *Spade*, in *Cornewall*.  
If you dare damne our *Play*, i' the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.

*Pro.* Good *Boy*.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance.*

*Kee.* Sweet Mistris, pray you be merry: you are sure  
S To have a husband now. *Pla.* I, if the store

Hurt not the choise. *Ple.* Store is no sore, young Mistris,  
My mother is wont to say. *Keep.* And shee'l say wisely,  
As any mouth i' the Parish. Fixe on one, 5

Fixe upon one, good Mistris. *Pla.* At this call, too,  
Here's Mr. *Practise*, who is call'd to the Bench

Of purpose. *Kee.* Yes, and by my Ladies meanes——

*Ple.* 'Tis thought to be the man. *Kee.* A Lawyers wife.

*Ple.* And a fine Lawyers wife. *Kee.* Is a brave calling. 10

CHORUS. 66 *Damplay.*] *Damplay, F* II. i.] ACT II. SCENE I. |  
*A Room in lady Loadstone's House. | Enter Nurse Keepe, Placentia, and Pleasance. G*

*Ple.* Sweet Mistris *Practise* ! *Kee.* Gentle Mistris *Practise* !

*Ple.* Faire, open Mistris *Practise* ! *Kee.* I, and close,  
And cunning Mrs. *Practise* ! *Pla.* I not like that ;

The Courtiers is the neater calling. *Ple.* Yes,

15 My Lady *Silke-worme.* *Kee.* And to shine in Plush.

*Ple.* Like a young night Crow, a *Diaphanous Silkeworme.*

*Kee.* Lady *Diaphanous* sounds most delicate !

*Ple.* Which would you choose, now, Mistris ? *Pla.* Can-  
not tell.

The copie does confound one. *Ple.* Here's my Mother.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Polish. Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance. Needle.*

*Pol.* How now, my dainty charge, and diligent Nurse ?

\* To her daughter kneeling. What were you chanting on ? (\*God blesse you Maiden.)

*Kee.* Wee were enchanting all ; wishing a husband  
For my young Mistris here. A man to please her.

5 *Pol.* Shee shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a  
man :

A man, and a halfe, if wee can choose him out :

We are all in Counsell within, and sit about it :

The Doctors, and the Schollers, and my Lady ;

Who's wiser then all us——. Where's Mr. *Needle* ?

10 Her Ladiship so lacks him to prick out

The man ? How does my sweet young Mistris ?

You looke not well, me thinkes ! how doe you, deare charge ?

You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband ;

There's two put out to making for you : A third,

15 Your Vncle promises : But you must still

Be rul'd by your Aunt : according to the will

Of your dead father, and mother (who are in heaven.)

Your Lady-Aunt has choise i' the house for you :

Wee doe not trust your Vncle ; hee would keepe you

II. i. 18 now,] now F Cannot] 'Cannot F3 II. ii.] Enter  
*Polish.* G, continuing the scene 11 After 'man?' Exit *Pleasance.* G

A Batchler still, by keeping of your portion : 20  
 And keepe you not alone without a husband,  
 But in a sicknesse : I, and the greene sicknesse,  
 The Maidens malady ; which is a sicknesse :  
 A kind of a disease, I can assure you,  
 And like the Fish our Mariners call *remora*——. 25

*Kee.* A *remora* Mistris ! *Pol.* How now goody Nurse ?  
 Dame *Keepe* of *Katernes* ? what ? have you an oare  
 I' the Cockboat, 'cause you are a Saylors wife ?  
 And come from *Shadwell* ? I say a *remora* ;  
 For it will stay a Ship, that's under Saile ! 30  
 And staies are long, and tedious things to Maids !  
 And maidens are young ships, that would be sailing,  
 When they be rigg'd : wherefore is all their trim else ?

*Nee.* True ; and for them to be staid——. *Pol.* The stay  
 is dangerous :  
 You know it Mr. *Needle.* *Nee.* I know somewhat : 35  
 And can assure you, from the Doctors mouth,  
 Shee has a Dropsie ; and must change the ayre,  
 Before she can recover. *Pol.* Say you so, Sir ?

*Nee.* The Doctor saies so. *Pol.* Sayes his worship so ?  
 I warrant 'hem he sayes true, then ; they sometimes 40  
 Are Sooth-sayers, and alwayes cunning men.  
 Which Doctor was it ? *Nee.* E'ene my Ladies Doctor :  
 The neat house-Doctor : But a true stone-Doctor.

*Pol.* Why ? heare you, Nurse ? How comes this geare to  
 passe ?  
 This is your fault in truth : It shall be your fault, 45  
 And must be your fault : why is your Mistris sicke ?  
 Shee had her health, the while shee was with me.

*Kee.* Alas good Mistris *Polish*, I am no Saint,  
 Much lesse, my Lady, to be urg'd give health,  
 Or sicknesse at my will : but to awaite 50  
 The starres good pleasure, and to doe my duty.

11. ii. 20 Batchler] Batchelor F3 26 A] A F 29 Shadwell] Shawdell  
 F3 After 'Shadwell?' Enter Needle. G 35 Mr. F3: Mrs. F 42  
 E'ene] Eeene F 44 geare] jeer F3 50 awaite] waite F3

- Pol.* You must doe more then your dutie, foolish Nurse :  
 You must doe all you can ; and more then you can,  
 More then is possible : when folkes are sick,  
 55 Especially, a Mistris ; a young Mistris.  
*Kee.* Here's Mr. Doctor himselfe, cannot doe that.  
*Pol.* Doctor *Doo-all* can doe it. Thence he's call'd so.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Rut. Polish. Lady. Keepe. Placentia.*

- Rut.* Whence ? what's hee call'd ? *Pol.* Doctor, doe all  
 you can,  
 I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge, here.  
*Lad.* She's my tendring Gossip, loves my Neice.  
*Pol.* I know you can doe all things, what you please, Sir,  
 5 For a young Damsel, my good Ladies Neice, here !  
 You can doe what you list. *Rut.* Peace *Tiffany*.  
*Pol.* Especially in this new case, o' the Dropsie.  
 The Gentlewoman (I doe feare) is leven'd.  
*Rut.* Leven'd ? what's that ? *Pol.* Puft, blowne, and't  
 please your worship.  
 10 *Rut.* What ! Darke, by darker ? What is blowne ?  
 puff'd ? speake  
 English——. *Pol.* Tainted (and't please you) some doe call  
 it.  
 She swels, and swels so with it——. *Rut.* Give her vent,  
 If shee doe swell. A Gimblet must be had :  
 It is a *Tympanites* she is troubled with ;  
 15 There are three kinds : The first is *Ana-sarca*  
 Vnder the Flesh, a Tumor : that's not hers.  
 The second is *Ascites*, or *Aquosus*,

ii. ii. 56 that.] that *F* Exit. | Enter lady Loadstone and *Rut.* add *G*  
 ii. iii. *G* continues the scene 7 Especially *corr.* *F* : Especially'  
*F* originally : Jonson probably wrote Especially, (cf. Ind. 133, 154, ii. ii.  
 55) 10 darker ? What *corr.* *F* : darker : what *F* originally  
 10, 11 speake | English——. *Pol.*] speake English—— | *Pol.* *F* 3  
 11 English——. *corr.* *F* : English—— *F* originally 12 it——. *corr.*  
*F* : it. *F* originally : at first corrected in *F* to it—— her vent *corr.*  
*F* : heaven *F* originally 14 with ; *corr.* *F* : with *F* originally

A watry humour : that's not hers neither.  
 But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum.)  
 A wind bombe 's in her belly, must be unbrac'd, 20  
 And with a Faucet, or a Peg, let out,  
 And she'll doe well : get her a husband. *Pol.* Yes,  
 I say so Mr. *Doctor*, and betimes too. *Lad.* As  
 Soone as wee can : let her beare up to day,  
 Laugh, and keepe company, at Gleeke, or Crimpe. 25  
*Pol.* Your Ladiship sayes right, Crimpe, sure, will cure her.  
*Rut.* Yes, and Gleeke too ; peace Gossip *Tittle-Tattle*,  
 Shee must, to morrow, downe into the Countrey,  
 Some twenty mile ; A Coach, and six brave Horses :  
 Take the fresh aire, a moneth there, or five weekes : 30  
 And then returne a Bride, up to the Towne,  
 For any husband i' the *Hemisphere*,  
 To chuck at ; when she has dropt her *Timpane*.  
*Pol.* Must she then drop it ? *Rut.* Thence, 'tis call'd a  
 Dropsie.  
 The *Timpanites* is one spice of it ; 35  
 A toy, a thing of nothing, a meere vapour :  
 Ile blow't away. *Lad.* *Needle*, get you the Coach  
 Ready, against to morrow morning. *Nee.* Yes Madam.  
*Lad.* Ile downe with her my selfe, and thanke the Doctor.  
*Pol.* Wee all shall thanke him. But, deare Madam, thinke, 40  
 Resolve upon a man, this day. *Lad.* I ha' done't.  
 To tell you true, (sweet Gossip ;) here is none  
 But Master *Doctor*, hee shall be o' the Counsell :  
 The man I have design'd her to, indeed,  
 Is Master *Practise* : he's a neat young man, 45  
 Forward, and growing up, in a profession !  
 Like to be some body, if the Hall stand !  
 And Pleading hold ! A prime young Lawyers wife,

11. iii. 18 hers *corr.* F : hers, F originally 19 Drum.)] Drum) F  
 20 bombe's] bombes F 23-4 too. *Lad.* As | Soone] too. | *Lady*  
*L.* As soon G 28 must,] must F 29 mile] miles F 3 30 weekes:  
*corr.* F : weekes ! F originally 33 *Timpane*] *Timpany* F 3  
 38 *Exit.* add G 42 To *corr.* F : (To F originally 44 to *corr.*  
 F : too F originally 45 *Practise* : *corr.* F : *Practise* ! F originally  
 man, *corr.* F : man ? F originally



- Is a right happy fortune. *Rut.* And shee bringing  
 50 So plentifull a portion, they may live  
 Like King, and Queene, at common Law together !  
 Sway Judges ; guide the Courts ; command the Clarkes,  
 And fright the Evidence ; rule at their pleasures,  
 Like petty Soveraignes in all cases. *Pol.* O, that  
 55 Will be a worke of time ; she may be old  
 Before her husband rise to a chiefe Judge ;  
 And all her flower be gone : No, no, a Lady  
 O' the first head I'd have her ; and in Court :  
 The Lady *Silk-worme*, a *Diaphanous* Lady :  
 60 And be a Vi-countesse to carry all  
 Before her (as wee say :) her Gentleman-usher,  
 And cast-off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt  
 Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.  
*Rut.* You say well, Ladies Gossip ; if my Lady  
 65 Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.  
*Lad.* For that, I must consult mine owne Ambition,  
 My zealous Gossip. *Pol.* O, you shall precede her :  
 You shall be a Countesse ! Sir *Diaphanous*,  
 Shall get you made a Countesse ! Here he comes,  
 70 Has my voice certaine : O fine Courtier !  
 O blessed man ! the bravery prick't out,  
 To make my dainty charge, a Vi-countesse !  
 And my good Lady, her Aunt, Countesse at large !

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*To them.*

*Diaphanous. Palate.*

*Dia.* I tell thee *Parson*, if I get her, reckon  
 Thou hast a friend in Court ; and shalt command  
 A thousand pound, to goe on any errand,  
 For any Church preferment thou hast a mind too.

11. iii. 61 say :) . . . -usher,] say) . . . -usher : F 62 cast-off] cast  
 off F 69 comes,] comes ; F 70 After ' certaine : ' Enter  
 behind Sir *Diaphanous* *Silkworm* and *Palate*, in discourse. G 73 large!  
 corr. F: large F originally 11. iv. G continues the scene 4 too] to F3

*Pal.* I thanke your worship : I will so worke for you, 5  
 As you shall study all the wayes to thanke me :  
 Ile worke my Lady, and my Ladies friends ;  
 Her Gossip, and this Doctor ; and Squire *Needle*,  
 And Mr. *Compass*, who is all in all :  
 The very Fly shee moves by : Hee is one 10  
 That went to Sea with her husband, Sir *Iohn Loadstone*,  
 And brought home the rich prizes : all that wealth  
 Is left her ; for which service she respects him :  
 A dainty Scholler in the Mathematicks ;  
 And one shee wholly imployes. Now *Dominus Practise* 15  
 Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiship)  
 But there's a trick to set his cap awry,  
 If I know any thing ; hee hath confest  
 To me in private, that hee loves another,  
 My Ladies woman, Mrs. *Pleasance* : therefore 20  
 Secure you of Rivalship. *Dia.* I thanke thee  
 My noble *Parson* : There's five hundred pound  
 Waites on thee more for that. *Pal.* Accoast the Neice :  
 Yonder shee walkes alone : Ile move the Aunt :  
 But here's the Gossip : shee expects a morsell. 25  
 Ha' you nere a Ring, or toy to throw away ?  
*Dia.* Yes, here's a Diamont of some threescore pound,  
 I pray you give her that. *Pal.* If shee will take it.  
*Dia.* And there's an Emerauld, for the Doctor too :  
 Thou, *Parson*, thou shalt coine me : I am thine. 30  
*Pal.* Here Mr. *Compass* comes : Doe you see my Lady ?  
 And all the rest ? how they doe flutter about him !  
 Hee is the Oracle of the house, and family !  
 Now, is your time : goe nick it with the Neice :  
 I will walke by ; and hearken how the Chimes goe. 35

11. iv. 17 awry,] awry : F 30 Thou,] Thou F 31 After  
 ' comes : ' Enter *Compass*. G 33 family ! corr. F : family ? F  
 originally 34 Exit *Sir Dia.* add G 35 Walks aside. add G

## ACT II. SCENE V.

*To them.**Compassse.*

- Com.* Nay *Parson*, stand not off ; you may approach :  
 This is no such hid point of State, wee handle,  
 But you may heare it : for wee are all of Counsell.  
 The gentle Mr. *Practise*, hath dealt clearly,  
 5 And nobly with you, Madam. *Lad.* Ha' you talk'd with  
 him ?  
 And made the overture ? *Com.* Yes, first I mov'd  
 The busines trusted to me, by your Ladiship,  
 I' your owne words, almost your very Sillabes :  
 Save where my Memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance :  
 10 For which I hope your pardon. Then I inlarg'd  
 In my owne homely stile, the speciall goodnesse,  
 And greatnesse, of your bounty, in your choice,  
 And free conferring of a benefit,  
 So without ends, conditions, any tye  
 15 But his meere vertue, and the value of it,  
 To call him to your kindred, to your veines,  
 Insert him in your family, and to make him  
 A Nephew, by the offer of a Neice,  
 With such a portion ; which when hee had heard,  
 20 And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling  
 Tends all unto maturity) he return'd  
 A thanks, as ample as the Curtesie,  
 (In my opinion) said it was a Grace,  
 Too great to be rejected, or accepted  
 25 By him ! But as the termes stood with his fortune,  
 Hee was not to prevaricate, with your Ladiship,  
 But rather to require ingenious leave,  
 He might with the same love, that it was offer'd,  
 Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,

11. v. *G* continues the scene  
 corr. *F*: veines *F* originally  
 28 offer'd,] offer'd *F*

8 Sillabes] Syllables *F* 3      16 veines,  
 27 ingenious] ingenuous *W*

(Being he was ingag'd before) receive it. 30

*Pal.* The same he said to me. *Com.* And nam'd the party?

*Pal.* He did, and he did not. *Com.* Come, leave your Schemes,

And fine *Amphibolies*, *Parson.* *Pal.* You'll heare more.

*Pol.* Why, now your Ladiship is free to choose,  
The Courtier Sir *Diaphanous* : he shall doe it, 35  
Ile move it to him my selfe. *Lad.* What will you move to him ?

*Pol.* The making you a Countesse. *Lad.* Stint, fond woman.

Know you the partie Mr. *Practise* meanes ? *To Com-*

*Com.* No, but your *Parson* sayes he knowes, Madam. *passé.*

*Lad.* I feare he fables ; *Parson,* doe you know 40

Where Mr. *Practise* is ingag'd ? *Pal.* Ile tell you !

But under seale, her Mother must not know :

'Tis with your Ladiships woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

*Com.* How ! *Lad.* Hee is not mad. *Pal.* O hide the hideous secret

From her, shee'l trouble all else. You doe hold 45

A Cricket by the wing. *Com.* Did he name *Pleasance* ?

Are you sure, *Parson* ? *Lad.* O 'tis true, your Mrs !

I find where your shooe wrings you, Mr. *Compassé* :

But, you'll looke to him there. *Com.* Yes, here's Sir *Moath*, 50

Your brother, with his *Bias*, and the Partie

Deepe in discourse : 'twill be a bargaine, and sale ;

I see by their close working of their heads,

And running them together so in Councell.

*Lad.* Will Mr. *Practise* be of Councell against us ?

*Com.* He is a Lawyer, and must speake for his Fee, 55

Against his Father, and Mother, all his kindred ;

His brothers, or his sisters : no exception

Lies at the Common-Law. He must not alter

11. v. 31 nam'd W : name F party ?] party. F 40 *Parson,*  
*Parson* F 44 mad.] mad ? W 47 sure.] sure F After 53  
Enter at a distance, in discourse, sir *Moath* Interest, *Practice*, and *Bias*. G  
54 *Practise* be] *Practise* be F

Nature for forme, but goe on in his path——

- 60 It may be he will be for us. Doe not you  
Offer to meddle, let them take their course :  
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband ;  
Be not you scrupulous ; let who can have her :  
So he lay downe the portion, though he gueld it :  
65 It will maintaine the suit against him : somewhat,  
Something in hand is better, then no birds ;  
He shall at last accompt, for the utmost farthing,  
If you can keepe your hand from a discharge.

- Pol.* Sir, doe but make her worshipfull Aunt a Countesse,  
70 And she is yours : her Aunt has worlds to leave you.†  
The wealth of six East *Indian* Fleets at least !  
Her Husband, Sir *Iohn Loadstone*, was the Governour  
O' the Company, seven yeares. *Dia.* And came there home,  
Six Fleets in seven yeares ? *Pol.* I cannot tell,  
75 I must attend my Gossip, her good Ladiship.  
*Pla.* And will you make me a Vi-countesse too ? For,  
How doe they make a Countesse ? in a Chaire ?  
Or 'pon a bed ? *Dia.* Both wayes, sweet bird, Ile shew you.

## ACT II. SCENE VI.

*To them. Interest. Practise. Bias. Compasse. Palate. Rut.  
Ironsides.*

- Int.* The truth is, Mr. *Practise*, now wee are sure  
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder :  
The portion left, was sixteene thousand pound,  
I doe confesse it, as a just man should.  
5 And call here Mr. *Compasse*, with these Gentlemen,  
To the relation : I will still be just.  
Now for the profits every way arising,

II. v. 65 him : somewhat,] him, somewhat: G 68 *Exit Lady L.* add  
G 69 *Pol.*] *Pol.* [to *Diaphanous.*] G 75 *Exit.* add G 76 too ?  
For,] too, sir ? G 78 *Exeunt sir Diaphanous and Placentia.* add G  
II. vi. G continues the scene Rut. corr. F: Rut. F originally 1 *Int.*] *Sir Moth.* [coming forward.] G, who continues the scene

It was the Donors wisdom, those should pay  
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleepes ;  
It is no petty charge, you know, that summe ; 10  
To keepe a man awake, for fourteene yeare.

*Pra.* But (as you knew to use it i' that time)  
It would reward your waking. *Int.* That's my industry ;  
As it might be your reading, studie, and counsell ;  
And now your pleading ; who denies it you ? 15  
I have my calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contract*  
Is with this Gentleman, ten thousand pound.  
(An ample portion, for a younger brother,  
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh,  
That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.) 20  
He expects no more then that summe to be tendred,  
And hee receive it : Those are the conditions.

*Pra.* A direct bargaine, and sale in open market.

*Int.* And what I have furnish'd him withall o' the by,  
To appeare, or so : A matter of foure hundred, 25  
To be deduc'd upo' the payment——. *Bia.* Right.  
You deale like a just man still. *Int.* Draw up this,  
Good Mr. *Practise*, for us, and be speedy.

*Pra.* But here's a mighty gaine Sir, you have made  
Of this one stock ! the principall first doubled, 30  
In the first seven yeare ; and that redoubled  
I' the next seven ! beside sixe thousand pound,  
There's threescore thousand got in fourteene yeare,  
After the usual rate of ten i' the hundred,  
And the ten thousand paid. *Int.* I thinke it be ! 35

*Pra.* How will you scape the clamour, and the envie ?

*Int.* Let 'hem exclaime, and envie : what care I ?  
Their murmurs raise no blisters i' my flesh.  
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred :  
And he that loves not those, he is unnaturall : 40  
I am perswaded that the love of monie

11. vi. 15 pleading ;] pleading, F 21 more corr. F : more, F  
originally 23 sale in open corr. F : in open sale F originally, F3  
24 withall] with all F : withal F3 27 this,] this F 32 next  
seven] nextseven F

- Is not a vertue, only in a Subject,  
 But might befit a Prince. And (were there need)  
 I find me able to make good the Assertion
- 45 To any reasonable mans understanding,  
 And make him to confesse it. *Com.* Gentlemen,  
 Doctors, and Schollers, yo'll heare this, and looke for  
 As much true secular wit, and deepe Lay-sense,  
 As can be showne on such a common place.
- 50 *Int.* First, wee all know the soule of man is infinite  
 I' what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,  
 Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,  
 Covets it infinitely. It will be then  
 No hard thing, for a coveting man, to prove
- 55 Or to confesse, hee aimes at infinite wealth.  
*Com.* His soule lying that way. *Int.* Next, every man  
 Is i' the hope, or possibility  
 Of a whole world : this present world being nothing,  
 But the dispersed issue of <the> first one :
- 60 And therefore I not see, but a just man  
 May with just reason, and in office ought  
 Propound unto himselfe. *Com.* An infinite wealth !  
 Ile beare the burden : Goe you on, Sir *Moath.*
- Int.* Thirdly, if wee consider man a member,
- 65 But of the body politique, we know,  
 By just experience, that the Prince hath need  
 More of one wealthy, then ten fighting men.
- Com.* There you went out o' the road, a little from us.
- Int.* And therefore, if the Princes aimes be infinite,
- 70 It must be in that, which makes all. *Com.* Infinite wealth.
- Int.* Fourthly, 'tis naturall to all good subjects,  
 To set a price on money ; more then fooles  
 Ought on their Mrs. Picture ; every piece  
 Fro' the penny to the twelve pence, being the *Hieroglyphick*,
- 75 And sacred Sculpture of the Sovereigne.

11. vi. 44 Assertion] Assertion. F  
 standing. F 51 I' what] I w hat F  
 59 the G 60 not] cannot F3  
 63 on,] on F 73 Mrs.] mistress' G

45 understanding.] under-  
 53 infinitely.] infinitely. F  
 62 himselfe.] himselfe—— W

*Com.* A manifest conclusion, and a safe one.

*Int.* Fiftly, wealth gives a man the leading voice,  
At all conventions ; and displaceth worth,  
With generall allowance to all parties :  
It makes a trade to take the wall of vertue ; 80  
And the mere issue of a shop, right Honourable.  
Sixtly, it doth inable him that hath it  
To the performance of all reall actions,  
Referring him to himselfe still : and not binding  
His will to any circumstance, without him ; 85  
It gives him precise knowledge of himselfe ;  
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knowes  
Whether he have any compassion,  
Or inclination unto vertue, or no ;  
Where the poore knave erroneously beleeves, 90  
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or  
Doe such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poore men  
Have ever beene contented to observe  
Rich Fooles, and so to serve their turnes upon them :  
Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth. 95  
And become Gentlemen Parasites, Squire Bauds,  
To feed their Patrons honorable humors.  
Eightly, 'tis certaine that a man may leave  
His wealth, or to his Children, or his friends ;  
His wit hee cannot so dispose, by Legacie, 100  
As they shall be a *Harrington* the better for 't.

*Com.* He may intaile a Jest upon his house, though :  
Or leave a tale to his posteritie, *Enter Ironside*  
To be told after him. *Iro.* As you have done here ?  
T'invite your friend, and brother to a feast, 105  
Where all the Guests are so mere heterogene,  
And strangers, no man knowes another, or cares  
If they be Christians, or Mahumetans,  
That here are met ! *Com.* Is't any thing to you brother,

ii. vi. 77 Fiftly] Fifthly F3 82 Sixtly] Sixthly F3 85 circum-  
stance.] circumstance; F 100 Legacie, corr. F: Legacie? F originally  
102 though: om. F3, W 108 Mahumetans.] Mahumetans! F  
109 met!] met. F



110 To know Religions more then those you fight for ?

*Iro.* Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,  
And how shall I hold argument with such,  
I neither know their humors, nor their heresies ;  
Which are religions now, and so receiv'd ?

115 Here's no man among these that keepes a servant,  
To'inquire his Master of : yet i' the house,  
I heare it buzz'd, there are a brace of Doctors,  
A Foole, and a Physician : with a Courtier,  
That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true *Silkworme* :

120 A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,  
Sir *Moath* ! has brought his politique *Bias* with him :  
A man of a most animadverting humor :  
Who, to indeare himselfe unto his Lord,  
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,

125 That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,  
And men of pestilent purpose, meanelly affected  
Vnto the State wee live in : and beget  
Himselfe a thanks, with the great men o' the time,  
By breeding Jealouses in them of us,

130 Shall crosse our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,  
Twice seven yeares after : And this trick be call'd  
Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a pen-knife.  
I must cut his throat now : I'am bound in honour,  
And by the Law of armes, to see it done ;

135 I dare to doe it ; and I dare professe  
The doing of it : being to such a Raskall,  
Who is the common offence growne of man-kind ;  
And worthy to be torne up from society.

*Com.* You shall not doe it here, Sir. *Iro.* Why ? will you

140 Intreat your selfe, into a beating for him,  
My courteous brother ? If you will, have at you,  
No man deserves it better (now I thinke on't)  
Then you : that will keepe consort with such Fidlers,  
Pragmatick Flies, Fooles, Publicanes, and Moathes :

And leave your honest, and adopted brother.

145

*Int.* 'Best raise the house upon him, to secure us ;  
Hee'll kill us all ! *Pal.* I love no blades in belts.

*Rut.* Nor I. *Bia.* Would I were at my shop againe,  
In Court, safe stow'd up, with my politique bundels.

*Com.* How they are scatter'd ! *Iro.* Run away like *Cimici*, 150  
Into the cranies of a rotten bed-stead.

*Com.* I told you such a passage would disperse 'hem,  
Although the house were their Fee-simple in Law,  
And they possest of all the blessings in it.

*Iro.* Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomachs: 155  
That so my Ladies Table be disfurnish'd  
Of the provisions ! *Com.* No, the *Parson's* calling  
By this time, all the covey againe, together.  
Here comes good tydings ! Dinner 's o' the board.

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

*Compasse. Pleasance.*

*Com.* Stay Mrs. *Pleasance*, I must aske you a question :  
Ha' you any suites in Law ? *Ple.* I, Mr. *Compasse* ?

*Com.* Answer me briefly, it is dinner time.  
They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. *Practise*  
Here, of your Councill ; and are to be joyn'd 5  
A Patentee with him. *Ple.* In what ? who sayes so ?  
You are dispos'd to jest. *Com.* No, I am in earnest.  
It is given out i' the house so, I assure you ;  
But keepe your right to your selfe, and not acquaint  
A common Lawyer with your case. If hee 10  
Once find the gap ; a thousand will leape after.  
Ile tell you more anone. *Ple.* This Riddle shewes  
A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,  
If I could understand it. I will studie it.

II. vi. 147 After 'all !' *Exit.* G After 'belts.' *Exit.* G 148 After  
'I.' *Exit.* G 157 *Parson's*] *Parsons* F 159 After 'tydings !'  
*Enter Pleasance.* G *Dinner's* F3: *Dinners* F. *Exit Ironside.* add G  
II. vii.] G continues the scene 12 After 'anone,' *Exit.* G 14  
*Exit.* add G

*Chorus.*

*Dam.* But whom doth your Poët meane now by this—  
Mr. *Bias*? what Lords Secretary, doth hee purpose to per-  
sonate, or perstringe?

*Boy.* You might as well aske mee, what *Alderman*, or  
5 *Aldermans Mate*, hee meant by Sir *Moath Interest*? or what  
eminent Lawyer, by the ridiculous Mr. *Practise*? who hath  
rather his name invented for laughter, then any offence, or  
injury it can stick on the reverend Professors of the Law :  
And so the wise ones will thinké.

10 *Pro.* It is an insidious Question, Brother *Damplay*!  
Iniquity it selfe would not have urg'd it. It is picking the  
Lock of the Scene; not opening it the faire way with a Key.  
A *Play*, though it apparell, and present vices in generall,  
flies from all particularities in persons. Would you aske of  
15 *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were  
*Davus*, or *Pseudolus* in the Scene? who *Pyrgopolinices*, or  
*Thraso*? who *Euclio* or *Menedemus*?

*Boy.* Yes, he would: And inquire of *Martial*, or any  
other *Epigrammatist*, whom he meant by *Titius*, or *Seius*  
20 (the common *John à Noke*, or *Iohn à Style*) under whom they  
note all vices, and errors taxable to the *Times*? As if there  
could not bee a name for a Folly fitted to the *Stage*, but there  
must be a person in nature, found out to owne it.

*Dam.* Why, I can phant'sie a person to my selfe *Boy*, who  
25 shall hinder me?

*Boy.* And, in not publishing him, you doe no man an  
injury. But if you will utter your owne ill meaning on that  
person, under the *Authors* words, you make a Libell of his  
*Comædy*.

30 *Dam.* O, hee told us that in a *Prologue*, long since.

*Boy.* If you doe the same reprehensible ill things, still the  
same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore :  
They are his owne words. I can invent no better, nor he.

CHORUS. 1 this] his *W* 10 insidious insiduous *F3* 13 A A F  
17 *Euclio* or] *Euclio* of *F3*

*Pro.* It is the solemne vice of interpretation, that deforms the figure of many a faire *Scene*, by drawing it awry ; and indeed is the civill murder of most good *Playes* : If I see a thing vively presented on the *Stage*, that the Glasse of custome (which is *Comedy*) is so held up to me, by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of Truth, in their manners, so drawne for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them : and will I, rather (then make that true use) hunt out the *Persons* to defame, by my malice of misapplying ? and imperill the innocence, and candor of the *Author*, by his calumnie ? It is an unjust way of hearing, and beholding *Playes*, this, and most unbecomming a *Gentleman* to appeare malignantly witty in anothers *Worke*.

*Boy.* They are no other but narrow, and shrunke natures ; shriveld up, poore things, that cannot thinke well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will last. A halfe-witted *Barbarisme* ! which no Barbers art, or his bals, will ever expunge or take out.

*Dam.* Why, *Boy* ? This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyrannie, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they should come to heare, and see *Playes*, and say nothing for their money.

*Boy.* O, yes ; say what you will : so it be to purpose, and in place.

*Dam.* Can any thing be out of purpose at a *Play* ? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eighteene pence, or two shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in censure, on the *Stage*.

*Boy.* Your two shilling worth is allow'd you : but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more : And teach others (about you) to doe the like, that follow your leading face ; as if you were to cry up or downe every *Scene*, by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

*Dam.* Who should teach us the right, or wrong at a *Play* ?

CHORUS. 40 images] mages F3 44 his] this W 64 ten corr. F: ten, F originally

*Boy.* If your own science can not doe it, or the love of  
 70 Modesty, and Truth ; all other intreaties, or attempts—are  
 vaine. You are fitter *Spectators* for the *Beares*, then us, or  
 the Puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat  
 better appareld in you, then the People : but a hard-  
 handed, and stiffe ignorance, worthy a Trewel, or a Ham-  
 75 mer-man ; and not onely fit to be scorn'd, but to be  
 triumph'd ore.

*Dam.* By whom, *Boy* ?

*Boy.* No particular, but the generall neglect, and silence.  
 Good Master *Damplay*, be your selfe still, without a second :  
 80 Few here are of your opinion to day, I hope ; to morrow,  
 I am sure there will bee none, when they have ruminated  
 this.

*Pro.* Let us mind what you come for, the *Play*, which will  
 draw on to the *Epitasis* now.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Item. Needle. Keepe. Pleasance.*

*Item.* **W**Here's Mr. Doctor ? *Nee.* O Mr. *Tim Item*,  
 His learned Pothecary ! you are welcome :  
 He is within at dinner. *Ite.* Dinner ! Death !  
 That hee will eat now, having such a busines,  
 5 That so concernes him ! *Nee.* Why, can any busines  
 Concerne a man like his meat ? *Ite.* O twenty millions,  
 To a Physician, that's in practise : I  
 Doe bring him newes, from all the points o' the Compasse,  
 (That's all the parts of the sublunary Globe.)  
 10 Of times, and double times. *Nee.* In, in, sweet *Item*,  
 And furnish forth the Table with your newes :  
 Deserve your dinner : Sow out your whole bag full :  
 The Guests will heare it. *Item.* I heard they were out.

CHORUS. 70 attempts—] attempts *W* 73 hard-handed] hard  
 handed *F* 77 *Dam.* . . . *Boy* ? originally in *F* at the end of the  
 preceding speech. III. i] ACT III. SCENE I. | *A Room in lady*  
*Loadstone's House:* | *Enter Timothy Item, Needle, and Nurse Keep.* *G*  
 1 *Item.* corr. *F* : *Iem F* originally

*Nee.* But they are piec'd, and put together againe,  
You may goe in, you'l find them at high eating : 15

The *Parson* has an edifying stomach,  
And a perswading Palate (like his name :)  
Hee hath begun three draughts of sack *in Doctrines*,  
And fower *in Uses*. *Ite.* And they follow him ?

*Nee.* No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a Recusant 20  
In sack. He onely takes it in French wine,  
With an allay of water. In, in, *Item*,  
And leave your peeping. *Kee.* I have a moneths mind,  
To peepe a little too. <ô> sweet Mas' *Needle*,  
How are they set ? *Nee.* At the boords end my Lady——. 25

*Kee.* And my young Mrs. by her ? *Nee.* Yes, the *Parson*  
On the right hand (as hee'l not lose his place  
For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs. *Polish* :  
Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, against Sir *Moath* ;  
Knights, one againe another : Then the Souldier, 30  
The man of warre, and man of peace the Lawyer :  
Then the pert Doctor, and the politique *Bias*,  
And Mr. *Compass* circumscribeth all.

*Ple.* Nurse *Keepe*, nurse *Keepe* ! *Nee.* What noise is that *A noise within.*  
within ?

*Ple.* Come to my Mistris, all their weapons are out. 35

*Nee.* Mischiefe of men ! what day, what houre is this ?

*Kee.* Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

[To them after.]

*Compass.* *Ironsides.*

*Com.* Were you a mad man to doe this at table ?  
And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies,  
And Gentlewomen ? *Iro.* Pox upo' your women,  
And your halfe man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris* :

III. i. 17 name :) *corr.* F : name : F originally 19 And fower]  
And fower F him ? W : him. F 23 After 'peeping.' *Exit*  
*Item.* G 24 o sweet *Editor* : Sweet F Mas'] Master G 28 thrust-  
ing] *Query*, thrusting in 'gainst] against G 34, 35 *Ple.*] *Plea.*  
[within.] G 37 *Exeunt.* add G III. ii.] SCENE II. | Another  
Room in the Same. | Enter *Ironsides*, followed by *Compass*. G

5 A perfum'd braggart : He must drinke his wine  
With three parts water ; and have Amber in that too.

*Com.* And you must therefore breake his face with a  
Glasse,

And wash his nose in wine. *Iro.* Cannot he drinke  
In Orthodoxe, but he must have his Gums,

10 And Panyng Drugs ? *Com.* You should have us'd the Glasse  
Rather as ballance, then the sword of Justice :  
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.  
Come, you shall take your Sanctuary with me ;  
The whole house will be up in armes 'gainst you else,  
15 Within this halfe houre ; this way to my lodging.

### ⟨ACT III. SCENE III.⟩

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the  
Stage. Pleasance. Item.*

⟨To them *Compassse.*⟩

*Rut.* A most rude action ! carry her to her bed ;  
And use the Fricace to her, with those oyles.  
Keepe your newes *Item* now, and tend this busines.

*Lad.* Good Gossip look to her. *Pol.* How doe you sweet  
charge ?

5 *Kee.* She's in a sweat. *Pol.* I, and a faint sweat mary.

*Rut.* Let her alone to *Tim* : he has directions,  
He heare your newes *Tim Item*, when you ha' done.

*Lad.* Was ever such a Guest brought to my table ?

*Rut.* These boistrous Souldiers ha' no better breeding.

10 Here Mr. *Compassse* comes : where's your Captaine,  
*Rudhudibras de Ironside* ? *Com.* Gone out of doores.

*Lad.* Would he had nere come in them, I may wish.  
He has discredited my house, and boord,

III. ii. 13 Come,] Come F 15 *Exeunt.* add G III. iii]  
SCENE III. | Another Room in the Same. | Enter *Rut*, lady Loadstone,  
*Polish*, and *Keep* carrying *Placentia* ; *Pleasance* and *Item* following. G  
7 *Exeunt Item, Polish, Keep* and *Pleasance*, with *Placentia*. add G  
10 After 'comes' Enter *Compassse*. G where's] where is G 11 *Rud-*  
*hudibras*] *Rudhudibr* as F

With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd  
My Neices health (by drawing of his weapon) 15  
God knowes how farre ; for Mr. Doctor does not.

*Com.* The Doctor is an Asse then, if hee say so,  
And cannot with his conjuring names, *Hippocrates*,  
*Galen* or *Rasis*, *Avicen*, *Averroes*,  
Cure a poore wenches falling in a swoone : 20  
Which a poore Farthing chang'd in *Rosa solis*,  
Or *Cynnamon* water would. *Lad.* How now ? how does  
she ?

*Kee.* Shee's somewhat better. Mr. *Item* has brought her  
A little about. *Pol.* But there's Sir *Moath* your brother  
Is falne into a fit o' the *happyplexe*, 25  
It were a happy place for him, and us,  
If he could steale to heaven thus : All the house  
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.  
The *Parson* he has gi'n him gone, this halfe houre ;  
Hee's pale in the mouth already, for the feare 30  
O' the fierce Captaine. *Lad.* Helpe me to my Chamber,  
Nurse *Keepe* : Would I could see the day no more,  
But night hung over me, like some darke cloud ;  
That, buried with this losse of my good name,  
I, and my house might perish, thus forgotten— 35

*Com.* Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me  
Then all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

### ACT III. SCENE III(I)

*Practise. Silkworme. Compasse.*

*Pra.* It was a barbarous Injury, I confesse :  
But if you will be counsell'd, Sir, by me,  
The reverend Law lies open to repaire  
Your reputation. That will gi' you damages ;

111. iii. 18 *Hippocrates*,] *Hippocrates*; F 19 *Avicen*,] *Avicen*. F  
22 After ' would.' Re-enter *Keep* and *Polish*. G 28 *Exit Rut.* add G  
35 *Exeunt Lady L. Keep, and Polish.* add G 111. iv] Enter *Practice*  
and sir *Diaphanous Silkworm*. G, continuing the scene



5 Five thousand pound for a finger, I have knowne  
Given in Court : And let me pack your Jury.

*Silk.* There's nothing vexes me, but that he has stained  
My new white sattin Doublet ; and bespatter'd  
My spick and span silke Stockings, o' the day

10 They were drawne on : And here's a spot i' my hose too.

*Com.* Shrewd maimes ! your Clothes are wounded des-  
perately,

And that (I thinke) troubles a Courtier more,  
An exact Courtier, then a gash in his flesh.

*Silk.* My flesh ? I sweare had he giv'n me twice so much,  
15 I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes  
To be defac'd, and stigmatiz'd so foulely !  
I take it as a contumely done me  
Above the wisdome of our Lawes to right.

*Com.* Why then you'l challenge him ? *Silk.* I will advise,  
20 Though Mr. *Practise* here doth urge the Law ;  
And reparation it will make me of credit,  
Beside great damages (let him pack my Jury.)

*Com.* He speakes like Mr. *Practise*, one, that is  
The Child of a Profession he's vow'd too,  
25 And servant to the studie he hath taken,  
A pure Apprentice at Law ! But you must have  
The Counsell o' the Sword ; and square your action  
Vnto their Cannons, and that brother-hood,  
If you doe right. *Pra.* I tell you Mr. *Compasse*,

30 You speak not like a friend unto the Lawes,  
Nor scarce a subject, to perswade him thus,  
Vnto the breach o' the peace : Sir, you forget  
There is a Court above, o' the *Starre-Chamber*,  
To punish Routs and Riots. *Com.* No, young Master,  
35 Although your name be *Practise* there in Terme time,  
I doe remember it. But you'l not heare  
What I was bound to say ; but like a wild

III. iv. 8 white] white F<sup>s</sup> 16 defac'd] de defac'd F  
tion W : reputation F (cf. II. 3, 4) 32 Sir.] Sir F  
The period faint or missing in F

21 repara-  
34 Riots.]

Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,  
Before you know, whether the amorous Knight  
Dares break the peace of conscience in a Duell. 40

*Silk.* Troth Mr. *Compasse*, I take you my friend ;  
You shall appoint of me in any matter  
That's reasonable, so wee may meet faire,  
On even termes. *Com.* I shall perswade no other,  
(And take your learned Counsell to advise you, 45  
Ile run along with him.) You say you'l meet him,  
On even termes. I doe not see indeed  
How that can be, 'twixt *Ironside* and you,  
Now I consider it. Hee is my brother,  
I doe confesse (wee ha' call'd so twenty yeare :) 50  
But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,  
And so befriended, you may easily answer  
The worst successe : He a knowne, noted, bold  
Boy o' the Sword, hath all mens eyes upon him ;  
And there's no *London-Iury*, but are led 55  
In evidence, as farre by common fame,  
As they are by present deposition.

Then you have many brethren, and neer kinsmen.  
If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrell  
'Twixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud: Ironside*, 60  
Although he ha' got his head into a Beaver,  
With a huge feather, 's but a Corriers sonne,  
And has not two old Cordo'van skins, to leave  
In Leather Caps to mourne him in, if he die.  
Againe, you are generally belov'd, he hated 65  
So much, that all the hearts, and votes of men  
Goe with you, in the wishing all prosperity  
Vnto your purpose ; hee's a fat, corpulent,  
Vnweildy fellow : you, a dieted Sparke,  
Fit for the Combat. He has kild so many ; 70  
As it is ten to one his turne is next ;

iii. iv. 45 you,] you) F 46 him.)) him F 49 brother,]  
brother. F 50 confesse (wee] confess we G 60 'Twixt] T'wixt F  
63 Cordo'van] Cordov'an F

You never fought with any ; lesse, slew any :  
 And therefore have the <fairer> hopes before you.  
 I hope these things thus specified unto you,

- 75 Are faire advantages : you cannot encounter  
 Him upon equall termes. Beside, Sir *Silkworme*,  
 He hath done you wrong in a most high degree :  
 And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,  
 Should so exacute, and whet your choller,  
 80 As you should count your selfe an host of men,  
 Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave Sir,  
 Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge  
 Him, then the huge great Porter has to try  
 His strength upon an Infant. *Silke*. Mr. *Compassse*,  
 85 You rather spur me on, then any way  
 Abate my courage to the Enterprise.

- Com.* All Counsell's as it's taken. If you stand  
 On point of honour, not t'have any odds,  
 I have rather then dissuaded you, then otherwise :  
 90 If upon termes of humour and revenge,  
 I have encourag'd you. So that I thinke,  
 I have done the part of a friend on either side :  
 In furnishing your feare with matter first,  
 If you have any : Or, if you dare fight,  
 95 To heighten, and confirme your resolution.

- Pra.* I now doe crave your pardon, Mr. *Compassse* :  
 I did not apprehend your way before,  
 The true *Perimeter* of it : you have Circles,  
 And such fine draughts about ! *Silke*. Sir, I doe thanke you,  
 100 I thanke you Mr. *Compassse* heartily ;  
 I must confesse, I never fought before,  
 And I'll be glad to doe things orderly,  
 In the right place : I pray you <to> instruct me.  
 Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously ?  
 105 *Com.* Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,

III. iv. 73 fairer (or better) *W* conj.  
 98 *Perimeter*] *Perimiler* F, F3  
 103 me.] me, sir. G

89 I have] I have F  
 99 Sir,] Sir F  
 102 I'll] I'd G

Trust not your selfe too much. *Silke.* Why? I assure you,  
 I'am very angry. *Com.* Doe not suffer, though,  
 The flatuous, windy choller of your heart,  
 To move the clapper of your understanding,  
 Which is the guiding faculty, your reason : 110  
 You know not, if you'l fight, or no, being brought  
 Vpo' the place. *Silke.* O yes, I have imagin'd  
 Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious  
 As *Homer* makes *Achilles* ; and I find  
 My selfe not frighted with his fame one jot. 115

*Com.* Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,  
 Are lesse then skirmishes ; the fight of shadowes :  
 For shadowes have their figure, motion,  
 And their umbratile action from the reall  
 Posture, and motion of the bodies act : 120  
 Whereas (imaginarily) many times,  
 Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,  
 And much lesse meet. But if there be no helpe,  
 Faith I would wish you, send him a faire Challenge.

*Silk.* I will goe pen it presently. *Com.* But word it 125  
 In the most generous termes. *Silk.* Let me alone.

*Pra.* And silken phrase : the courtliest kind of Quarrell.

*Com.* He'l make it a petition for his peace.

*Pra.* O, yes, of right, and hee may doe it by Law.

### ACT III. SCENE [I]V.

*Rut. Palate. Bias,* bringing out *Interest* in a Chaire.

*Item. Polish* following.

*Rut.* Come, bring him out into the aire a little :  
 There set him downe. Bow him, yet bow him more,  
 Dash that same Glasse of water in his face :  
 Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet :

III. iv. 118 motion.] motion F 126 the most] themost or them  
 ost F 129 Exeunt. add G III. v]. SCENE IV. | Another  
 Room in the Same. | Enter *Rut, Palate and Bias* bringing out *sir Moth*  
*Interest* in a chair : *Item and Polish* following. G

- 5 If it but call the blood up from the heart,  
 I aske no more. See, what a feare can doe !  
 Pinch him in the nape of the neck now : nip him, nip him.  
*Ite.* He feeles, there's life in him. *Pal.* He groanes, and  
 stirres.  
*Rut.* Tell him the Captaine's gone. *Int.* Ha ! *Pal.* He's  
 gone Sir.
- 10 *Rut.* Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left eare.  
*Int.* O ! *Rut.* How doe you feele your selfe ? *Int.* Sore,  
 sore. *Rut.* But where ?  
*Int.* I' my neck. *Rut.* I nipt him there. *Int.* And i' my  
 head.  
*Rut.* I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those Sinewes.  
*Bia.* Isweare you did. *Pol.* What a brave man's a Doctor,
- 15 To beat one into health ! I thought his blowes  
 Would eene ha' kild him : hee did feele no more  
 Then a great horse. *Int.* Is the wild Captaine gone ?  
 That man of murther ? *Bia.* All is calme and quiet.  
*Int.* Say you so, Cosen *Bias* ? Then all's well.
- 20 *Pal.* How quickly a man is lost ! *Bia.* And soone  
 recover'd !  
*Pol.* Where there are meanes, and Doctors, learned men,  
 And their Apothecaries, who are not now,  
 (As *Chawcer* sayes) their friendship to begin.  
 Well, could they teach each other how to win
- 25 I' their swath bands——. *Rut.* Leave your Poetry good  
 Gossip,  
 Your *Chawcers* clouts, and wash your dishes with 'hem,  
 Wee must rub up the roots of his disease,  
 And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.  
*Pol.* Nay, I know when to hold my peace. *Rut.* Then  
 do it.
- 30 Gi' me your hand Sir *Moath.* Let's feele your pulse.  
 It is a Pursinesse, a kind of Stoppage,  
 Or tumor o' the Purse, for want of exercise,

III. v. 5 but] b ut F      8 groanes] graones F      11 *Rut.* . . . where ?  
*A new line in F.*      22 now] new A. S. *Cook* conj.      25 Gossip,] Gossip. F

That you are troubled with : some ligatures  
I'th' neck of your *Vesica*, or *Marsupium*,  
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate ; 35  
And therefore you must use relaxatives.

Beside, they say, you are so restive growne,  
You cannot but with trouble put your hand  
Into your pocket, to discharge a reckoning.  
And this we sonnes of Physick doe call *chiragra*, 40  
A kind of Crampe, or Hand-Gout. You shall purge for't.

*Ite*. Indeed your worship should doe well to'advise him,  
To cense his body, all the three high wayes ;  
That is, by *Sweat*, *Purge*, and *Phlebotomy*.

*Rut*. You say well, learned *Tim*, Ile first prescribe him, 45  
To give his purse a purge once, twice a weeke  
At Dice, or Cards : And when the weather is open,  
Sweat at a bowling Alley ; or be let blood  
I' the lending veine, and bleed a matter of fifty,  
Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put 50  
Your thumbs under your Girdle, and have some body  
Else, pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,  
And a good habit, you can doe it your selfe.  
And then be sure alwayes to keepe good diet ;  
And h(a)' your table furnish'd from one end, 55  
Vnto the tother : It is good for the eyes.

But feed you on one dish still, ha' your Diet-drinke,  
Ever in Bottles ready, which must come  
From the *Kings-head* : I will prescribe you nothing,  
But what Ile take before you mine own selfe : 60  
That is my course with all my Patients.

*Pal*. Very methodicall, *Secundum Artem*.

*Bia*. And very safe *pro captu recipientis*.

*Pol*. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latine !

*Rut*. I had it of a Jew, and a great Rabbi, 65  
Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine

III. v. 34 I'th'] I'th F 45 well,] well F 50-2 G divides at  
put your thumbs | Under . . . somebody else | Pull . . . 56 eyes.]  
eyes, F : Eyes ; F3 59 Kings-head] Kings-head F

With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottome,  
 Would make report of any Chronick malady,  
 Such as Sir *Moath's* is, being an oppilation,  
 70 In that you call the neck o' the money bladder,

*Enter Nurse.* Most anatomicall, and by dissection.

*Nurse.* *Kee.* O Mr. Doctor, and his Pothecary !

Good Mr. *Item*, and my Mistris *Polish* !

Wee need you all above ! Shee's falne againe,

75 In a worse fit then ever. *Pol.* Who ? *Kee.* Your charge.

*Pol.* Come away Gentlemen. *Int.* This fit with the  
 Doctor,

Hath mended me past expectation.

### ACT III. SCENE V(I).

*Compass.* *Diaphanous.* *Practise.* *Bias.* *Ironside.*

*Com.* O Sir *Diaphanous*, ha' you done ? *Dia.* I ha'  
 brought it.

*Pra.* That's well. *Com.* But who shall carry it now ?

*Dia.* A friend :

Ile find a friend to carry it ; Mr. *Bias* here

Will not deny me that. *Bia.* What is't ? *Dia.* To carry

5 A Challenge I have writ unto the Captaine.

*Bias.* Faith but I will Sir, you shall pardon me

For a twi-reason of State : Ile beare no Challenges ;

I will not hazard my Lords favour so ;

Or forfeit mine owne Judgement with his honour,

10 To turne a Ruffian : I have to commend me

Nought but his Lordships good opinion ;

And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a faire hand,

Fit for a Secretary : Now you know, a mans hand

Being his executing part in fight,

15 Is more obnoxious to the common perill——

*Dia.* You shall not fight Sir, you shall onely search

III. v. 77 *Exeunt all but Bias.* add G III. vi. *Enter Compass,*  
*sir Diaphanous Silkworm and Practise.* G, continuing the scene 2 *Com.*  
 The period faint or missing in F

My *Antagonist* ; commit us fairely there  
Vpo' the ground on equall termes. *Bia.* O Sir !  
But if my Lord should heare I stood at end  
Of any quarrell, 'twere an end of me 20  
In a state course ! I ha' read the Politiques ;  
And heard th' opinions of our best Divines.

*Com.* The Gentleman has reason ! Where was first  
The birth of your acquaintance ? or the Cradle  
Of your strickt friendship made ? *Dia.* We met in *France*,  
Sir. 25

*Com.* In *France* ! that Garden of humanity,  
The very seed-plot of all courtesies :  
I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,  
The milke of *France* ; and see this sower effect  
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travell : 30  
There, every Gentleman professing armes,  
Thinkes he is bound in honour to imbrace  
The bearing of a Challenge for another,  
Without or questioning the cause, or asking  
Least colour of a reason. There's no Cowardize, 35  
No Poultrounerie, like urging why ? wherefore ?  
But carry a Challenge, die, and doe the thing.

*Bia.* Why, heare you Mr. *Compasse*, I but crave  
Your eare in private. I would carry his Challenge,  
If I but hop'd your Captaine angry enough 40  
To kill him : For (to tell you truth) this Knight,  
Is an impertinent in Court, (wee thinke him :)  
And troubles my Lords Lodgings, and his Table  
With frequent, and unnecessary visits,  
Which wee (the better sort of Servants) like not : 45  
Being his Fellowes in all other places,  
But at our Masters boord ; and we disdaine  
To doe those servile offices, oft times,  
His foolish pride, and Empire will exact,

III. vi. 23 has reason] hasreason F 25 friendship made] friend-  
shipmade F 28 aliment] a liment F 37 die, . . . thing] do  
the thing and die G 39 private.] private ? F After ' private.'  
[takes him aside.] G



50 Against the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.

*Com.* Truth Mr. *Bias*, I'd not ha' you thinke  
I speake to flatter you : but you are one  
O' the deepest Politiques I ever met,  
And the most subtilly rationall. I admire you.

55 But doe not you conceive in such a case,  
That you are accessary to his death,  
From whom you carry a Challenge with such purpose?

*Bia.* Sir, the corruption of one thing in nature,  
Is held the Generation of another ;

60 And therefore, I had as leive be accessory  
Vnto his death, as to his life. *Com.* A new  
Morall Philosophy too ! you'l carry 't then.

*Bia.* If I were sure, 't would not incense his choller  
To beat the Messenger. *Com.* O, Ile secure you,

65 You shall deliver it in my lodging, safely ;  
And doe your friend a service worthy thanks.

*Bia.* Ile venture it, upon so good Induction,  
To rid the Court of an Impediment,

*Enter Ironside.* This baggage Knight. *Iro.* Peace to you all, Gentlemen,  
Save to this Mushrome ; who I heare is menacing  
Me with a Challenge : which I come to anticipate,  
And save the Law a labour : Will you fight Sir ?

*Dia.* Yes, in my shirt. *Iro.* O, that's to save your  
doublet ;

I know it a Court trick ! you had rather have

75 An Ulcer in your body, then a Pinke  
More i' your clothes. *Dia.* Captaine, you are a Coward,  
If you not fight i' your shirt. *Iro.* Sir, I not meane  
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet :

Yo' have cause to call me Coward, that more feare

80 The stroke of the common, and life-giving aire,  
Then all your fury, and the Panoplie.

*Pra.* (Which is at best, but a thin linnen armour.)

III. vi. 57 purpose ?] purpose. F 58, 77 Sir,] Sir F 64 O,] O' F  
65 lodging, safely ;] lodging ; safely, F 69 all,] all F 73 After  
' shirt.' [Throws off his doublet.] G 77 I not] I do not F3 80 life-  
giving] life giving F 81 Panoplie.] panoply— G

I thinke a cup of generous wine were better,  
Then fighting i' your shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my valour,  
It is a valour of another nature, 85  
Then to be mended by a cup of wine.

*Com.* I should be glad to heare of any valours,  
Differing in kind ; who have knowne hitherto,  
Only one vertue, they call *Fortitude*,  
Worthy the name of valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not, 90  
Is justly thought a Coward : And he is such.

*Dia.* O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inne*,  
Of *Ionsons*, that decries all other valour  
But what is for the publike. *Iro.* I doe that too,  
But did not learne it there ; I thinke no valour 95  
Lies for a private cause. *Dia.* Sir, Ile redargue you,  
By disputation. *Com.* O let's heare this !  
I long to heare a man dispute in his shirt  
Of valour, and his sword drawne in his hand.

*Pra.* His valour will take cold ; put on your doublet. 100

*Com.* His valour will keepe cold, you are deceiv'd ;  
And relish much the swe(e)ter in our eares :  
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature,  
Their valours are not yet so combatant,  
Or truly *antagonistick*, as to fight ; 105  
But may admit to heare of some divisions,  
Of *Fortitude*, may put 'hem off their Quarrell.

*Dia.* I would have no man thinke me so ungovern'd,  
Or subject to my passion, but I can  
Reade him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings, 110  
And executions : I doe know all kinds  
Of doing the busines, which the Towne cals valour.

*Com.* Yes, he has read the Towne, *Towne-top's* his  
Author !

Your first ? *Dia.* Is a rash head-long unexperience.

*Com.* Which is in Children, Fooles, or your street Gallants 115  
O' the first head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of valour !

*Com.* Commend him, he will spin it out in's shirt,

Fine, as that thred. *Dia.* The next, an indiscreet  
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

120 *Com.* Or th' insufficiencie of Adversaries,  
And this is in your common fighting Brothers,  
Your old *Perdu's*, who (after a time) doe thinke,  
The one, that they are shot-free ; the other, sword-free.  
Your third ? *Dia.* Is nought but an excesse of choller,

125 That raignes in testy old men——. *Com.* Noblemens  
Porters,

And selfe-conceited Poëts. *Dia.* And is rather  
A peevisnesse, then any part of valour.

*Pra.* He but rehearses, he concludes no valour.

*Com.* A history of distempers, as they are practiz'd,  
130 His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.  
Your next ? *Dia.* Is a dull desperate resolving.

*Com.* In case of some necessitous misery, or  
Incumbent mischief. *Pra.* Narrownesse of mind,  
Or ignorance being the root of it.

135 *Dia.* Which you shall find in Gamesters, quite blowne up.

*Com.* <Or> banckrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors.

*Pra.* Or your exemplified Malefactors,  
That have surviv'd their infamy, and punishment.

*Com.* One that hath lost his eares, by a just sentence  
140 O' the *Starre-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave——  
And is a *Histrionicall* Contempt,  
Of what a man feares most ; it being a mischief  
In his owne apprehension unavoidable.

*Pra.* Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,  
145 Or Theeves adjudg'd to die. *Com.* This is a valour,  
I should desire much to see encourag'd :  
As being a speciall entertainment  
For our rogue People ; and make oft good sport  
Vnto 'hem, from the Gallowes to the ground.

III. vi. 121 Brothers,] Brothers. *F* 123 shot-free] shot free *F*  
other, *corr. F* : other *F* originally sword-free.] sword free. *corr. F* :  
sword free, *F* originally 126 selfe-] selfe *F* 135 you shall]  
shou shall *F* : thou shalt *F*3 136 Or *Editor* : In *G* *conj.*  
139 hath] h ath *F*

*Dia.* But mine is a Judiciall resolving, 150  
Or liberall undertaking of a danger——.

*Com.* That might be avoided. *Dia.* I, and with assurance,  
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,  
Of the best sheafe. *Com.* Who having lives to lose,  
Like private men, have yet a world of honour, 155  
And publike reputation to defend——.

*Dia.* Which in the brave historified *Greeks*,  
And *Romans* you shall reade of. *Com.* And (no doubt)  
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,  
The Souldiers of the Citie, valiant blades, 160  
Who (rather then their houses should be ransack'd)  
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts ;  
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with :  
But the close manner of their fight, and custome,  
Of joyning head to head, and foot to foot. 165

*Iro.* And which of these so well-prest resolutions  
Am I to encounter now ? For commonly,  
Men that have so much choise before 'hem, have  
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

*Bia.* There are three valours yet, which Sir *Diaphanous*, 170  
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. *Dia.* Yea ? which are  
those ?

*Pra.* He perks at that ! *Com.* Nay, he does more, he  
chatters.

*Bia.* A Philosophicall contempt of death,  
Is one : Then an infused kind of valour,  
Wrought in us by our *Genii*, or good spirits ; 175  
Of which the gallant *Ethnicks* had deepe sense :  
Who generally held, that no great States-man,  
Scholler, or Souldier, ere did any thing  
*Sine divino aliquo afflatu.*

*Pra.* But there's a Christian valour, 'bove these too. 180

*Bia.* Which is a quiet patient toleration,  
Of whatsoever the malicious world

With Injury doth unto you ; and consists  
In passion, more then action, Sir *Diaphanous*.

185 *Dia*. Sure, I doe take mine to be Christian valour——.

*Com*. You may mistake though. Can you justifie  
On any cause, this seeking to deface,  
The divine Image in a man ? *Bia*. O Sir !

Let 'hem alone : Is not *Diaphanous*

190 As much a divine Image, as is *Ironsides* ?

Let images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

### ACT III. SCENE VI(I).

To them inter-vening.

*Keepe. Needle. Interest.*

*Kee*. Where's Mr. *Needle* ? Saw you Mr. *Needle* ?

Wee are undone. *Com*. What ailes the frantick Nurse ?

*Kee*. My Mistris is undone, shee's crying out !

Where is this man trow ? Mr. *Needle* ? *Nee*. Here.

5 *Kee*. Run for the party, Mrs. *Chaire* the Mid-wife.

Nay, looke how the man stands, as he were gok't !

Shee's lost, if you not haste away the party.

*Nee*. Where is the Doctor ? *Kee*. Where a scoffing man is.

And his Apothecary, little better ;

10 They laugh, and geere at all : will you dispatch ?

And fetch the party quickly to our Mistris :

Wee are all undone ! The Timpanie will out else.

*Int*. Newes, newes, good newes, better then butter'd  
newes !

My Neice is found with Child, the Doctor tels me,

15 And falne in labour. *Com*. How ? *Int*. The portion's paid !

The portion——ô the Captaine ! Is he here ? *Exit*.

*Pra*. H'has spi'd your swords out ! put 'hem up, put up,  
Yo' have driven him hence ; and yet your quarrell's ended.

*Iro*. In a most strange discovery. *Pra*. Of light gold.

III. vii. Enter Nurse *Keep* hastily. G, continuing the scene 4 After  
' *Needle* ' Enter *Needle*. G After ' Here. ' Takes her aside. G 6 gok'tj  
gowed G 12 Exeunt *Needle* and *Keep*. | Enter sir *Moth* *Interest*.  
add G 15 After ' How ? ' *Exit*. G 16 ô] o' F : O' F3

*Dia.* And crack't withjn the Ring. I take the *Omen*, 20  
As a good *Omen*. *Pra.* Then put up your Sword,  
And on your Doublet. Give the Captaine thanks.

*Dia.* I had beene slur'd else. Thanke you noble Captaine :  
Your quarrelling caus'd all this. *Iro.* Where's *Compass*?

*Pra.* Gone,  
Shrunke hence ; contracted to his Center, I feare. 25

*Iro.* The slip is his then. *Dia.* I had like t' have beene  
Abus'd i' the busines, had the slip slur'd on me,  
A Counterfeit. *Bias.* Sir, we are all abus'd :  
As many as were brought on to be Suitors ;  
And we will joyne in thanks, all to the Captaine, 30  
And to his fortune that so brought us off.

Chorus.

*Dam.* This was a pittifull poore shift o' your Poët, *Boy*,  
to make his prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just  
to compose a quarrell.

*Boy.* With whose borrowed eares, have you heard, Sir, all  
this while, that you can mistake the current of our *Scene* so ? 5  
The streame of the *Argument*, threatned her being with child  
from the very beginning, for it presented her in the first of  
the second *Act*, with some apparent note of infirmity, or  
defect : from knowledge of which, the Auditory were rightly  
to bee suspended by the *Author*, till the quarrell, which was 10  
but the accidentall cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in  
occasioning her affright ; which made her fall into her  
throwes presently, and within that compasse of time allow'd  
to the *Comedy*, wherein the Poët exprest his prime Artifice,  
rather than any errour, that the detection of her being with 15  
child, should determine the quarrell, which had produc'd it.

*Pro.* The *Boy* is too hard for you. Brother *Damplay*, best  
marke the *Play*, and let him alone.

*Dam.* I care not for marking the *Play* : Ile damne it,

III. vii. 23 Captaine: corr. F: Captaine! F originally 25 hence;  
corr. F: hence, F originally 31 Exeunt. add G CHORUS.] 17 you.  
Brother Damplay,] you, brother Damplay; G.

20 talke, and doe that I come for. I will not have *Gentlemen* lose their priviledge, nor I my selfe my prerogative, for neere an overgrowne, or superannuated Poët of 'hem all. Hee shall not give me the Law ; I will censure, and be witty, and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of  
 25 reprehension, as my Predecessors have done before me.

*Boy.* Even to license, and absurdity.

*Pro.* Not now, because the *Gentlewoman* is in travell : and the Midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our paine.

30 *Dam.* Well, looke to your busines afterward, *Boy*, that all things bee cleare, and come properly forth, suited, and set together ; for I will search what followes severely and to the naile.

*Boy.* Let your naile run smooth then, and not scratch :  
 35 lest the *Author* be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart : you'l find him as severe as your selfe.

*Dam.* A shrewd Boy ! and has mee every where. The Mid-wife is come, she has made haste.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Chaire. Needle. Keepe.*

**C***Ha.* Stay Mr. *Needle*, you doe prick too fast  
 Vpo' the busines : I must take some breath :  
 Lend me my stoole, you ha' drawne a stitch upon me,  
 In faith, sonne *Needle*, with your haste. *Nee.* Good Mother,  
 5 Peice up this breach ; Ile gi' you a new Gowne,  
 A new silke-Grogoran Gowne. Ile do it, Mother.

*Kee.* What'll you doe ? you ha' done too much already  
 With your prick-seame, and through-stitch, Mr. *Needle*.  
 I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,  
 10 Good Mother *Chaire*, the Mid-wife, but come up.

iv. i.] ACT IV. SCENE 1. | *A Room in lady Loadstone's House.* | *Enter*  
*Mother Chair, and Needle. G* 4. 5 Verse re-arranged by W : ' *Nee.*  
*Good Mother* ', in l. 5 in F 5 Peice] peice F 6 do it.  
 W: do't F *Enter Nurse Keepe.* add G 8 -stitch.] -stitch. F  
*Needle.] Needle, F* 10 *Exeunt Chair and Needle.* add G

ACT III. SCENE II.

*Compasse. Keepe. Practise.*

*Com.* How now Nurse, where's my Lady? *Kee.* In her Chamber

Lock'd up, I thinke : shee'll speake with no body.

*Com.* Knowes shee o' this accident? *Kee.* Alas Sir, no ;  
Would she might never know it. *Pra.* I thinke her Ladiship  
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent, 5  
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a busines.

*Com.* Your thought Sir is a brave thought, and a safe one,  
The child now to be borne is not more free,  
From the aspersion of all spot, then she.

She have her hand in plot, 'gainst Mr. *Practise*, 10  
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves ?

Cries up, and values ? knowes to be a man  
Mark'd out, for a chiefe Justice in his cradle ?  
Or a Lord Paramount ; the head o' the Hall ?

The Top, or the Top-gallant of our Law ? 15

Assure your selfe, she could not so deprave  
The rectitude of her Judgement, to wish you  
Vnto a wife, might prove your Infamy,  
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Common-wealth,  
And had (cried) up for honour to her blood. 20

*Pra.* I must confesse a great beholdingnesse  
Vnto her Ladiships offer, and good wishes.  
But the truth is, I never had affection,  
Or any liking to this Neice of hers.

*Com.* You fore-saw somewhat then? *Pra.* I had my notes, 25  
And my Prognosticks. *Com.* You read Almanacks,  
And study 'hem to some purpose, I beleieve ?

*Pra.* I doe confesse, I doe beleieve, and pray too :  
According to the Planets, at sometimes.

iv. ii. *Enter Compass and Practise.* G, continuing the scene  
4 After 'it.' *Exit.* G 9 she. F3 : she ? F 10 *Practise,*] *Practise.*  
F : *Practise,* F3 16 deprave] deprave, F 20 cried *Editor:*  
raised G 29 Planets,] Planets F



- 30 *Com.* And doe observe the signe in making Love ?  
*Pra.* As in Phlebotomy. *Com.* And choose your Mistris  
 By the good dayes, and leave her by the bad ?  
*Pra.* I doe, and I doe not. *Com.* A little more  
 Would fetch all his Astronomie from *Allestree*.  
 35 *Pra.* I tell you Mr. *Compassse*, as my friend,  
 And under seale, I cast mine eye long since,  
 Vpo' the other wench, my Ladies woman,  
 Another manner of peice for handsomnesse,  
 Then is the Neice (but that is *sub sigillo*,  
 40 And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,  
 And counsell in the busines. *Com.* You need counsell ?  
 The only famous Counsell, o' the kingdome,  
 And in all Courts ? That is a Jeere in faith,  
 Worthy your name, and your profession too,  
 45 Sharpe Mr. *Practise*. *Pra.* No, upo' my Law,  
 As I am a Bencher, and now double Reader,  
 I meant in meere simplicity of request.  
*Com.* If you meant so. Th' affaires are now perplex'd,  
 And full of trouble, give 'hem breath, and setling,  
 50 Ile doe my best. But in meane time doe you  
 Prepare the *Parson*. (I am glad to know  
 This ; for my selfe lik'd the young Maid before,  
 And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence ? *Pra.* No ;  
 But I can fetch one straight. *Com.* Doe, doe, and mind  
 55 The *Parsons* pint t'ingage him <i> the busines ;  
 A knitting Cup there must be. *Pra.* I shall doe it.

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

*Bias. Interest. Compassse.*

*Bia.* 'Tis an affront, from you Sir ; you here brought me,  
 Vnto my Ladies, and to wooe a wife,  
 Which since is prov'd a crack'd commoditie ;  
 Shee hath broke bulke too soone. *Int.* No fault of mine,

iv. ii. 48 so.] so, W  
 56 *Exit.* add G  
 continuing the scene

55 him i' *Editor* him— F : him in W  
 iv. iii. *Enter Bias, and sir Moth Interest.* G,  
 1 'Tis Tis F

If she be crack'd in peeces, or broke round ; 5  
 It was my sisters fault, that owes the house,  
 Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.  
 I keepe her portion safe, that is not scatter'd :  
 The money's rattle not ; nor are they throwne,  
 To make a Musse, yet, 'mong the gamesome Suitors. 10

*Com.* Can you endure that flout, close Mr. *Bias*,  
 And have beene so bred in the Politiques ?  
 The injury is done you, and by him only ;  
 He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it :  
 Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you. 15

*Bia.* That makes me to expostulate the wrong  
 So with him, and resent it as I doe.

*Com.* But doe it home then. *Bia.* Sir, my Lord shall  
 know it.

*Com.* And all the Lords o' the Court too. *Bia.* What a  
 Moath

You are, Sir *Interest* ! *Int.* Wherein, I intreat you, 20  
 Sweet Master *Bias* ? *Com.* To draw in young States-men,  
 And heires of policie into the noose  
 Of an infamous matrimonie. *Bia.* Yes,  
 Infamous, *quasi in communem famam* :  
 And Matrimony, *quasi*, matter of Money. 25

*Com.* Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.

*Bia.* With his lewd, knowne, and prostituted Neice.

*Int.* My knowne, and prostitute : how you mistake,  
 And run upon a false ground, Mr. *Bias* !  
 (Your Lords will doe me right.) Now she is prostitute, 30  
 And that I know it (please you understand me.)

I meane to keepe the portion in my hands :  
 And pay no monies. *Com.* Marke you that, *Don Bias* ?  
 And you shall still remaine in bonds to him,  
 For wooing furniture, and imprest charges. 35

*Int.* Good Mr. *Compasse*, for the summes he has had  
 Of me, I doe acquit him : They are his owne.

iv. iii. 10 yet,] yet F      20 are,] are F      Wherein,] Wherein F  
 30 Now] Now, F      33 that,] that F

Here, before you, I doe release him. *Com.* Good !

*Bia.* O Sir. *Com.* 'Slid take it : I doe witnesse it :

40 Hee cannot hurle away his money better.

*Int.* He shall get so much Sir, by my acquaintance,

To be my friend : And now report to his Lords

As I deserve, no otherwise. *Com.* But well :

And I will witnesse it, and to the value ;

45 Foure hundred is the price, if I mistake not,

Of your true friend in Court. Take hands, you ha' bought  
him,

And bought him cheap. *Bia.* I am his worships servant.

*Com.* And you his slave, Sir *Moath.* Seal'd, and deliver'd.

Ha' you not studied the Court Complement ?

50 Here are a paire of Humours, reconcil'd now,

That money held at distance : or their thoughts,

Baser then money.

## ACT IV. SCENE IV.

*Polish. Keepe. Compasse.*

*Pol.* Out thou catife witch !

Baud, Beggar, Gipsej : Any thing indeed,

But honest woman. - *Kee.* What you please, Dame *Polish,*

My Ladies Stroaker. *Com.* What is here to doe ?

5 The Gossips out ! *Pol.* Thou art a Traytor to me,

An *Eve*, the *Apul*, and the Serpent too :

A Viper, that hast eat a passage through me,

Through mine owne bowels, by thy retchlesnesse.

*Com.* What frantick fit is this ? Ile step aside

10 And hearken to it. *Pol.* Did I trust thee, wretch,

With such a secret, of that consequence,

Did so concerne me, and my child, our livelihood,

And reputation ? And hast thou undone us,

iv. iii. 43 deserve,] deserve F 49 *Exeunt Sir Moth and Bias.*  
add G iv. iv. *Enter Polish driving in Nurse Keepe.* G, continuing  
the scene 5 After 'out!' *Aside.* G 10 After 'it.' *Retires.* G  
13 us, F3 : us ? F

By thy connivence, nodding in a corner,  
 And suffering her be got with child so basely ? 15  
 Sleepie unlucky Hag ! Thou bird of night,  
 And all mischance to me. *Kee.* Good Lady Empresse !  
 Had I the keeping of your Daughters clicket  
 In charge ? was that committed to my trust ?  
*Com.* Her Daughter ? *Pol.* Softly Divell, not so lowd, 20  
 You'ld ha' the house heare, and be witsesse, would you ?  
*Kee.* Let all the world be witsesse. 'Afore Ile  
 Endure the Tyrannie of such a tongue——  
 And such a pride——. *Pol.* What will you doe ? *Kee.*  
 Tell truth,  
 And shame the She-man-Divell in puff'd sleeves ; 25  
 Run any hazzard, by revealing all  
 Vnto my Lady : how you chang'd the cradles,  
 And chang'd the children in 'hem. *Pol.* Not so high !  
*Kee.* Calling your Daughter *Pleasance*, there *Placentia*,  
 And my true Mistris by the name of *Pleasance*. 30  
*Com.* A horrid secret, this ! worth the discovery !  
*Pol.* And must you be thus lowd ? *Kee.* I will be lowerd :  
 And cry it through the house, through every roome,  
 And every office of the Lawndry-maids :  
 Till it be borne hot to my Ladies eares. 35  
 Ere I will live in such a slavery,  
 Ile doe away my selfe. *Pol.* Didst thou not sweare  
 To keepe it secret ? and upon what booke ?  
 (I doe remember now) *The Practice of Piety*.  
*Kee.* It was a practice of impiety, 40  
 Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,  
 My conscience tels me. First, against the Infants,  
 To rob them o' their names, and their true parents ;  
 T(o)'abuse the neighbour-hood, keepe them in errour ;  
 But most my Lady : Shee has the maine wrong : 45  
 And I wil let her know it instantly.  
 Repentance, (if it be true) nere comes too late.

- Pol.* What have I done ? Conjur'd a spirit up  
 I sha' not lay againe ? drawne on a danger,  
 50 And ruine on my selfe thus, by provoking  
 A peevish foole, whom nothing will pray of,  
 Or satisfie, I feare ? Her patience stirr'd,  
 Is turn'd to fury. I have run my Barke,  
 On a sweet Rock, by mine owne arts, and trust :  
 55 And must get off againe, or dash in peeces.  
*Com.* This was a busines, worth the listning after.

## ACT IIII. SCENE V.

*Pleasance. Compasse. <Palate.>*

- Ple.* O Mr. *Compasse*, did you see my Mother ?  
 Mistris *Placentia*, my Ladies Neice,  
 Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy !  
 Will you goe see it ? *Com.* First, Ile know the father,  
 5 Ere I approach these hazards. *Ple.* Mistris Midwife  
 Has promis'd to find out a father for it,  
 If there be need. *Com.* Shee may the safelier do't,  
 By vertue of her place. But pretty *Pleasance*,  
 I have a newes for you, I thinke will please you.  
 10 *Ple.* What is it, Mr. *Compasse* ? *Com.* Stay, you must  
 Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my Lady ?  
*Ple.* Retir'd unto her Chamber, and shut up.  
*Com.* She heares o' none o' this yet ? well, doe you  
 Command the Coach ; and fit your selfe to travell  
 15 A little way with me. *Ple.* Whither, for Gods sake ?  
*Com.* Where Ile intreat you not to your losse, beleieve it.  
 If you dare trust your selfe. *Ple.* With you the world ore.  
*Com.* The newes will well requite the paines, I assure you.  
 And i' this tumult you will not be mist.  
 20 Command the Coach, it is an instant busines,
- iv. iv. 52 satisfie,] satisfie F      55 *Erit.* add G      56 *Com.*  
*Com.* [coming forward.] G      iv. v. *Enter Pleasance.* G, continuing  
the scene      2 Neice,] Neice ; F : Niece, F3      10 is it, W :  
is't F      14 travell corr. F : travell ? *Foriginally*      15 sake ?  
corr. F : sake. F *originally*

Wu' not be done without you. *Parson Palaie*  
Most opportunely met, step to my Chamber :  
Ile come to you presently. There is a friend,  
Or two, will entertaine you. *Mr. Practise,*  
Ha' you the Licence ?

25

# ACT IV. SCENE VI.

*Practise. Compasse. Pleasance. Palate.*

*Pra.* Here it is. *Com.* Let's see it :  
Your name's not in't. *Pra.* Ile fill that presently ;  
It has the Seale, which is the maine : And registred.  
The Clarke knowes me, and trusts me. *Com.* Ha' you the  
*Parson ?*

*Pra.* They say hee's here, he 'pointed to come hither.

5

*Com.* I would not have him seene here for a world,  
To breed su(s)pition. Doe you intercept him,  
And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,  
And fill the blanke : or leave it here with me,  
Ile doe it for you ; stay you for us at his Church,  
Behind the old Exchange, wee'll come i'th' Coach,  
And meet you there within this Quarter at least.

10

*Pra.* I am much bound unto you, Mr. *Compasse,*  
You have all the Law, and parts of Squire *Practise*  
For ever at your use. Ile tell you newes, too :  
Sir, your Reversion's fall'n : *Thin-wit's* dead,  
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

15

*Com.* When died he ? *Pra.* Eene this morning, I receiv'd  
it

From a right hand. *Com.* Conceale it Mr. *Practise,*  
And mind the maine affaire, you are in hand with.

20

IV. v. 21 After 'you.' *Exit Pleasance.* | *Enter Palate.* G 24 you. . .  
*Practise*, corr. F : you, . . . *Practise.* F originally After 'you.' *Exit*  
*Palate.* G iv. vi. G continues the scene 3 registred. F3 :  
registred, F 8 take] trke F originally 10 you ; F3 : you, F  
for 1716, W : with F (caught up from 'with' in l. 9), F3 11 i'th'  
i'th F 16 *Thin-wit's*] *Thin-wits* F 20 *Exit Practise.* | *Re-en'er*  
*Pleasance.* add G

*Ple.* The Coach is ready Sir. *Com.* 'Tis well, faire *Pleasance*,

Though now wee shall not use it; bid the Coach-man  
Drive to the Parish Church, and stay about there,  
Till Mr. *Practise* come to him, and imploy him :

- 25 I have a Licence now, which must have entry  
Before my Lawyers. Noble *Parson Palate*,  
Thou shalt be a marke advanc't : here's a peece,  
And doe a feat for me. *Pal.* What, Mr. *Compassse* ?

*Com.* But run the words of Matrimony, over

- 30 My head, and Mrs. *Pleasances* in my Chamber :  
There's Captaine *Ironsides* to be a witnesse :  
And here's a Licence to secure thee. *Parson* !  
What doe you stick at ? *Pal.* It is after-noon Sir,  
Directly against the Canon of the Church ;

- 35 You know it Mr. *Compassse* : and beside,  
I am ingag'd unto our worshipfull friend,  
The learned Mr. *Practise*, in that busines.

*Com.* Come on, ingage your selfe : Who shall be able  
To say you married us, but i' the morning,

- 40 The most canonicall minute o' the day,  
If you affirme it ? That's a spic'd excuse,  
And shewes you have set the Common Law, before  
Any profession else, of love, or friendship.  
Come Mrs. *Pleasance*, wee cannot prevaile

- 45 With th' rigid *Parson* here ; but Sir, Ile keepe you  
Lock'd in my lodging, 'till 't be done elsewhere,  
And under feare of *Ironsides*. *Pal.* Doe you heare, Sir ?

*Com.* No, no, it matters not. *Pal.* Can you thinke Sir  
I would deny you any thing ? not to losse

- 50 Of both my Livings : I will doe it for you,  
Ha' you a wedding Ring ? *Com.* I and a Poesie :  
*Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterq; dabit.* *Pal.* Good !

iv. vi. 21 well,] well F 22 it ; F3 : it, F 24 *Exit Pleasance.*  
add G 26 After ' Lawyers.' *Re-enter Palate.* G 27 *Gives him*  
money. add G 34 Directly] Dire ctly F 37 *Practise,]*  
*Practise* F 42 Common] Canon F3, W, G 43 *Re-enter*  
*Pleasance.* add G 46 'till 't] 'till't F

This Ring will give you what you both desire.  
Ile make the whole house chant it, and the Parish.

*Com.* Why, well said *Parson*. Now to you my newes, 55  
That comprehend my reasons, *Mrs. Pleasance*.

ACT IIII. SCENE VII.

*Chaire. Needle. Polish. Keepe.*

*Cha.* Goe, get a Nurse, procure her at what rate  
You can : and out o'th' house with it, sonne *Needle*.  
It is a bad Commoditie. *Nee.* Good Mother,  
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.

*Cha.* And shall : you should not fret so, *Mrs. Polish*, 5  
Nor you Dame *Keepe* ; my Daughter shall doe well,  
When she has tane my Cawdle. I ha' knowne  
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made whole,  
Without a bum of noise. You two fall out ?  
And teare up one another ? *Pol.* Blessed woman ! 10  
*Blest be the Peace-maker. Kee.* The Pease-dresser !  
Ile heare no peace from her. I have beene wrong'd,  
So has my Lady, my good Ladies worship,  
And I will right her, hoping shee'll right me.

*Pol.* Good gentle *Keepe*, I pray thee Mistris Nurse, 15  
Pardon my passion, I was misadvis'd,  
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,  
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great persons,  
And knowes the world. *Kee.* I doe confesse, she knowes  
Something—and I know something—. *Pol.* Put your  
somethings 20

Together then. *Cha.* I, here's a chance falne out  
You cannot helpe ; lesse can this Gentlewoman ;  
I can and will, for both. First, I have sent  
By-chop away ; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth.  
Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I set 25

IV. vii.] SCENE II. | *Another Room in the Same.* | *Enter Mother Chair*  
*with a child, Polish, Keepe, and Needle. G* 4 *Exit with the child.*  
add G 10 another ? *corr. F* : another. *F* originally woman !]  
woman ? *F*



My Daughter on her feet, about the house here :  
 Shee's young, and must stirre somewhat for necessity,  
 Her youth will beare it out. She shall pretend,  
 T'have had a fit o' the Mother : there is all.

- 30 If you have but a Secretary Landresse,  
 To blanch the Linnen——Take the former counsels  
 Into you ; keepe them safe i' your owne breasts ;  
 And make your Merkat of 'hem at the highest.  
 Will you goe peach, and cry your selfe a foole  
 35 At Granam's Crosse ? be laugh'd at, and dispis'd ?  
 Betray a purpose, which the Deputie  
 Of a double Ward, or scarce his Alderman,  
 With twelve of the wisest Questmen could find out,  
 Imployed by the Authority of the Citie ?  
 40 Come, come, be friends : and keepe these women-matters,  
 Smock-secrets to our selves, in our owne verge.  
 Wee shall marre all, if once we ope the mysteries  
 O' the Tying-house, and tell what's done within :  
 No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,  
 45 Or these shop-lights, then th'Ages, and folke in them,  
 That seeme most curious. *Pol.* Breath of an Oracle !  
 You shall be my deare Mother ; wisest woman  
 That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reasons,  
 To turne her hearers ! *Mistris Keepe*, relent,  
 50 I did abuse thee ; I confesse to pennance :  
 And on my knees aske thee forgivenessse. *Cha.* Rise,  
 She doth begin to melt, I see it——. *Kee.* Nothing  
 Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me Baud :  
 Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipsie ; no,  
 55 Nor Beggar. But a Baud, was such a name !  
*Cha.* No more rehearsals ; Repetitions  
 Make things the worse : The more wee stirre (you know  
 The Proverbe, and it signifies a) stink.  
 What's done, and dead, let it be buried.  
 60 New houres will fit fresh handles, to new thoughts.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

*Interest*, with his Foot-boy. To them <the *Lady*.>

*Compasse*. <To them.> *Ironside*. *Silkworme*. *Palate*.

*Pleasance*. And after *Practise*.

*Int*. Run to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards  
To ring the Bels, and jangle them for joy  
My Neice hath brought an Heire unto the house,  
A lusty boy. Where's my sister *Loadstone*?  
Asleepe at afternoones! It is not wholesome; 5  
Against all rules of Physick, Lady sister.  
The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice  
Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,  
Can call the Father by the name already,  
If it but ope the mouth round. Mr. *Compasse*, 10  
He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,  
Hath done that Act of honour to our house,  
And friendship, to pompe out a Sonne, and Heire,  
That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing  
From me at least. I come t'invite your Ladiship 15  
To be a witnesse; I will be your Partner,  
And give it a horne-spoone, and a treene dish;  
Bastard, and Beggars badges, with a blanket  
For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,  
With bag, and baggage. *Com*. Thou malicious Knight, 20  
Envious Sir *Moath*, that eates on that which feeds thee,  
And frets her goodnesse, that sustaines thy being;  
What company of Mankind would owne thy brother-hood,  
But as thou hast a title to her blood,  
Whom thy ill nature hath chose out t(o)'insult on, 25  
And vexe thus, for an Accident in her house,

iv. viii] To them the *Lady*.— in F after '*Pleasance*' as if she entered late. And after] and after F, preceded by 'To them the *Lady* :'  
SCENE III. | Another Room in the Same. | Enter sir Moth *Interest*, and  
Servant. G 4 After 'boy.' [Exit Servant.] G After '*Loadstone*?' Enter  
lady *Loadstone*. G 13 friendship,] friendship F pompe] pump W  
15 After 'least.' Enter *Compasse*. G

As if it were her crime ! Good innocent Lady !  
 Thou shew'st thy selfe a true corroding Vermine,  
 Such as thou art. *Int.* Why, gentle Mr. *Compass* ?

30 Because I wish you joy of your young Sonne,  
 And Heire to the house, you ha' sent us ? *Com.* I ha' sent  
 you ?

I know not what I shall doe. Come in, friends :  
 Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to trust your selfe  
 Vnto our company. *Lad.* I did that too late ;

35 Which brought on this calamity upon me,  
 With all the infamy I heare ; your Souldier,  
 That swaggering Guest. *Com.* Who is return'd here to you,  
 Your vowed friend, and servant ; comes to sup with you,  
 So wee doe all ; and 'll prove he hath deserv'd  
 40 That speciall respect, and favour from you,  
 As not your fortunes, with your selfe to boote,  
 Cast on a Feather-bed, and spread o'th' sheets  
 Vnder a brace of your best Persian Carpets,  
 Were scarce a price to thanke his happy merit.

45 *Int.* What impudence is this ? can you indure  
 To heare it, sister ? *Com.* Yes, and you shall heare it ;  
 Who will indure it worse. What deserves he  
 In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd Judgement,  
 That, things thus hanging (as they doe) in doubt,  
 50 Suspended, and suspected, all involv'd,  
 And wrapt in errour, can resolve the knot ?  
 Redintegrate the fame, first of your house ?  
 Restore your Ladships quiet ? render then  
 Your Neice a Virgin, and unviated ?

55 And make all plaine, and perfect (as it was)  
 A practise to betray you, and your name ?

*Int.* Hee speakes impossibilities. *Com.* Here he stands,  
 Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thanke him :  
 To what you call his swaggering, wee owe all this.

iv. viii. 27 Lady !] Lady, F 32 in.] in F After 32 Enter  
*Ironside, sir Diaphanous Silkworm, Palats, and Pleasance.* G 39 and  
 'll] and I'll F3 deserv'd] deserv'd, F 46 it.] it F 49 doe] in  
 doubt,] doe in doubt] F 52 Redintegrate F3 : Redintegrate F

And that it may have credit with you Madam, 60  
Here is your Neice, whom I have married, wnesse  
These Gentlemen, the Knight, Captaine, and *Parson*,  
And this grave Politique Tell-troth of the Court.

*Lad.* What's she that I call Neice then? *Com.* *Polishes*  
Daughter;

Her Mother Goodwy' *Polish* hath confess'd it 65  
To Granam *Keepe*, the Nurse, how they did change  
The children in their Cradles. *Lad.* To what purpose?

*Com.* To get the portion, or some part of it,  
Which you must now disburse intire to me, Sir,  
If I but gaine her Ladiships consent. 70

*Lad.* I bid God give you joy, if this be true.

*Com.* As true it is, Lady, Lady, i' th' song.  
The portion's mine, with interest, Sir *Moath*;  
I will not 'bate you a single *Harrington*,  
Of interest upon interest. In meane time, 75  
I doe commit you to the Guard of *Ironsides*,  
My brother here, Captaine *Rudhudibras* :  
From whom I will expect you, or your Ransome.

*Int.* Sir, you must prove it, and the possibility,  
Ere I beleeeve it. *Com.* For the possibility, 80  
I leave to triall. Truth shall speake it selfe.  
O Mr. *Practise*, did you meet the Coach?

*Pra.* Yes Sir, but empty. *Com.* Why, I sent it for you.  
The busines is dispatch'd here, ere you come ;  
Come in, Ile tell you how : you are a man 85  
Will looke for satisfaction, and must have it.

*All.* So doe wee all, and long to heare the right.

Chorus.

*Dam.* Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same  
longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot,

rv. viii. 64 Daughter ;] Daugh some copies of F through failure to print  
the end of a long line. 65 Goodwy'] goody G confess'd] con-  
fess'd F 73 interest,] interest F 76 Ironside,] Ironside. F 79  
Sir.] Sir F 81 After ' triall.' Enter Practice. G 87 Exeunt. add G

by your Poët, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.

5 *Boy.* Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies it selfe, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told, in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

10 *Pro.* He hath said sufficient, Brother *Damplay*; our parts that are the Spectators, or should heare a *Comedy*, are to await the processe, and events of things, as the *Poet* presents them, not as wee would corruptly fashion them. Wee come here to behold *Playes*, and censure them, as they  
15 are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave<r> our owne thoughts, with censorious spitle tempering the *Poets* clay, as wee were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meere Plastick, or Potters ambition, most unbecomming the name of a *Gentleman*. No, let us marke, and not lose the busines  
20 on foot, by talking. Follow the right thred, or find it.

*Dam.* Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if hee would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a *fift Act* yet to come, which every one here knowes the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

25 *Boy.* That conjecture is a kind of Figure-tinging, or throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the *Poets* purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last *Act*, his *Catastrophe*, how hee will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertaine the *Spectators*, with a convenient delight, till some  
30 unexpected, and new encounter breake out to rectifie all, and make good the *Conclusion*.

*Pro.* Which, ending here, would have showne dull, flat, and unpointed; without any shape, or sharpenesse, Brother *Damplay*.

35 *Dam.* Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o' the *Poets* part.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Needle. Item.*

*Nee.* **T**Roth Mr. *Item*, here's a house divided,  
And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctors  
ingine.

H'has cast out such aspersions on my Ladies  
Neice here, of having had a Child ; as hardly  
Will be wip'd off, I doubt. *Ite.* Why, is't not true ? 5

*Nee.* True ! did you thinke it ? *Ite.* Was shee not in  
labour ?

The Mid-wife sent for ? *Nee.* There's your error now !  
Yo' ha' drunke o' the same water. *Item.* I beleev'd it,  
And gave it out too. *Nee.* More you wrong'd the party ;  
She had no such thing about her, innocent creature ! 10

*I<t>em.* What had she then ? *<Nee.>* Only a fit o' the  
Mother !

They burnt old shoes, Goose-feathers, *Assafætida*,  
A few horne shavings, with a bone, or two,  
And she is well againe, about the house ;—

*Ite.* Is't possible ? *Nee.* See it, and then report it. 15

*Ite.* Our Doctors Vrinall-Judgement is halfe crack'd then.

*Nee.* Crack't i' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,  
And sad Sir *Moath*, her brother ; who is now  
Vnder a cloud a little. *Ite.* Of what ? Disgrace ?

*Nee.* He is committed to *Rud-hudibras*, 20  
The Captaine *Ironsides*, upon displeasure,  
From Mr. *Compasse*, but it will blow off.

*Ite.* The Doctor shall reverse <t>his, instantly,  
And set all right againe : if you'll assist  
But in a toy, Squire *Needle*, comes i' my nodle now. 25

*Nee.* Good, *Needle* and Nodle ! what may 't be ? I long  
for't.

v. i] ACT V. SCENE I. | A Room in lady Loadstone's House. Enter  
Needle and Item. G 7 *Nee.*] *Ite.* F3 11 *Item.*] *Iem.* F:  
*Jem.* F3 *Nee.* Only 1716, W: only F 12 *Assafætida*] *Assa*  
*fætida* F 23 this G: his F 25 toy, F3: toy; F

- Ite.* Why, but to goe to bed : faine a distemper  
 Of walking i' your sleepe, or talking in't  
 A little idly, but so much, as on't,  
 30 The Doctor may have ground, to raise a cure  
 For 's reputation. *Nee.* Any thing, to serve  
 The worship o' the man I love and honour.

## ACT V. SCENE II.

*Polish. Pleasance. Chaire. Placentia. Keepe.*

- Pol.* O ! gi' you joy *Mademoiselle Compasse !*  
 You are his Whirle-poole now : all to be married,  
 Against your Mothers leave, and without counsell !  
 H'has fish'd faire, and caught a Frog, I feare it.  
 5 What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower ?  
 You can tell stories now : you know a world  
 Of secrets to discover. *Ple.* I know nothing  
 But what is told me ; nor can I discover  
 Any thing. *Pol.* No, you shall not, Ile take order.  
 10 Goe, get you in there : It is *Ember-weeke !*  
 Ile keepe you fasting from his flesh a while.  
*Cha.* See, who's here ? she's has beene with my Lady ;  
 Who kist her, all to kist her, twice or thrice.  
*Nee.* And call'd her Neice againe, and view'd her *Linnen.*  
 15 *Pol.* You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chaire.* *Cha.* Not I,  
 My Cawdle has done it. Thanke my Cawdle heartily.  
*Pol.* It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mother ;  
 You shall have a new, brave, foure-pound Beaver hat,  
 Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here :  
 20 And a right paire of Cristall Spectacles,  
 Cristall o'th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames,  
 Hung in an Ivory Case, at a gold Belt,  
 And silver Bels to gingle, as you pase

v. ii] SCENE II. | *Another Room in the Same.* | *Enter Polish and Pleasance* G 10 After ' there : ' *Exit Pleasance.* G 11 *Enter Chaire and Keepe with Placentia.* add G 12 See, who's here ?] See who is here ! G 12, 13 Printed as prose in F. 13 Who] who F 23 pasc] puss F3 : pass W

Before your fiftie Daughters in procession  
 To Church, or from the Church. *Cha.* Thankes Mrs. *Polish.* 25  
*Kee.* She does deserve 'as many pensions,  
 As there be peeces in a—Maiden-head ;  
 Were I a Prince to give 'hem. *Pol.* Come sweet Charge,  
 You shall present your selfe about the house,  
 Be confident, and beare up ; you shall be seene. 30

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Compasse. Ironside. Practise.*

*Com.* What ? I can make you amends, my learned  
 Counsell,  
 And satisfie a greater Injury  
 To chafed Mr. *Practise.* Who would thinke  
 That you could be thus testie ? *Iro.* A grave head !  
 Gi'n over to the study of our Lawes. 5  
*Com.* And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.  
*Iro.* And you to mind a wife. *Com.* What should you doe  
 With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,  
 Or hinder you i' your Course ? *Iro.* He shall not thinke on't.  
*Com.* I will make over to you my Possession, 10  
 Of that same place is falne (you know) to satisfie,  
 Surveyor of the Projects generall.  
*Iro.* And that's an office, you know how to stirre in.  
*Com.* And make your profits of. *Iro.* Which are (indeed)  
 The ends of a gown'd man : Shew your activity, 15  
 And how you are built for busines. *Pra.* I accept it  
 As a *P(o)ssession*, be 't but a *Reversion*.  
*Com.* You first told me 'twas a Possession. *Pra.* I,  
 I told you that I heard so. *Iro.* All is one,  
 Hee'll make *Reversion* a *Possession* quickly. 20  
*Com.* But I must have a generall Release from you.  
*Pra.* Doe one, Ile doe the other. *Com.* It's a match

v. ii. 29-30 Printed as prose in F 30 Be] be F v. iii] SCENE III. |  
 Another Room in the Same. | Enter Compass, Ironside, and Practice. G  
 4 head l] heap l F3 11 satisfie,] satisfie F



Before my brother *Ironside*. *Pra.* 'Tis done.

*Com.* Wee two are reconcil'd then. *Iro.* To a Lawyer,  
 25 That can make use of a place, any halfe title,  
 Is better then a wife. *Com.* And will save charges  
 Of Coaches, Vellute Gownes, and cut-worke Smocks.

*Iro.* Hee is to occupie an office wholly.

*Com.* True, I must talke with you neerer, Mr. *Practise*,  
 30 About recovery o' my wives portion,

What way I were best to take. *Pra.* The plainest way.

*Com.* What's that, for plainenesse? *Pra.* Sue him at  
 Common-Law :

Arrest him on an Action of Choke-baile,

Five hundred thousand pound ; it will affright him,

35 And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage? *Com.*  
 Yes.

Wee'll talke of it within, and heare my Lady.

## ACT V. SCENE IV.

*Interest. Lady. Rut. Item.*

*Int.* I'am sure, the Vogue o' the house went all that way ;  
 She was with Child, and Mr. *Compassse* got it.

*Lad.* Why, that you see, is manifestly false,  
 H'has married the other ; our true Neice, he sayes :

5 He would not wooe 'hem both : hee is not such

A Stallion, to leape all. Againe, no Child

Appeares, that I can find with all my search,

And strictest way of Inquiry, I have made

Through all my family. A fit o' the Mother,

10 The women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,

*Enter Doctor.* With burning bones and feathers : Here's the Doctor.

*Int.* O noble Doctor, did not you, and your *Item*,

Tell me our Neice was in labour? *Rut.* If I did,

What followes? *Int.* And that Mother Mid-night

V. iv] SCENE IV. | *Another Room in the Same.* | *Enter sir Moth Interest,*  
*and Lady Loadstone.* G 1 Vogue 1716, W : Rogue F, F3 : voice F.  
*Cunningham conj.* 4 Neice,] Neice F

Was sent for ? *Rut.* So she was ; and is i'the house still. 15

*Int.* But here has a noise been since, she was deliver'd  
Of a brave boy, and Mr. *Compassse's* getting.

*Rut.* I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noyses.  
I hope you take not me for a Pimpe errant,  
To deale in smock Affaires ? Where's the Patient ? 20  
The infirme man, I was sent for, Squire *Needle* ?

*Lad.* Is *Needle* sick ? *Rut.* My 'Pothecary tels me *Enter*  
Hee is in danger ; how is't *Tim* ? where is he ? *Tim.*

*Ite.* I cannot hold him downe. Hee's up, and walkes,  
And talkes in his perfect sleepe, with his eyes shut, 25  
As sensibly, as he were broad awake.

*Rut.* See, here he comes. Hee's fast asleepe, observe him.

## ACT V. SCENE V.

*Rut. Needle. Interest. Item. Lady. Polish. Chaire.*  
*Keepe. Placentia.*

*Rut.* Hee'll tell us wonders : What doe these women  
here ?

Hunting a man halfe naked ? you are fine beagles !  
You'd have his dousets. *Nee.* I ha' linnen breeks on.

*Rut.* He heares, but hee sees nothing. *Nee.* Yes, I see  
Who hides the treasure yonder. *Int.* Ha ? what treasure ? 5

*Rut.* If you aske questions, he 'wakes presently :  
And then you'll heare no more, till his next fit.

*Nee.* And whom she hides it for. *Rut.* Doe you marke  
Sir ? list.

*Nee.* A fine she spirit it is, an Indian Mag-pie.  
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love 10  
With our Sir *Moath*, my Ladies brother. *Rut.* (Heare you ?)

*Nee.* And she has hid an Aldermans estate ;  
Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the Garden,  
And scrapes earth over 'hem ; where none can spy  
But I, who see all by the Glow<w>ormes light, 15

v. iv. 27 *Rut.* om. F3 After 27 *Enter Needle, followed by Polish,*  
*Chair, Keep, and Placentia. G* v. v.] *G continues the scene. Line*  
*I is the last line of scene iv. in F*

- That creeps before. *Pol.* I knew the Gentlewoman ;  
 <Exit Needle.> Alderman Parrots Widow, a fine Speaker,  
 As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy ;  
 She did become her scarlet, and black Velvet,  
 20 Her greene, and purple—— *Rut.* Save thy colours, Raine-  
 bow,  
 Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights.  
*Pol.* She dwelt in *Doo-little Lane*, a top o' the hill there ;  
 I' the round Cage, was after Sir *Chime Squirrell's*.  
 Shee would eate nought but Almonds, I assure you.  
 25 *Rut.* Would thou had'st a dose of pilles, a double dose,  
 O' the best purge, to make thee turne tale, tother way.  
*Pol.* You are a foule-mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor ;  
 I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.  
 You ha' spread a scandall i' my Ladies house here,  
 30 On her sweet Neice, you never can take off  
 With all your purges, or your plaister of Oathes ;  
 Though you distill your Dam-me, drop by drop,  
 I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,  
 Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee ;  
 35 Or I do't for her. *Rut.* Madam, pray you bind her  
 To her behaviour. Tye your Gossip up,  
 Or send her unto *Bel'lem*. *Pol.* Goe thou thither,  
 That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors :  
 Where could she be deliver'd ? by what charme  
 40 Restor'd to her strength so soone ? who is the Father ?  
 Or where the Infant ? Aske your Oracle,  
 That walkes, and talkes in his sleepe. *Rut.* Where is he ?  
 gone ?  
 You ha' lost a fortune listning to her Tabour.  
 Good Madam lock her up. *Lad.* You must give loosers  
 45 Their leave to speake, good Doctor. *Rut.* Follow his footing  
 Before he get to his bed : This rest is lost else.

v. v. 16 After ' before.' *Exeunt Needle, Chair, Keep, and Placentia.* G  
 26 tale] Tail F3 27 foule-mouth'd] foule mouth'd F 32 Dam-  
 me] Damm F3 39 charme] charme ? F 42 is he ? gone ?]  
 is he gone ? F3 43 to her] to her, to her F, F3 *Aside to Sir*  
*Moth.* add G 46 *Exeunt Rut and Sir Moth.* add G

ACT V. SCENE VI.

*Compassse. Practise. Ironside. Polish. Lady.*

*Com.* Where is my wife? what ha' you done with my wife,

Gossip o' the Counsels? *Pol.* I, sweet Mr. *Compassse*?

I honour you, and your wife. *Com.* Well, doe so still.

I will not call you Mother tho', but *Polish*.

Good Gossip *Polish*, where ha' you hid my wife? 5

*Pol.* I hide your wife? *Com.* Or she is run away.

*Lad.* That would make all suspected, Sir, a fresh.

Come we will find her, if she be i' the house.

*Pol.* Why should I hide your wife, good Mr. *Compassse*?

*Com.* I know no cause, but that you are good'y *Polish*, 10  
That's good at malice; good at mischief; all  
That can perplex, or trouble a busines, throughly.

*Pol.* You may say what you will: yo' are Mr. *Compassse*,  
And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle.

*Lad.* Ile sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this, 15  
If't be above ground. I will have her cry'd,  
By the Common-cryer, th<ough all the Ward,  
But I will find her. *Iro.* It will be an Act  
Worthy your justice, Madam. *Pra.* And become 20  
The integrity, and worship of her name.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

*Rut. Interest. Item. Needle.*

*Rut.* 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,  
Shee blowes on every thing, in every place!

*Int.* A busie woman, is a fearefull grievance!  
Will hee not sleepe againe? *Rut.* Yes instantly,

v. vi] Enter *Compass*, *Practice*, and *Ironside*. G, continuing the scene  
2 Counsels? corr. F, F3: Counsels. F originally 6 she is W: she's F  
10 good'y] goo'dy F 15, 16 this, . . . ground. W: this. . .  
ground, F 17 thorough G 20 Exeunt. add G  
v. vii] SCENE V. | Another Room in the Same. | Enter *Rut* and *sir Moth*  
*Interest*. G

- 5 As soone as he is warme. It is the nature  
 Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,  
 That are melancholicke, to worke at first,  
 Slow, and insensibly in their ascent,  
 Till being got up, and then distilling downe  
 10 Vpo' the braine ; they have a pricking quality  
 That breeds this restlesse rest, which we, the sonnes  
 Of Physick, call a walking in the sleepe,  
 And telling mysteries, that must be heard  
 Softly, with art, as we were sowing pillowes  
 15 Vnder the Patient elbowes, else they'd fly  
 Into a phrensie, run into the Woods,  
 Where there are Noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,  
 Amidst the brakes, and furzes, over bridges,  
 Fall into waters : Scratch their flesh : Sometimes  
 20 Drop downe a præcipice, and there be lost.
- Enter* How now ! what does he ? *Ite.* He is up againe,  
*Item.* And 'gins to talke. *Int.* O' the former matter, *Item* ?  
*Ite.* The treasure, and the Lady : That's his argument.  
*Int.* O mee, <most> happy man ! he cannot off it.
- 25 I shall know all then. *Rut.* With what appetite  
 Our owne desires delude us ! Heare you *Tim* ?  
 Let no man interrupt us. *Ite.* Sir *Diaphanous*,  
 And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friend, desire  
 To kisse his Neices hands, and gratulate  
 30 The firme recovery of her good fame,  
 And honour—— *Int.* Good, say to 'hem, Mr. *Item*,  
 My Neice is on my Ladies side : they'll find her there.  
 I pray to be but spar'd, for halfe an houre :  
 Ile see 'hem presently. *Rut.* Doe, put 'hem off, *Tim*.
- 35 And tell 'hem the importance of the busines.  
 Here, he is come ! sooth ; and have all out of him.

v. vii. 13 heard *F3* : heard. *F* 14 sowing] sewing *F3*  
 18 bridges,] bridges *F* 21 st. dir. *Enter Item.* corr. *F* : omitted in  
*F* originally, *F3* 21 he] her *F, F3* 24 most *G* (cf. l. 45)  
 26 After 'us !' [*Aside.*] *G* 28 -friend *Editor* (cf. v. viii. 1, 18, x.  
 122) : friend's *F* 32 is corr. *F* : is, *F* originally After 36  
*Enter Needle, talking as in his sleep. G*

*Nee.* How doe you Lady-bird ? so hard at worke, still ?  
 What's that you say ? Doe you bid me walke, sweet Bird ?  
 And tell our Knight ? I will. How ? walke knave, walke ?  
 I thinke y'are angry with me *Pol.* Fine *Pol.* 40  
*Pol's* a fine bird ! O fine Lady *Pol.* !  
 Almond for Parrat ; Parrat's a brave bird :  
 Three hundred thousand peeces ha' you stuck,  
 Edge-long into the ground, within the Garden ?  
 O, bounteous Bird ! *Int.* And me, most happy creature. 45  
*Rut.* Smother your joy. *Nee.* How ? and drop'd twice so  
 many——  
*Int.* Ha ! where ? *Rut.* Containe your selfe. *Nee.* I' the  
 old Well ?  
*Int.* I cannot, I am a man of flesh, and blood :  
 Who can containe himselfe, to heare the Ghost  
 Of a dead Lady, doe such workes as these ? 50  
 And a Citie Lady too, o' the streight waste ?  
*Rut.* Hee's gone. *Nee.* I will goe try the truth of it.  
*Rut.* Follow him, *Tim.* : See what he does ; if he bring  
 you  
 A 'ssay of it now. *Int.* Ile say hee's a rare fellow :  
 And has a rare disease. *Rut.* And I will worke 55  
 As rare a cure upon him. *Int.* How, good Doctor ?  
*Rut.* When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of  
 him ;  
 Ile clense him with a pill (as small as a pease)  
 And stop his mouth : for there his issue lies,  
 Betweene the Muscles o' the tongue. *Int.* Hee's come. 60  
*Rut.* What did he, *Item.* ? *It.* The first step he stept  
 Into the Garden, he pull'd these five peices  
 Vp, in a fingers bredth one of another.  
 The durt sticks on 'hem still. *Int.* I know enough.  
 Doctor, proceed with your Cure, Ile make thee famous, 65  
 Famous among the sonnes of the Physicians,

v. vii. 45 O.] O' F 52 G transposes *Rut's* and *Needle's* speeches  
 in this line, and adds *Exit* after 'it.' 53 After 'does ;' [*Exit*  
*Item.*] G 60 After 'tongue.' Re-enter *Item.* G

*Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.*

Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had ;

And thy *Tim Item* here, have one of silver :

70 A livery beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries

Belong to thee. Where's Squire *Needle* ? gone ?

*Ite.* Hee's prick'd away, now he has done the worke.

*Rut.* Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.

*Int.* Ile send for a dozen o' labourers to morrow,

75 To turne the surface o' the Garden up.

*Rut.* In mould ? bruise every clod ? *Int.* And have all  
sifted ;

For Ile not loose a peice o' the Birds bounty,

And take an Inventory of all. *Rut.* And then,

I would goe downe into the Well—— *Int.* My selfe ;

80 No trusting other hands : Sixe hundred thousand,

To the first three ; nine hundred thousand pound——

*Rut.* 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Aldermanity,

Stript to their shirts. *Int.* There never did accrew

So great a gift to man, and from a Lady,

85 I never saw but once ; now I remember,

Wee met at Merchants-Taylors-hall, at dinner,

In *Thred-needle* street, *Rut.* Which was a signe Squire  
*Needle*

Should have the thredding of this thred. *Int.* 'Tis true ;

I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.

90 *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut, now, in white marble.

*Int.* And have it painted in most orient colours.

*Rut.* That's right ! all Citie statues must be painted :

Else, they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgements.

v. vii. 73 *Exit Item.* add G  
Il'd F now,] now F

83 accrew] accrew, F

90 I'd]

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

*Interest. Bias. Rut. Palate.*

*Int.* My truest friend in Court, deare Mr. *Bias* ;  
You heare o' the recovery of our Neice  
In fame, and credit ? *Bia.* Yes, I have beene with her,  
And gratulated to her ; but I am sorry  
To find the Author o' the fowle aspersion  
Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor. 5

*Int.* You doe mistake him : He is cleare got off on't.  
A Gossips Jealousie first gave the hint.  
He drives another way, now, as I would have him.  
Hee's a rare man, the Doctor, in his way. 10  
H'has done the noblest cure here, i' the house,  
On a poore Squire, my sisters Taylor, *Needle*,  
That talk'd in's sleepe ; would walke to Saint *Iohn's* wood,  
And *Waltham* Forrest, scape by all the ponds,  
And pits i' the way ; run over two-inch bridges ; 15  
With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night !  
Ile ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,  
Here is my deare, deare, dearest friend in Court,  
Wise, powerfull Mr. *Bias* ; pray you salute  
Each other, not as strangers, but true friends. 20

*Rut.* This is the Gentleman you brought to day,  
A Suitor to your Neice ? *Int.* Yes. *Rut.* You were  
Agreed, I heard ; the writings drawne betweene you ?

*Int.* And seald. *Rut.* What broke you off ? *Int.* This  
rumour of her ?  
Was it not, Mr. *Bias* ? *Bia.* Which I find 25  
Now false, and therefore come to make amends  
I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.

*Rut.* Faith give 'hem him, Sir *Moath*, what ere they were.  
You have a brave occasion now, to crosse  
The flanting Mr. *Compass*, who pretends 30



Right to the portion, by th'other Intaile.

*Int.* And claimes it. You doe heare he's married ?

*Bia.* We heare his wife is run away from him,

Within : She is not to be found i' the house,

35 With all the Hue, and Cry is made for her,  
Through every roome ; the Larders ha' beene search'd,  
The Bak-houses, and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,  
Wash-house, and Brew-house, nay the very Fornace,  
And yet she is not heard of. *Int.* Be she nere heard of,

40 The safety of Great *Brittaine* lyes not on't.  
You are content with the ten thousand pound,  
Defalking the foure hundred garnish money ?  
That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,

*Enter* And your demand, friend *Bias*. *Bia.* It is, Sir *Moath*.

*Palate.* *Rut.* Here comes the *Parson* then, shall make all sure.

*Int.* Goe you with my friend *Bias*, *Parson Palate*,  
Vnto my Neice ; assure them, wee are agreed.

*Pal.* And Mrs. *Compass* too, is found within.

*Int.* Where was she hid ? *Pal.* In an old Botle-house,  
50 Where they scrap'd trenchers ; there her mother had thrust  
her.

*Rut.* You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,  
When this fine feate is done, and his *Rud-Ironside*.

## ACT V. SCENE IX.

*Compass.* *Pleasance.* *Lady.* [*Ironside.*] *Practise.*

*Polish.* *Chaire.* *Keepe.* &c.

*Com.* Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd  
So barbarously by a malicious Gossip,  
Pretending to be Mother to her too ?

*Pol.* Pretending ! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge  
5 A right, and power for what I have done. *Com.* Out, Hag.

v. viii. 37 -tub, corr. F: -tub. F originally 44 is,] is F  
47 them,] them F 52 Exeunt. add G v. ix.] SCENE VI. | Another  
Room in the Same. | Enter Compass, Lady Loadstone, Practice, Polish,  
Chair, and Keep. G

Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman :  
 For sordid gaine, betray'd the trust committed  
 Vnto thee by the dead, as from the living :  
 Chang'd the poore innocent Infants in their Cradles :  
 Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names, 10  
 Calling *Placentia*, *Pleasance* ; *Pleasance*, *Placentia*.

*Pol.* How knowes he this ? *Com.* Abus'd the neighbour-  
 hood ;

But most this Lady. Did'st enforce an oath,  
 To this poore woman, on a pious booke,  
 To keepe close thy impiety. *Pol.* Ha' you told this ? 15

*Kee.* I told it ? no, he knowes it, and much more,  
 As he's a cunning man. *Pol.* A cunning foole,  
 If that be all. *Com.* But now to your true daughter,  
 That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleasance*,  
 Wee must have an account of that too, Gossip. 20

*Pol.* This's like all the rest of Mr. *Compasse*.

## ACT V. SCENE X.

*Enter to them running, Rut.*

*Rut.* Helpe, helpe for Charity ; Sir *Moath Interest*  
 Is falne into the Well. *Lad.* Where ? where ? *Rut.* I' the  
 Garden.

A rope to save his life. *Com.* How came he there ?

*Rut.* He thought to take possession of a fortune,  
 There newly drop't him, and the old *Chaine* broke, 5  
 And downe fell hee i' the Bucket. *Com.* Is it deepe ?

*Rut.* We cannot tell. A rope : helpe with a rope.

*Sil.* He is got out againe. The Knight is sav'd.

*Iro.* A little sows'd i' the water : *Needle* sav'd him.

*Ite.* The water sav'd him, 'twas a faire escape.

*Nee.* Ha' you no hurt ? *Int.* A little wet. *Nee.* That's  
 nothing.

*Enter*  
*Silke-*  
*worme.*  
*Ironside.*  
*Item.*  
*Needle,*  
*and*  
*Interest.*

v. ix. 12 After 'this ?' [*Aside.*] G 15 *Aside to the Nurse.* add G  
 20 Gossip.] Gossip ; F v. x.] *Enter Rut running.* G, continuing the  
 scene 7 St. dir. *Interest*] *Interest-Rut F*

*Rut.* I wish'd you stay Sir till to morrow : And told you,  
It was no lucky houre : since sixe a Clock

[*Lady.*] All starres were retrograde. *Lad.* I' the name  
15 Of fate, or folly, how came you i' the Bucket ?

*Int.* That is a *Quære* of another time, sister,  
The Doctor will resolve you—who hath done  
The admirable'st cure upon your *Needle* !  
Gi' me thy hand, good *Needle* : thou cam'st timely.

20 Take off my hood and coat. And let me shake  
My selfe a little. I have a world of busines.

<Enter> Where is my Nephew *Bias* ? and his wife ?

*Bias.* Who bids God gi' 'hem joy ? Here they both stand  
*Placentia.*

*Palate.* As sure affianced, as the *Parson*, or words

25 Can tie 'hem. *Rut.* Wee all wish 'hem joy, and happinesse.

*Silk.* I saw the Contract, and can witnesse it.

*Int.* He shall receive ten thousand pounds to morrow.

You look'd for't, *Compassse*, or a greater summe,  
But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.

30 I have but one Neice, verely *Compassse*.

*Com.* Ile find another. *Varlet*, doe your office.

*Varlet.* *Var.* I doe arrest your body, Sir *Moath Interest*,

In the Kings name : At suite of Mr. *Compassse*,  
And Dame *Placentia* his wife. The Action's entred,

35 Five hundred thousand pound. *Int.* Heare you this, sister ?

And hath your house the eares, to heare it too ?

And to resound the affront ? *Lad.* I cannot stop

The Lawes, or hinder Justice. I can be

Your Baile, if 't may be taken. *Com.* With the Captaines,

40 I aske no better. *Rut.* Here are better men,

Will give their Baile. *Com.* But yours will not be taken,

Worshipfull Doctor ; you are good security

For a suit of clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you :

But not for such a summe, as is this Action.

45 *Varlet*, You know my mind. *Var.* You must to prison, Sir,

v. x. 15 folly, F3 : folly F 16 *Quære*] The *æ* badly printed in F  
19 hand,] hand F 22 *Bias.* at l. 21, *Palate.* at l. 23 in F 23  
gi' 'hem] gi'hem F 30 verely] verily, Master G Enter a Serjeant.  
add G

Vnlesse you can find Baile the Creditor likes.

*Int.* I would faine find it, it you'd shew me where.

*Silk.* It is a terrible Action ; more indeed,  
Then many a man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Baile*.

*Iro.* Faith I will baile him, at mine owne apperill. 50

*Varlet*, be gone : Ile once ha' the reputation,  
To be security for such a summe.

Beare up, Sir *Moath*. *Rut.* He is not worth the Buckles  
About his Belt, and yet this *Ironsides* clashes.

*Int.* Peace, lest he heare you, Doctor ; wee'll make use of  
him. 55

What doth your brother *Compasse*, Captaine *Ironsides*,  
Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus ?

*Iro.* Your Neices portion ; in the right of his wife.

*Int.* I have assur'd one portion, to one Neice,  
And have no more t'account for, that I know of : 60

What I may doe in charity—if my sister,  
Will bid an Offring for her maid, and him,  
As a Benevolence to 'hem, after Supper,  
Ile spit into the Bason, and intreat

My friends to doe the like. *Com.* Spit out thy gall, 65  
And heart, thou Viper : I will now no mercy,  
No pittie of thee, thy false Neice, and *Needle* ;  
Bring forth your Child, or I appeale you of murder,  
You, and this Gossip here, and Mother *Chaire*.

*Cha.* The Gentleman's falne mad ! *Ple.* No, Mrs. Mid-wife. *Pleasance*  
I saw the Child, and you did give it me, *steps out.*  
And put it i' my armes, by this ill token,  
You wish'd me such another ; and it cry'd.

*Pra.* The Law is plaine ; if it were heard to cry,  
And you produce it not, hee may indict 75  
All that conceale't, of Felony, and Murder.

*Com.* And I will take the boldnesse, Sir, to doe it :  
Beginning with Sir *Moath* here, and his Doctor.

*Silk.* Good faith, this same is like to turne a busines.

v. x. 53 up.] up E  
F: charity F originally

55 you,] you F  
79 faith,] faith F

61 charity— corr.

- 80 *Pal.* And a shrewd busines, marry : they all start at't.  
*Com.* I ha' the right thred now, and I will keepe it.  
 You good'y *Keepe*, confesse the truth to my Lady,  
 The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.  
*Pol.* I scorne to be prevented of my glories.
- 85 I plotted the deceit, and I will owne it.  
 Love to my Child, and lucre of the portion  
 Provok'd me ; wherein though th'event hath fail'd  
 In part, I will make use of the best side.  
 This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child
- 90 This day, (unto her shame, I now professe it.)  
 By this meere false-stick Squire *Needle*, but  
 Since this wise Knight, hath thought it good to change  
 The foolish Father of it, by assuring  
 Her to his deare friend, Mr. *Bias* ; and him
- 95 Againe to her, by clapping of him on  
 With his free promise of ten thousand pound,  
 Afore so many witnesses. *Silk.* Whereof I  
 Am one. *Pal.* And I another. *Pol.* I should be unnaturall  
 To my owne flesh, and blood, would I not thanke him.
- 100 I thanke you Sir : and I have reason for it.  
 For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. *Compass*.  
 (Ile tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)  
 To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay  
 The sixteene thousand pound, which is her portion,
- 105 Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.  
 I speake the truth, and nothing but the truth.  
*Iro.* You'll pay it now, Sir *Moath*, with interest ?  
 You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.  
*Int.* Into what nets of cous'nage am I cast
- 110 On ev'ry side ? each thred is growne a noose :  
 A very mesh : I have run my selfe into  
 A double breake, of paying twice the money.  
*Bia.* You shall be releas'd, of paying me a penny,

v. x. 89 After ' Daughter,' [*Points to Placentia.*] G 92 change  
 corr. F : change, F originally 98 unnaturall corr. F : unnaturall  
 F originally 100 have] have F originally 103 pay corr. F :  
 pay, F originally 110 noose] noofe F : Noof F3

With these conditions. *Pol.* Will you leave her then ?

*Bia.* Yes, and the summe, twice told, ere take a wife, 115  
To pick out Mounsieur *Needles* basting threds.

*Com.* Gossip, you are paid : though he be a fit nature,  
Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him ;  
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,  
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion ? 120

*Int.* What will you 'bate ? *Com.* No penny the Law  
gives.

*Int.* Yes, *Bias's* money. *Com.* What ? your friend in  
Court ?

I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,  
Nor your deare Doctor here ; stand altogether,  
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather. 125

*Lad.* Well, wee are all now reconcil'd to truth.  
There rests yet a Gratuitie from me,  
To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman ;  
Who (as my Nephew *Compasse* sayes) was cause,  
First of th'offence, but since of all th'amends. 130  
The Quarrell caus'd th'affright ; that fright brought on  
The travell, which made peace ; the peace drew on  
This new discovery, which endeth all

In reconcilment. *Com.* When the portion  
Is tender'd, and receiv'd. *Int.* Well, you must have it, 135  
As good at first as last. *<Lad.>* 'Tis well said, brother.  
And I, if this good Captaine will accept me,  
Give him my selfe, endow him with my estate,  
And make him Lord of me, and all my fortunes :  
He that hath sav'd my h<on>oure, though by chance, 140  
Ile really study his, and how to thanke him.

*Iro.* And I imbrace you, Lady, and your goodnesse,  
And vow to quit all thought of warre hereafter ;  
Save what is fought under your colours, Madam.

*Pal.* More worke then for the *Parson* ; I shall cap 145

v. x. 117 Gossip,] Gossip F 124 here ;] here, F altogether,]  
altogether. F: all together, W 130 amends.] amends, F 132  
peace:] The semicolon imperfect in some copies of F 136 *Lad.* F3  
said,] said F 140 honoure] honour 1716, W: heure F: hour F3

The *Loadstone* with an *Ironside*, I see.

*Iro.* And take in these, the forlorne Couple, with us,  
*Needle*, and 's *Thred*, whose portion I will thinke on ;

As being a busines, waiting on my bounty :

150 Thus I doe take possession of you, Madam,  
My true *Magnetick* Mistris, and my Lady.

*The end.*

## CHORUS

Changed into an EPILOGUE :

*To the KING.*

---

**W**ELL, Gentlemen, I now must under seale,  
And th' Authors charge, waive you, and make my'  
appeale  
To the supremest power, my LORD, the KING ;  
Who best can judge of what wee humbly bring.  
Hee knowes our weaknesse, and the Poets faults ;  
Where he doth stand upright, goe firme, or halts ;  
And hee will doome him. To which voice he stands,  
And prefers that, 'fore all the Peoples hands.

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